# WINONA ECHOES

INCLUDING

DR. SOL C. DICKEY MEMORIAL

1921

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Winona Echoes

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# WINONA ECHOES

## Winona Bible Conference Addresses

## 1921

Including

Dr. Sol C. Dickey Memorial

*Published by Authority of*

The Winona Publishing Society

*Press of*
*Reub. Williams & Sons*
*Warsaw, Indiana*

REV. SOL C. DICKEY, D. D.

# Memorial

## Rev. Sol C. Dickey, D. D.

### Authorization

AT A MEETING of the Board of Directors of the Winona Assembly and Bible Conference, held immediately following the funeral of Dr. Dickey, December 28, 1920, Dr. Ira Landrith and Mr. V. M. Hatfield were appointed a committee to prepare and publish a memorial in appreciation of Dr. Dickey's useful life and abundant labors. The material for this memorial, for the sake of permanency is now published as an Introduction to Winona Echoes for 1921, and separately in de luxe form for those friends who especially desired it.

# Resolution of the Board

Resolution adopted by the Board of Directors of Winona Assembly and Bible Conference:

"Conscious of our appalling and irreparable loss, by the death of Winona's founder and leader, and gratefully recognizing the fact that but for him there would have been no Winona Assembly and Bible Conference, we, the members of the Board of Directors, hereby record unanimously our desire that Dr. Sol C. Dickey's body may finally rest inside the grounds of Winona, and that, beside him, when God calls her home, his wife, who has ever been his wise and tireless helper in all things for Winona's weal, may also be interred.

"While the wishes of Dr. Dickey's family shall control absolutely in the matter, we feel that no fitter place in all the world is there for these best of Winona's friends to be buried than at some prominent spot on the grounds where centered their abundant labors for the blessing of their fellows.

"If this wish of ours is complied with, it is our further hope that we may be permitted by the family of Dr. Dickey, to plan for a Dickey Memorial of some permanent and worthy kind on the grounds, and to arrange for a Memorial Day, probably during the next Bible Conference, when Dr. Dickey's body may be removed, and interred in its last resting place. Further thought is being given by us to a regular Founder's Day program which may become an annual feature at Winona.

"Meanwhile, a committee has been appointed by us to prepare and publish a Memorial volume, containing among other material, the story in brief, of Dr. Dickey's life, the history of the Winona movement, and the full text of the addresses delivered at his funeral. The co-operation of his family is sought for the gathering together of the contents of this book."

"Affectionately, and with unanimous approval, addressed to Mrs. Dickey, and ordered spread on the Minutes of the Board of Directors, this December 28th, 1920, the sad day of his funeral."

# Biographical

Solomon Cravens Dickey, clergyman; born Columbus, Indiana, June 24, 1858; son of Rev. Ninian Steele and Mary Jane (Davis) Dickey; graduated Wabash College, 1881 (D. D. 1897); married Lizzie Augusta Reid, of Greenville, Ill., June 1, 1882. Ordained to Presbyterian ministry by Presbytery of Nebraska City, 1882; pastor, Auburn, Neb., 1882-1886; pastor, Monticello, Ind., 1886-1889; pastor, Peru, Ind., 1889-1894; superintendent of Home Missions for the Synod of Indiana, 1894-1896. In 1895 founded, with other directors, the Winona Assembly and Summer School, (now Winona Assembly and Bible Conference), Winona Lake, Indiana, of which, till his death, December 22, 1920, he was continuously the directing secretary and general manager. — From "Who's Who in America."

## HE BECAME GREAT BY GIVING GREAT OPPORTUNITIES TO OTHER PEOPLE.

Fitter epitaph may be inscribed on the tomb of Solomon C. Dickey, but no man could covet a worthier one. It is the whole truth about this richly fruitful life. Endowed himself for notable success as a preacher, his was the supreme sacrifice that few preachers as able as he have been willing to make—remaining silent himself, he assembled vast and influential audiences to hear other preachers. One of the ablest and most attractive of lecturers, he chose instead of the applause and emoluments of the multitude to build platforms for many other lecturers and their messages to vaster throngs. An evangelist who might have had the joy of thousands saved under his own appeals, he erected tabernacles in which others—processions of other evangelists, might lead to Christ tens of thousands. An educator by training and taste, he might have been the head of some great theological school, or other institution for religious training—he chose rather to provide a place and a privilege for the masters of the Books in all the world to reach and prepare the leaders of the Western Hemisphere in wielding the sword of the Spirit. Concerned to seek and save the pitifully lost, the men in our cities who were down and nearly out, he could have won renown as a "mission man"—he provided instead a place of assembly for the erstwhile isolated workers in this field of heroic Christian endeavor, and from their councils, by him made possible, these leaders went back refreshed and better informed to multiply their own usefulness in the hard places to which they had been called in the Kingdom.

If the value of a man's life is to be estimated, not by what he does, but by what he enables others to do, the mathematicians will find the worth of this man to his times beyond the short reach of their earth-bound figures. His welcome voice reached throngs, but the platforms he erected multiplied by thousands his appealing testimony and his prophetic utterances. But for him some of the greatest preachers and teachers of two continents would have had an inadequate hearing; and had he not brought them to our very doors, the rest of us would have

been denied the benediction of what they taught. If S. C. Dickey had never preached a sermon—and he preached often and powerfully—his would still have been one of the world's most telling ministries because of the sermons he enabled other apostles of Christ to preach to the mighty armies of efficient soldiers of the Cross, men, women and children that filed in through the gates of Winona Assembly and Bible Conference, and then fared forth throughout this and many other lands to live more broadly and deeply and bravely because this man had thus lived unselfishly for them.

"I had a friend,' would be the frank confession of many a now famous platform and pulpit giant if he were asked for explanation of his achievements—"and S. C. Dickey was that friend who discovered and developed me." "I had a friend," and more than one popular evangelist and many a Bible teacher would thus testify if he would be altogether just and duly grateful, "S. C. Dickey, and he told me the truth about myself and enabled me to achieve present success, plucking me from obscurity and planting me amid the needs of the big round world." "I had a friend," and this time the voice comes from humbler circles—"and he, too, was S. C. Dickey, who showed me the better way of life, showed it by taking it before me, showed it by kindly speech and deed, showed it through counsels and example of others, whom he had influenced or afforded opportunity"—and someway the voice is growing to a heavenly chorus for the head of the long line of those he helped is passing over the Great Divide yonder with him, and he knows now how beatifically true it is, knows it from them, the "one" increased by numberless others—

> "Perchance in Heaven some day to me
> Some blessed saint will come and say
> 'All hail, beloved, but for thee
> My soul to death had fallen a prey.'
> And oh, what rapture in the thought,
> One soul to Heaven to have brought!"

IRA LANDRITH.

# Editorial

From "The Winonan" of August 19, 1920.

## SOL. C. DICKEY.

The same pen that wrote the foregoing lines concerning S. C. Dickey, dead, was gladder to pay to him this tribute, living.

He does not know that these lines are being written. He will not be pleased to have them printed. He will not be consulted. He deserves them much more worthily penned.

* * * * * *

Solomon C. Dickey, General Secretary of the Winona Assembly and Director of the Winona Bible Conference, has done great things in a great way, and thousands are his debtors. Others have wrought generously and well in its building, but the Winona Assembly and Bible Conference would not have been but for him. To have been personally responsible for such an enterprise, to have been the chief agent in its establishing and success, is to have lived a big, worth-while life. All this S. C. Dickey has done, and against such odds as would have appalled most men and paralyzed their endeavors.

He had a great dream for Winona, in some ways an unrealizable ideal. Some of the material things he hoped and planned for, all of them as means to the spiritual and educational end he had in view, cost him and others dearly. An interurban railway was then needed to bring the throngs hither from the populous regions hereabout. Nobody could foresee the competition and opposition the building of such a road would encounter—no prophet was wise enough to foretell the day, now fully come, when the privately owned automobile would run from every farmer's door, and trolleys take a much lower place as a means of transportation. Result, financial losses, of course, especially since Sunday excursions and mere

money-making plans were scorned by Dr. Dickey and his railway associates.

These associates, by the way, were many of them, rich and capable men of affairs, whose counsels were always sought by Dr. Dickey and whose judgments he followed. They believed in the railroad; they believed in the schools here founded, and they proved their faith as he proved his, by investing heavily and by losing, as he did, most of their investments. When there were mistakes they were mistakes of these men's wise heads, not of their hearts—men of conscience and Christian character such as these do not intentionally mislead. Even mercenary men do not spend and lose hundreds of thousands of their money to get others less able to invest a few hundreds or thousands of theirs. Living or dead, these men who were Dr. Dickey's counselors in those earlier days of great financial planning, and Dr. Dickey himself, deserves to have it said of them that they put in their own money and solicited the investments of others always with the ultimate purpose of promoting the welfare of Winona. They were not the first, and they will not be the last venturing altruists to misjudge the future.

Their own deepest disappointment was not that they lost heavily, but that others less able to lose also lost too heavily. To relieve the resulting distress of these "needy creditors" has ever since been, and still is Dr. Dickey's dearest wish. He has raised and expended tens of thousands of dollars for their benefit, and has announced his purpose to devote his life, if necessary, to their interest, though he legally owes them nothing, and, no more than his financially experienced advisers, was he at fault even in judgment, when he advised these investments, and participated in all of them to the limit of his own meager funds. What more could he have done to make recompense? How many men would have done as much? Would you have done as well?

But this is ancient, if painful, history, mentioned here only because it explains about all there is of opposition to Dr. Dickey and of fault-finding of his plans and labors. He could have given up Winona and allowed it to fail, while he succeeded and

was at peace elsewhere—opportunities were abundant. He elected, instead, to stay at gruelling cost of labor and money, and a greater and better Winona is coming grandly hither.

He has made mistakes, but who has not that made anything else? He may even have done wrong—those of us who are human hope that he is not too nearly perfect "for human nature's daily food." Very certain it is that he regrets his mistakes and is duly sorry for his sins; and only those of us who are infallible in judgment and impeccable in life can afford to harbor ill toward a man who lives as well as prays, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

Sol. C. Dickey knows Winona and its needs. He knows the field of teachers and preachers and lecturers and entertainers, and he knows the tastes and longing of the people who come here; hence, the greatest programs presented anywhere in the world, and hence Winona.

Sol. C. Dickey is surrounded by some hundreds of us who are not very busy with other things—we have ample time to find fault. He is the largest and fairest mark on this park for our criticisms, hence we fire them at him. That is the price persistency and efficiency have to pay for the privilege of serving. Most of the rest of us would not endure it. It is a blessed thing for us that he does endure it. It also marks him as a better Christian than are the most of the rest of us, especially than those of us who are his implacable critics.

The time has come, Sol. C. Dickey, when "forgetting the things that are behind," we are going to line up behind you for THE GREATER WINONA.

# Personal Tributes

## MR. VICTOR M. HATFIELD.

In Dr. Dickey's character, two extreme qualities were prominent, positivism and conciliation. He entered into every venture with confidence and whole-heartedness. When his judgment told him a cause was right, he fixed his gaze on the goal and started immediately to reach it. He sincerely believed that if a thing was worth possessing, it was worth all the effort it might cost to possess it. The most formidable obstacles never discouraged him. On the contrary, his energy increased when opposition appeared. Nature equipped him for leadership, and when the call came for him to build a Winona, he responded promptly. His keen perception, his analytic mind, his strong determination and his absolute candor brought to his assistance men and women of influence and money, and the project grew rapidly. A mighty institution has arisen, and the credit for its establishment and growth belongs to Dr. Dickey more than to any other person.

The responsibility for the unfortunate bankruptcy which overtook Winona can be attributed to a combination of circumstances and conditions, conspicuous among them an unwarranted optimism on the part of both the managers and those who invested their money. It is not true, neither is it fair, to say that a secretary, chosen by and acting under the direction of the board of managers, is to blame more than others. But Dr. Dickey, with a nobility which has never been surpassed in the history of great events, was willing to bear the reproach and suffer the opprobrium, if only he might protect the creditors as far as possible, and at the same time restore the institution. The uprearing of this vast monument, an agency for propagating the principles of righteousness and right living, is no small achievement. All who know Winona recognize its value to the

world, and will, as long as it stands, appreciate the institution and its founder.

Dr. Dickey was not only a man of decision and persistency, but he was known as a kind-hearted, generous, sympathetic friend. He never turned a deaf ear to anyone who came to him in trouble. He always tried to look at a situation from the view point of the other person. In all the transactions incident to his twenty-seven years of service for Winona, the thought of self-aggrandizement seems never to have entered his mind. His first, his last, his every act was for the success of the cause he loved so well. The public will never know how much he did for others. Only a few of his most intimate friends can realize the extent of his benefactions and self-denials. The consciousness of having performed a kind deed, and relieving a suffering one, was the only reward he craved.

Dr. Dickey was pre-eminently a man of prayer. He took all his problems to his God, and trusted all his affairs to Him. When clouds of difficulty darkened the path, his faith in a higher power grew brighter. When success illumined the way, his utterances of praise and loyalty were no less fervent and sincere.

He was prepared to enter the portals of his eternal home. He spoke often and confidently of the passing from this life to the next. His trust was unwavering, and the service which he rendered to God and his fellowman was spontaneous and complete. His example was stimulating and helpful to young and old. His Christ-like qualities shine like the sun at noonday, and his memory will remain a perpetual benediction throughout coming generations.

## MR. WILLIAM P. CARMICHAEL.

Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, of Pilgrim's Progress, was the prototype of Dr. Dickey, for no man was readier to fight for his conception of right than our beloved leader. And he was never vanquished in such a contest, because of his unlimited faith in the ultimate victory of a righteous cause. "If God be for us who can be against us" was the foundation of his unbounded optimism.

But, while we think of Dr. Dickey as our Mr. Valiant, we think oftener of his patient persistence in time of stress and of his undying devotion to Winona and what Winona stands for. This institution is his Memorial.

### REV. GEORGE R. STUART, D. D.

After almost twenty years of friendly and business association with Dr. Sol C. Dickey in which I was honored with his secrets, trusted with his plans and prayerfully admitted to his griefs, I feel that I know him as a man, as a friend and as a Christian.

I never had a friend who more profoundly impressed me with his absolute trust in God. Heaven was the referendum for all his plans for the Master's Kingdom and earth had no recall. His abundant faith in God and man and in the right of God's work to succeed, made him an optimist. His strength was in his Christian character and achievements rather than in physical appeal, in a personage rather than a personality. The impact of his whole life was for the pushing forward the work of the kingdom. I deem it a distinct honor to have been his close personal friend. I never had a friend who was easier to love, safer to trust or worthier to honor. His association was a benediction, his life an inspiration and his memory is a heritage.

In the passing of this great man, the church has lost an invaluable leader and every acquaintance a friend hard to replace.

### REV. J. C. BRECKENRIDGE, D. D.

The name of Solomon Cravens Dickey will long be remembered because of its association with the institution he founded. The guiding principles of this man's life and character are reflected in that institution for which he gave his life. He clearly sensed the important needs of the church. He gathered his information not from books alone, but from the door plates of his parishioners, as pastor, and from his travels up and down the State of Indiana, as superintendent of Home Missions. His sympathetic heart was greatly moved as he came in personal contact with the apathy of scores of dying churches.

The need of the hour was great. It was his coveted privilege to tell the Presbyterian Synod of Indiana at its annual meeting in October, 1894, of the things he had observed, and what he regarded as the churches' opportunity. It was in that meeting that he first presented his plan to establish a religious institution which would instruct and awaken the church to a sense of her duty. Those whose privilege it was to listen to his report, and witness his enthusiasm for the cause nearest his heart, will never forget the effect of that hour upon their lives.

The result of this report was an appointment of a committee to work out the plan born in the heart of this man whose faith was in the God of Elijah. The names of Edward S. Scott, D. D., and Henry Webb Johnson, D. D., will ever be remembered as the two men who were appointed to act with Dr. Dickey in the work that has resulted in the establishing of Winona, a place which Dr. Dickey believed the church needed. It was not a Chautauqua, nor a Northfield, but an institution combining the idea found in each of the above institutions. It was an organization standing for the deity of Jesus Christ and the inspiration of the Word of God. How many times these words have been repeated before Winona audiences by the departed leader! His own life reflected a faith rooted and grounded in the eternal verities of the blessed book. The monument conceived in his great heart, and established under God by his untiring and self-sacrificing labors of a quarter of a century, is the fulfillment of his heart's desire.

Many were the trials and sore disappointments of this untiring workman. Many were the mistakes to be corrected. They were of the head and not of the heart. The same was proven by his ceaseless efforts. to his last moment, to correct the things that were wrong. This well-known fact was the unmistakable evidence of the genuine character and splendid spirit of this servant of God.

To know him was to love him. Intimate association with him from that October day, 1894, never revealed aught in him but one who loved his Lord and who found greatest joy in serving mankind.

## REV. EDWARD S. SCOTT, D. D.

My first acquaintance with Dr. Dickey dates back some thirty years, when we were both members of the Presbytery of Logansport, and presently of the Home Mission Committee in the same. His aggressive spirit soon manifested itself in this latter work, and eventually made him a leading factor in the adoption of "The Indiana Plan," and the establishment of the "Winona Assembly and Summer School Association." In all this, the underlying motive was solely the advancement of the Kingdom of God and the salvation of souls. Always an evangelistic pastor, when he became engaged in these larger enterprises, he was always watchful for opportunities of personal work, in which he was a wise winner of souls. The great secret of his genial and contagious optimism and capacity for work was the fact that he was a man of prayer. How often has he said to me after an evening together, or some conference, "Well, now let's have a word of prayer," and down we would go upon our knees before God. He was indeed "A man of God;" whose memory is very precious; a very dear friend whose example remains with us as a constant inspiration to better things.

## MR. WILLIAM A. PETERSON.

The outstanding traits of character of Dr. Dickey were his unbounded optimism and courage against heavy odds. If there was anyone who had cause for becoming discouraged and downhearted by an endless series of unforeseen and disappointing conditions, he was the one.

From the humblest cottager with a leaky roof to the great national speakers and foreign entertainers all found him an ever ready, sympathetic listener who would do all in his power to help them.

We were privileged to enjoy his Christ-like bouyancy and to feel the power of his life, and have been drawn closer to Him because of it. We feel sure that he now graces those heavenly mansions where so many of his friends have gone on before.

## REV. JAMES A. GORDON, D. D.

I had been acquainted with Dr. Dickey since the beginnings of the Winona Bible Conference; but during the seven years of my pastorate at Winona I came to know him intimately. He was vitally interested in the church, and when at home was a constant attendant, both morning and evening, usually a teacher of the boys' class in Sunday School, and always at prayer meetings. He was ever ready to counsel with me, and to co-operate in every way possible at my request; but he never sought to dictate or intrude upon the proper field of the pastor and officers of the church. He loved the church and was a liberal and generous supporter of every Christian cause. He lived wholly for Winona as teaching and embodying the great truths on which the church is founded—the Rock, Christ Jesus, and His inspired Word.

God gave to him some remarkable gifts. He was a man of spiritual vision and inspiration, of persuasive speech, tactful address, winning and attractive in his manner. He was surprisingly frank and open in his dealings, and revealed himself with unreserved candor in his conversations. He took men into his confidence, and convinced them of his perfect sincerity, if not always of his prudence or practical wisdom.

He was a man of wonderful resources of thought and plan and method, and when ninety and nine avenues were closed to him he always found the hundredth one to open. He was a man of marvelous perseverance in the face of misfortunes and trials and reproaches; and he had a very sensitive soul, and felt keenly his own sorrows, and the sorrows of his followers and friends. He had a saving gift of humor which was his relief and salvation amid his multiplied cares and heavy burdens. Even when almost staggering under the load he refused to lay down, he would regale himself and others with jest and witty story, and laugh as heartily as a care-free boy. Adversity humbled but did not embitter him. He was a man of wonderful faith, wonderful prayer, wonderful simplicity of trust in God. Beautiful in his home life, gracious in his social intercourse, with the hundreds he met every year at Winona and in his journeys for Winona, he was all in all, a rare man; and by

his faith and energy and lifelong consecration to his task, he has accomplished a mighty and enduring work for Christ and the church , for America and for all the world.

### REV. GEORGE W. TAFT, D. D.

Dr. Dickey was a great friend, a great man, and a great Christian. As a friend, it was a delight to be in his home, and a delight to have him in your home. He was vitally interested in your affairs and in the affairs of your family. He was a good listener and cared for the little things that you tell only to intimates. He became a part of your life, and his going leaves a great vacancy.

As a man, he had a great vision, and the Winona Assembly and Bible Conference, one of the outstanding factors in the cause of Christ in America and among the nations, was a beginning of the realization of that vision. In a very real way, Dr. Dickey was the incarnation of Winona and those great principles for which it stands.

As a Christian, he was pre-eminently a man of prayer. Time and again in facing Winona problems and in working out the schedule of our annual programs, he would stop and say, "Let us pray about it." Practically every decision was bathed in prayer. Who should speak, when should they speak, and what thoughts should be suggested, and the even harder questions of who should not speak and what things should not be admitted or over-emphasized and what things should not be done, were all subjects to be prayed about. His heart's desire was to make Winona Christian and then to keep it Christian. In the highest sense of the words, he was a true Christian Puritan and his ideal Winona was to attract those who wished to hold fast to its great Christian standards. In a very real way, may he, although dead, still speak, and may we who remain, be loyal to his memory.

### MR. HOMER RODEHEAVER.

Just like every great man, Dr. Dickey was never fully appreciated while he lived. Now that he has gone we get a clearer vision of his great heart as we review also the difficul-

ties and obstacles he was struggling to overcome to bring to successful culmination these plans.

I am so glad I got to know Dr. Dickey better during the last weeks and months of his life, because it enabled me to forgive and excuse the things which most folks called mistakes, because I saw his great self-sacrificing aim, purpose and ideal for Winona Lake.

We will miss him, but because of his own unselfish spirit, we will make a stronger effort to carry out his plans.

## REV. CHARLES LITTLE, D. D.

My acquaintance with and affection for Dr. Dickey began more than thirty years ago, when the commencement of his pastorate at Peru made us close ministerial neighbors. He revealed lofty ideals, unfaltering faith, untiring energy and an ignorance of defeat.

He was a lover of God, a zealous friend of man with strong convictions and the courage to defend them. His Winona life, with its great and sometimes heart-aching experiences gave abundant opportunity for the testing and developing of these characteristics. The more wonderful man was there revealed, but to me he was always the same man.

Like Moses, who saw the promised land, but did not enter it, Dr. Dickey was called just as his Winona was entering its field of best and most lofty attainment. We would have kept him here, but—

> "My thoughts are not your thoughts,
> Neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord."

# The Funeral at DeLand

Dying away from home, but among friends, and with his beloved wife near—he died suddenly while Mrs. Dickey was at prayer meeting and while he was working at his desk, literally "in the harness"—it was fitting that the first of the funeral services should have been held, as it was, in the home where he passed away at DeLand, Florida. Of this service, Irving C. Stover, Director, Florida Alpha Chapter Theta Alpha Phi, of John B. Stetson University, writes:

"The prayer service conducted for Dr. Dickey was held at the residence where he and his wife were staying and was attended by friends from Daytona and DeLand. The services were in charge of the Reverend Clarence H. Ferran, pastor of the DeLand (Southern) Presbyterian Church. He read a few appropriate passages from the Scripture and offered a prayer. Mr. James Heaton sang two hymns selected by Mrs. Dickey, one of them, 'I Will Sing You a Song of That Beautiful Land.'

"The whole service was very impressive and many spoke of it as the most appropriate service of this kind that they had ever attended."

## PRAYER OFFERED BY DR. FERRAN.

"Almighty God, our Father, our souls out of undisturbed faith acknowledge Thy sovereignty and wisdom even in the providence which has assembled this company in the house of mourning. Calm our souls so that there shall be no failure in us to apprehend any part of the significance of this providence which Thou wouldst make of profit to our souls. We do not forget that with being sovereign and wise, Thou are also loving and compassionate, nor that though Thou dost afflict, Thou dost also comfort and sustain. We thank Thee for the faith that we have of Thy resurrecting power and our strong hope of

the perfected life and glory which is promised unto those who abide in Christ Jesus, our Lord. We witness that the mighty and good are subject as all others to the uncertainties of this life and that none are exempted from the certainties and sorrow of death. All are cut off as the tops of the ears of corn. One dieth in his full strength without warning, another weareth out his days in pain, but all are comprehended in the love and discipline that would bring unto perfection. A great man and good, hath been called from his mortal remains unto the reward of redeemed spirits, our brother, Thy servant and disciple. Though his body lies beneath the flowers we know his spirit hath ascended unto Thee. We thank Thee for the eminence of leadership that was his in those movements among men which have contributed so greatly to the spread of the gospel truth; for the consecration of his powers to the conservation of the pure doctrine of the faith of our fathers; and for his faithful services that were so largely responsible for the great Bible Conference at Winona Lake. We thank Thee for his strong, effective witness to the power of Thy love for all mankind as he preached the gospel of the Book to those who gladly heard him. We thank Thee for the charm and good flavor of his personal life and the uplift among men of his righteous living. We thank Thee for the devotion of his heart for her, the wife of his bosom and helpmeet, and his further love for the child of their union. We thank Thee for his loyalty to his friends and his considerateness and Christian love for all. We do now, our Father ask thy comfort for those bereaved and smitten hearts on whom the weight of this providence hath most heavily fallen, grant unto them Thy grace and special favor, unto her, his wife whose unusual grace of strength has been already great, give all continuance, and increase and build them up, both wife and son and all others who are nearest and dearest to them in all spiritual graces and be wisdom and righteousness to all their friends and neighbors here and elsewhere who have rendered loving ministrations in the hours of their trouble. The Lord make his face to shine upon you and give you peace and the Grace of our Lord, Jesus Christ, the Love of the Father, and the communion and fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you all. Amen.''

# The Funeral Service at Warsaw

The funeral service was held in the Presbyterian Church at Warsaw, Indiana, on December 27th, 1920. Dr. James A. Gordon, pastor of the Winona Church, presided. Miss Katherine Carmichael, of St. Louis, played the organ. Dr. Little, Dr. Palmer, Dr. Zartmann, Dr. Morgan, Dr. Haines, Dr. Sunday, Dr. Breckenridge, Dr. Scott, Dr. Lyon and Rev. Trotter were seated on the platform. Dr. Zartmann read the 23rd and 103rd Psalms. Dr. Scott led in prayer. The Scripture lesson was read by Dr. Breckenridge. Prof. Charles H. Gabriel and Homer Rodeheaver sang, "I'll Exchange My Cross for a Starry Crown." Addresses were made by Dr. Little, Dr. Sunday, and Dr. Morgan. Mrs. Lincoln G. Dickey sang "I Will Sing You a Song of that Beautiful Land." Dr. Gordon read telegrams from Dr. Taft, President of the Baptist Theological Seminary, Chicago, Mrs. J. Wilbur Chapman, New York City, Dr. George R. Stuart, Birmingham, Alabama, and Mr. and Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, Miami, Florida. An address was made by Dr. Palmer, following which Mr. Gabriel sang "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." Dr. Milford H. Lyon led in prayer. Addresses were made by Dr. Haines and Rev. Mel Trotter. Mr. Rodeheaver sang, "Father, What e'er of Earthly Bliss."

# In Life and in Death

In a sketch of Dr. Dickey's life and labors, the Warsaw Times said editorially on December 24, 1920:

The news of the death of Dr. Sol. C. Dickey, which occurred suddenly this morning in Florida, was received in Warsaw with genuine regret by all who knew Dr. Dickey intimately and who were conversant with his life work.

It has been through his personal efforts and activities that Winona, the greatest Middle-West Chautauqua, has grown to its present size and has now become nation-wide in its importance.

It has been through the effort of Dr. Dickey that Winona has become the meeting place of interdenominational church conventions and conferences.

It has been through the effort of Dr. Dickey that Warsaw and Kosciusko county secured the Winona Interurban Railway from Goshen to Warsaw, from Warsaw to Peru, and the line from Warsaw to Winona.

It has been through the efforts of Dr. Dickey that substantial structures have been erected at Winona, the latest one of which is the new auditorium, having a seating capacity of 8,000, and which last season was first opened to the public.

It has been through the efforts of Dr. Dickey that Winona has continued to operate, for all these years he had been able to secure contributions from men of means sufficient to secure for Winona what he conceived to be necessities for Winona Assembly, and which usually took the shape of buildings or improvements of some sort. Occasionally in his scheme for a greater Winona he perhaps over-reached the association's ability to make ends meet at a stipulated time, yet it cannot be said that any dishonesty entered into the disbursements from

the treasury of the Association. And during all these years only a modest salary, barely enough for living expenses for himself and family, had been paid Dr. Dickey.

After Winona passed through its dark hour of bankruptcy a few years ago and left a number of needy security holders with a loss, it was Dr. Dickey who personally took it upon himself to raise a $100,000 fund to reimburse this class of investors. Already he had raised and paid for this purpose $35.000.

Thus without question it can be said that Dr. Dickey has been a man of real worth, and has done more for the community —and with Winona one must include Warsaw and Kosciusko County—than any other man living here during the period of his activities.

In the death of Dr. Dickey his loss will not only be felt at Winona, Warsaw citizens and business men generally will feel his loss, and our people generally will extend their sincere sympathy to the bereft family.

Thus, a real benefactor has gone from our midst.

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In its local columns the same paper says of this "Man who did more for this community than any other man:"

Dr. Sol. C. Dickey, secretary and general manager of Winona Assembly and Bible Conference, died suddenly at DeLand, Florida, at about 8 o'clock p. m. on Wednesday, December 22nd, 1920. First news of Dr. Dickey's death came to V. M. Hatfield, Winona publicity manager, at 5 o'clock Thursday morning in a telephone message from Lincoln Dickey, the only son, at Cleveland, Ohio. Lincoln Dickey, at that time, did not know the cause of his father's death, having just received a telegram announcing his demise. He planned to leave for Florida immediately and stated that the remains would be brought to Winona Lake and burial would probably be in Oakwood cemetery in Warsaw.

A telegram from Florida at noon Thursday, stated that death was due to apoplexy.

Dr. and Mrs. Dickey motored to Florida, leaving their home at Winona Lake on November 1. Dr. Dickey was taking

a much needed rest following the very strenuous season last year. He expected to return to Winona Lake early in the spring to plunge into what promised to be the greatest season for him and for Winona Assembly.

Only a few days ago Mr. Hatfield had a letter from Dr. Dickey. It read as follows:

"Having a fine time, fishing, going to church, and best of all, getting acquainted again with my precious wife."

Dr. Dickey's health during the past year or two had been somewhat impaired. He suffered at times from virtigo, and had frequently remarked to his friends that he felt certain that when the end came it would be sudden and would find him "in the harness."

Dr. Dickey was a real benefactor of Warsaw. Many institutions which had their inception in the brain of Dr. Dickey and which were made possible through his enthusiastic promotions, have since placed Warsaw and Winona Lake on the map in a conspicuous place. Dr. Dickey was the founder of Winona Assembly and Bible Conference, and during twenty-five years that this noted institution has been in existence, he weathered every storm as its secretary and general manager. During the periods of depression, when the dark clouds of financial failure hovered over Winona, Dr. Dickey's optimism never failed and Winona's greatness today is due almost entirely to the unfailing faith and undaunted courage of its founder.

As a promoter and organizer, Dr. Dickey had few equals. His own faith in the Winona institutions was so great and he was so enthusiastic in presenting his appeals to others that he was able to interest the greatest men of the country in his projects. Always he had a vision of the future and no obstacles were great enough to halt him in carrying on any work that was for the betterment of Winona. He was never more enthusiastic than at the time of his death and he had many great things planned for the future. The erection of the new Winona tabernacle, the largest of its kind in the world, was one of Dr. Dickey's dreams coming true. Last summer he conceived the idea of erecting a fine, modern hotel on the site of his home "Killarney," at the point of the island. He lost no

time in impressing some of his wealthy friends that such a hotel would add to the attractiveness of Winona, and at the time of his death believed that the project would be carried out next summer.

After Winona's financial trouble in 1915 and the liquidation of all debts through a receiver's sale, Dr. Dickey showed his real greatness by undertaking the task of raising $100,000 for making full settlement with all needy creditors. Up to the time of his death he had paid out about $35,000 in cash and had $25,000 more pledged.

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Thomas Kane, in an article on Winona, paid the following tribute to Dr. Dickey:

"The root idea of Winona, so far as human knowledge extends, originated in the heart and brain of S. C. Dickey, D. D., during the years 1894 and 1895, but he believes with all his heart that its origin was from a vastly higher source. He believes that not only he, but the entire management and directory have been, are being, and will continue to be used, so long as they exercise humility, and earnestly seek Divine guidance along practical lines, to do a great work at Winona for God and country.

"At that time Dr. Dickey was superintendent of Home Missions for Indiana; the state was his field. In the progress of his work he realized the need of a common meeting place for rest, counsel, recreation and inspiration; a kind of religious Chautauqua. The first place selected was at Bass Lake, Starke county. There 160 acres of land was purchased and arrangements made with the citizens to build a short spur from the nearest railroad to the lake. The citizens failed to do their part in providing funds to build the railroad and another location was sought.

"A few days later, Dr. Dickey met one of the firm of Beyer Brothers, on the train and incidentally mentioned what he was looking for. 'Come and see Spring Fountain Park at Eagle Lake,' was the prompt invitation (Eagle Lake it was then.) 'We have just what you need and we want to sell.' The invi-

tation was accepted and within a few days the purchase was made.

"From that day down to the present, Dr. Dickey has lived for Winona.

"To many of the business men of the Board of Directors his far-seeing plans have, when first proposed, seemed visionary, but one by one the visions have become realities. Not that the visions have ceased; they continue, and are even brighter than ever; but to the other members of the directory they seem less visionary, because year by year the financial foundation on which they are based grows broader and stronger."

"As Winona grew and became known to the outside world the need of better transportation facilities suggested itself and Dr. Dickey conceived the idea of building an interurban line. He interested H. J. Heinz, of Pittsburgh, J. M. Studebaker, of South Bend, and other men of money and the result was the construction of the Goshen division of the Winona Interurban Railway Company. This was followed by the construction of the Peru division, connecting Warsaw and Peru, and completing the link between the north and central parts of the state. The interurban line was completed in 1907. The Winona and Warsaw Railway, connecting Warsaw and Winona, another project fathered by Dr. Dickey, was placed in service in the summer of 1903.

"Dr. Dickey's vision also suggested the possibility of making Winona a great educational as well as religious and recreational center and it was through his influence and guidance that the Winona College and Winona College of Agriculture were founded. He also had a vision of extending the scope of Winona's educational influence by founding the Winona Technical Institute at Indianapolis, an institution which did not prove a financial success.

"Activity on the part of Dr. Dickey was responsible for the erection of many of the fine buildings at Winona and his influence made Winona Lake the annual meeting place for many organizations."

# The Addresses

## DR. LITTLE.

When a man has a friend for whom he has a heart full of affection, and that friend dies, and he is called upon somewhat unexpectedly at the last service to say a word of appreciation and esteem, that man is very much embarassed because of the limitations which the suggestion of the fleeting moments of time would put upon him. I so feel deeply this afternoon, yet I am certain the brethren on the platform with me have the same reason for embarrassment.

I have known Dr. Dickey possibly longer than any other of these men. More than thirty years ago he became my neighbor at Peru, when he became pastor of that church. Upon his coming I welcomed him as the older pastor, and he proved very responsive in his friendship and love. For six years he remained pastor at Peru, and while I may not in the limitation of my remarks make any reference to his activities at Winona, I want to say that in the pastorate he made manifest that energy and zeal and the power of initiation which all of you, who have known him at Winona. recognize to have been characteristic of him. I remember his special meetings, his evangelistic meetings. He wanted to enlarge the church and to enlarge the Sunday School rooms, in order to have increased facilities; it was done. The story of his life at Peru was a fitting preparation for the larger work to which he was afterwards called, in shaping the activities of the Home Mission work in the State of Indiana. He laid the foundation of that "Indiana plan" which has made the Home Missions of the State of Indiana very famous throughout our church. From there he came to Winona, the story of which will be told by others this afternoon. That is my earliest memory of Dr. Dickey.

My latest memory of him is of a few weeks ago. My people at Wabash concluded to have the annual supper in the church, and they asked Mrs. Little and myself if there was anyone we should like to ask among our ministerial brethren. We suggested two of our neighbors in my Presbyterial life should be invited; and we asked also that Mrs. Dickey and Dr. Dickey might come. They came, and were with us, seated very near us on the platform. At that time in an address, Dr. Dickey, out of the fullness of his heart, said many kind words which were especially appreciated as he spoke of our association and our friendship for many years. Later it was our privilege to have Dr. and Mrs. Dickey our guests for the night.

In the morning he must depart early for Winona, for many duties called him. We had our breakfast together and he invoked in tender prayer the love of God upon the household. I went with him to the car, which was standing in front of my door. I think if we had known this was our last farewell, our emotions would have been more keen and the hand grasp more tender, yet my love for him could not have been greater had I known it was the last time we should be together in such happy fellowship. It is thus I shall remember Dr. Dickey. I remember Mrs. Dickey in the tenderness and love of her early womanhood, and I remember his son, this dear boy, when he was even younger than the boy by his side today, and it has been a joy to me that I could have had the fellowship of this dear man through all these years, and I invoke upon Mrs. Dickey and upon the son and the grandson the Divine blessing, and I invoke the same upon this congregation and upon Winona.

## DR. SUNDAY.

There are times when words are inadequate to express either joy or sorrow, and yet I am mindful of the fact that words are the vehicles by which we convey to our friends the feelings of our hearts. No words of mine are adequate to express the emotions that are in our hearts today.

I feel like the little girl who came home from school and said to her mother, "Mollie Brown came to school today for

the first time since her mother died, and she sat down and opened her book and tried to study and she could not, and then she looked around the room and she put her head down on the desk, and she cried." Her mother asked, "What did you do?" And she said, "I just slipped over by her and put my arm around her, and I put my head down by hers and I cried too." And I feel like doing that today, and Dr. Little and Dr. Morgan and everybody is feeling like doing that with Mrs. Dickey and Lincoln.

I have been asked to speak today for two reasons, one because of my friendship for Dr. Dickey and his friendship for me, and then I am considered a sort of a go-between.

Twenty-five years ago I got off the train at Warsaw and got in a boat and went down the canal and crossed the lake to Winona, and Dr. Dickey and Dr. Chapman and I talked of Winona. It wasn't called Winona then. It was Spring Fountain Park. There was no station there. We had to go down the canal and cross the lake. There were not the hotels and homes and boarding houses that are there today. There was no Mount Memorial, no Westminster and buildings that have arisen because of his energy and his enthusiasm. Not only that, but I believe that Dr. Dickey did more for the good and for the moral influence of Winona and Warsaw and for Kosciusko County than anybody ever did within the boundaries of the county. Sometimes our boys in the schools would come home drunk, and I remember at one time the watchman found two of our boys so drunk they could not find their way home. Afterwards Dr. Dickey came to me and he said, "Won't you come and help us to save our boys?" And together we fought the saloons in Warsaw until the town was made dry, and then we fought on until the county went dry, and after that the state went dry, and after that they ratified the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

I believe Dr. Dickey was the most determined, irrepressible optimist I ever met; and his enthusiasm was as infectious as the laughter of a little child. He staggered under burdens that would have driven the ordinary man to his grave ten years before God called him, and yet, though the clouds were dark and

the storms beat furiously, he did not despair. He used to come to me at times even with tears, and say, "Well, the sun shines in spite of all. You believe in me, and Mrs. Sunday believes in me, and you believe in Winona." I believe that across the discords of life he heard the music of faith, and that the fruit gatherers, the angels, have looked wistfully to our good friend, Dr. Dickey, and so they would not let him stay here any longer.

I will say to you we must all go through that path. You cannot go round about it. Friends may stretch out their hands to keep us back but they cannot, and no tears and pleas can stay death. You may offer large retainers, but death will accept them, no matter what riches you have. You may hang the walls of your home with rich tapestries, and place Persian rugs upon your floors. You may wrap rich furs about you and laugh at the storm, but death will surely come. Death cares nothing about the grief of motherhood. That we are willing to exchange this body for one immortal; to exchange this body with its aches and pains and groans and tears—that makes no difference.

It may be a bright, sunny day when you push off from this old planet. It may be in the spring, when the birds sing and the air is fragrant with bloom. It may be in the winter when the ground is covered with snow and icicles hang from the trees. It may be in the autumn when the forests are all painted with the glory of the dying summer. It may be in a railroad wreck, and you are crushed while you sleep. It may be in your own home, with your children standing about you. It may be you will go down in a ship through the dark waters, and rest in the cemetery of lost ships. But death will surely come. The hour will come; the hands will cross the dial, twelve, eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one; the hours will go, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one; and the minutes will pass, six, five, four, three, two, one; and the seconds will pass, five, four, three, two, one—and you are gone. The eyes close, the heart stops and the book is closed—the record is closed. The hands are through passing the dial. You can put the stethoscope to the lungs—there is nothing there. The muscles are still, the brain is still. You are gone. You are gone.

Yet I say this to you that you may so live your life that men may honor and women respect you and children love you. God grant that your life may close so that men will speak your name in honor, and they will baptize your grave with tears.

## DR. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

I count it an evidence of friendship that I am asked to take any part here today. I want to say first I think there is something fitting in the fact that I am here, for I am able to speak in a representative capacity on behalf of a group of men from across the Atlantic upon whom Dr. Dickey laid hands, bringing them over to have the joy of fellowship with him in his great work. Of that group of men some are in glory, and some remain; but if I had been able to communicate with them, every one of them would have charged me to lay some tribute of love and token of sorrow upon this casket. I think of Charles Sylvester Horne and John Henry Jowett and John McNeill and W. L. Watkinson and Gipsy Smith and Samuel Chadwick, and others whose names now slip my memory. He reached out over the seas to these men, and his hand beckoned and they came. He had a wonderful way of calling us to him; and when we came, he captured our hearts, and commanded our love.

Yet I would rather my tribute today to my friend should be a personal one. If then, I were asked to summarize in a word the whole impression made upon my heart and mind and life by my friend, the word I should employ would be Courage. To me my friend was the embodiment of courage. When I say that I say it carefully. Courage ever is an affair of the heart. My mind goes back to a great word of an old Hebrew singer, who said of a man:

> "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings,
> His heart is fixed, trusting in Jehovah."

Those words, for me, perfectly describe my friend, Dr. Dickey. He never did fear evil tidings, because his heart was fixed, trusting in Jehovah. Out of that fixity of his heart, came his great courage.

It was twenty-two years ago that I first met him. I had a rare privilege, the memory of which will always be treasured,

that of one week with him quietly and alone, as we crossed old Mother Atlantic from your side to mine. Then, and after, I came into very close personal association with him. We had many a heart-to-heart talk, and the impression he left on me every time was that of courage. I sometimes told him, that if he passed away before me, and I might write his epitaph, it would be that he was a fool to himself and that because he had the courage to stand, when a small man would have run away. He believed. He believed in God. He believed—and I make no apology in linking the two things together—he believed in Winona. He lived for it, and he loved it.

I thank God also for his loyalty to truth, which was always characterized by a great sanity. He stood by the cardinal things of our faith, the Deity of our Lord, the atonement of His Cross, and the authority of the Scriptures; and to that belief he held Winona with conviction and tenacity. May we continue in that loyalty to the end of time.

He was Greatheart, a man of splendid courage.

## DR. PALMER.

As I have tried to visualize the faces that are here today, I thought back over these years and it seems to me that nearly every relationship to Dr. Dickey is represented in this congregation. Permit me just as your mouthpiece to speak a word of tribute to him as our friend. Not in way of eulogy—he would not have it so—just a sincere word of tribute to our friend. But Dr. Dickey would have me say that if there was a friendship in his life towards others with whom he came in contact it was because he learned the secret of the friendship of Jesus Christ. Without knowing it, Dr. Morgan, who spoke of courage, touched his life motto: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

He was a Christ-centered man, and so he helped us as Christ helped him. I cannot speak of all the marks of this personal friendship. You will find them in your own hearts. I want to mention here three, just briefly that are probably common to us all.

First, Our Friend the Burden Bearer. Now, dear friends, no one can be a burden bearer who has not been trained to it. I know that Paul while writing that chapter to the Galatians said, "Every man shall bear his own burden," but he said also in close context, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

For two years I was a classmate with Dr. Dickey before we finished our college life, and there were two things that I remember. First, he had a set-back of two years by reason of a physical injury, I think an injury on a base ball field, coming two years later to join the class of which I happened to be a member. I think he worked his way through college. Well have I remembered his statements touching the building of fires, the sweeping of rooms, and I think the washing of dishes, too, because he was bearing the burden of his own education. So he was fitted to go out into the State of Indiana, and bear the burden of these mission fields. So he was fitted to come to Winona, with nothing here but vision and trust and the friendship of others to bear the burden of that institution. I do not think I am stretching the truth when I say that in everything, from the complaint of an ill-kept house on the Winona grounds to the necessary preparations for the General Assembly, the burden came to him. From furnishing a chair that was not there in the tent, when tents were there, up to the building of an auditorium that would seat its thousands, the burden came to him. You and I, when things did not go well with us in all these fields of activity, came to him with the burden, and he bore it. That is our tribute to him as our friend. He was our burden bearer.

Second, Our Friend Because He Gave Us Good Cheer. Here Dr. Dickey passed on to us what he received from Christ, his friend. You have noticed two marks of Jesus Christ toward his friends: (1) Away with fear. (2) Let cheer be yours. "Lazarus is dead, but I go to wake him up from sleep." "For in the world ye shall have tribulations, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God." Dr. Dickey, in the spirit of our Lord's friendship, passed all this on as a part of his Christ training. Why is that a mark of friendship? Because Jesus Christ knows and you and I know that only they who have the

courage, the trust and the spirit of good cheer can bear the hard burdens and do the great tasks in life; and when you and I have been privileged to share a little with that kind of a friend it takes away the fear and lack of trust. With incessant demands upon his time, traveling generally by night to save the day time, constantly conferring regarding Winona's interest, yet he took time to meet his friends. He always manifested a great deal of humor, a great deal of laughter, and a great deal of cheer. Really I never knew until these last hours that burdens did rest upon him. Doubtless he concealed them even from many intimate friends. This is our tribute—yours and mine—Our friend because he cheered us in the dark.

Third, Our Friend Because Possessing the Spirit of a Sharer. He Called Upon Us to Join Him in Being Givers. This is the wonder: How many he has secured as helpers! Some to give talents, some to give their brains, some to give their hands, some to give their service, some to give their money. All of us to give our affectionate help. Winona stands for the sharing of spiritual things. You may travel from the southern end of the grounds to the entrance building, you may tarry at the Boys' Club, or at Bethany; you may tarry at the Auditorium, or you may tarry at the School Buildings. It is just one long succession of passing on to the world all the things that count for help and uplift and stimulus. It may be the child life, it may be the youth life, it may be the hotel life or cottage life, it was ever passing on the things we have had. To me "the cup of salvation" is beginning to bear a new aspect in personal experience. When Jesus held the cup and said "Drink ye all of it," it was not only sacrifice, it was passing on to others. How many Dr. Dickey has called to share with him this splendid privilege! Lepers needing help? Help them. A colored person coming from the southland bearing upon his heart a school? Help him. Evangelists desiring to increase the strength of their message? This is the proper place for their home. Schools that were to make character? Here is the place.

I was looking into your faces again and it seems to me I see a face from every one of the schools that have been upon these grounds, and they bear in their hearts the impression of

what he desired to share with them, Character. So it seems to me that Dr. Dickey worked "the Winona Circle," a Circle of his own. More money, more talent, more men, to build more buildings to help more boys. More money to build more railroads to bring more people to Winona to help more people to pass on the good things. More money to build a larger auditorium to reach more people. More money to pass on the glorious gospel of the Savior to more people. I fear I may sometimes have said that Dr. Dickey must nearly have nagged people to get them to do, nearly worried people to get them to give. That was just my feeling. Pardon me. I feel differently. Paul, when you wrote the letter to the Church at Phillippi, you said to the people whom you had in your heart, "You gave largely to me; keep on giving, not because I desire a gift, but I desire fruit that may abound to your account." In the 15th chapter of John are these words of Christ: "I am the vine, and ye are the branches. Every branch in me that beareth fruit He purgeth that it may bring forth more fruit." Christ calls for increasing fruitage. This is His call, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

I am glad today for the friendship of one who has said to me and has said to you, "Open your hearts and open your purses and let us be joined together in giving to others the spiritual gifts that abide."

I think now of two lads who went through the Winona Academy that stood for the making of Christian character. I do not think they came with any ideals of Christian service. They are now giving themselves splendidly in China as teacher and physician, to physical, mental and spiritual uplift of that people so responsive to higher leadership.

This is the tribute we bring to our friend. He bore even to the liability of censure in calling us to the larger things, and if ever there came into your heart the feeling that possibly he pushed it too far, drop it. It is a mark of friendship to us to ask us to help lift the world.

This is our tribute. You will add your own, and add it better, but I voice these three things that are common to us all as those who enjoyed Dr. Dickey's friendship. His fleshly form has disappeared. His friendship abides as our heritage.

## DR. M. L. HAINES.

Dear friends, I will not say what I have had in mind, because it has been better said by these friends who have spoken to us out of their experiences in their personal relation to Dr. Dickey.

Dr. Morgan said—"I represent a group of men across the Atlantic upon whom Dr. Dickey reached out and laid his hands and said 'Come'—and we came."

Is there any man in the United States who in the last four and twenty years has done what Dr. Dickey has done, reaching out his hand and laying it upon men, theologians, great preachers, Christian laymen of eminence, prominent home and foreign missionary leaders, evangelists of power, and to whom he said "come," and they came? They came from distant parts of our own country and from lands across the sea to make Winona under his leadership a mighty power, a house of spiritual light and life and far reaching influence for good. This founder and leader of Winona, in all the years since he called it into existence, has been unfailingly persistent and enthusiastic and hopeful—utterly taken up in carrying out the great visions that God gave him.

He was indeed a brave man. I never knew a man of greater courage. He was Christian to the core. He never was defeated. He met with reverses, not a few, but to him they did not mean defeat.

He never gave up. Did any of you here today ever know him to sink down into discouragement? I never did. I turned yesterday to my copy of Robert Browning. Browning, you remember was called the greatest Christian optimist of his time. He was not greater in that spirit and temper of soul than Solomon C. Dickey. Browning never knew what defeat was.

In the last poem he wrote, "The Epilogue," written by the way in the same year that Tennyson sang his swan song, "Crossing the Bar," Browning facing death, at the time when men should be disposed to pity him as dead, calls upon them not to pity him.

"Pity me? Me?—One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward.
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.
I shall be striving there as I strive here,
Greet the unseen with a cheer."

That has been the spirit of this memorial service for our beloved friend and leader. We mourn for ourselves, but we do not mourn for him. We greet him, our brother, who has entered upon the better life and the nobler service of God's higher unseen kingdom. We greet him with a cheer.

All of us, I am sure, pray that something of that dauntless spirit that God gave to him may be in our hearts. Thank God for such a life! The inspiration of it will abide not only with us, but in the lives of thousands of men and women who for successive years have felt the uplifting influence of the summer assemblies and Bible Schools of Winona.

Dr. Dickey was in truth, as Dr. Taft expressed it in the telegram read a few moments ago, "the head, the heart and the soul of Winona."

## REV. MEL. TROTTER.

It was twenty-one years ago this summer that we were standing around the grand piano in the old auditorium, Charlie Alexander, Major Cole, Sam Hadley, Col. Hadley, Harry Monroe, Dr. Chapman and myself. We were praying. Some one came up and put his hand over my shoulder and Charlie Alexander's and with a sob said, "I am hoping you will pray until the Holy Ghost will fall upon Winona." Alexander said, "Dr. Dickey, do you know Trotter?" and he said, "Yes, but he does not know me." He turned and put his arm around me, and I have loved Dr. Dickey from that day to this.

When I received the telegram from Mrs. Dickey saying that he had passed away, I could not believe it. I just stood dazed. He was so well the last time I saw him. Just a few

weeks before I met him in Dayton, Ohio. He came to my room. We locked the door and talked and prayed together for hours. Among other things we talked of the necessity of keeping busy for God, knowing our days were short. He did not know then that he would go ahead of me, but we talked about it, and I will never forget how he threw his hands up and said how anxious he was to see Jesus.

I haven't the slightest sorrow in my heart for Dr. Dickey. I envy him. I do feel sorrow for Lincoln and for Mrs. Dickey, Helen and the children, and I don't know what we will do without him at Winona. There will never be anybody to take his place. That place can never be filled, because there was only one Dr. Dickey. No one can take his place in my heart, and in my life. He was my friend. We have been together when the clouds hung mighty low. We have talked and prayed and mingled our tears of both joy and sorrow. He was never so busy that he could not leave it all to come and pray with us fellows.

Rescue Missions have lost a friend in Dr. Dickey. He with Dr. Chapman put us on the map. He never had a night in the city that he did not spend it in a rescue mission, if possible. In New York, it was with Hadley or Callahan; in Chicago, or Grand Rapids with Harry or myself, always ready to pray and praise. Several times he has come to Grand Rapids for no other purpose than to spend a few hours with me, and most of the time we spent on our knees. I should be one of the mourners, not one of the speakers. But I hurried to this funeral because of that crowd that stood around the piano twenty-one years ago, and Dr. Dickey and I were the only two left. Now he has gone, and I believe there is a great gathering in Heaven today, and there will be room for me when I get there. My, what a gathering that will be. We will talk over the old days of struggle and turmoil, and with Jesus there, there will be no sorrow. It will not be very long. They are going very fast. I do not know who will be the next to go, but I tell you, God helping me, I want to slip my hand in His, and be faithful, because He has promised never to leave us or forsake us. I want

to keep the faith, and finish the course, and go as Dr. Dickey has gone.

I am on the Board at Winona, and I am sure the rest of the members of this Board feel as I do; we don't know where to turn. But whenever I get to a place where I can't turn another way, I always look up and go through and find Jesus Christ faithful.

We must work together to keep Dr. Dickey's work going, not attempting in anyway to take his place, but going on to even greater things because we have our Christ who will guide us into all the truth.

## Editorial from the Warsaw Daily Times

The funeral services at Warsaw and Winona were conducted December 27 at the Presbyterian Church, Warsaw, and are thus described by the Warsaw Times of the next day:

"The funeral of Dr. S. C. Dickey, held in the Presbyterian Church on Tuesday afternoon, was one of the most impressive ever held here. As was stated in Tuesday's Times, a long list of prominent men, all close friends of Dr. Dickey during his lifetime, took part in the services. All the speakers paid a high tribute to Dr. Dickey, enumerating the many notable things which he accomplished during his twenty-five years of faithful service in the interest of Winona Assembly and Bible Conference. In these talks it was brought out how Dr. Dickey, through his personal influence, had reached out into many lines. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, noted English minister, who came to Winona Lake several years ago to make his permanent home, told of how he and other English churchmen had been attracted to Winona through Dr. Dickey.

"Other speakers spoke of Dr. Dickey's influence in bringing evangelists, mission workers and men and women prominent in other lines to Winona Lake. Dr. M. L. Haines of Indianapolis, spoke of Dr. Dickey's connections with the Winona Technical Institute, a successful institution.

"In addition to those mentioned in Tuesday's Times as taking part in the services, was Mel Trotter, mission worker from Grand Rapids, Mich. For many years Mel Trotter had been closely associated with Dr. Dickey during the Bible Conference. His train was late in reaching Warsaw and Mr. Trotter reached the church near the close of the service. Dr. Gordon, who was in charge of the service, saw Mr. Trotter as he entered and called upon him for a short talk. Others who spoke were Dr. Charles Little, of Wabash, ex-moderator of the Presbyterian General

Assembly; the Rev. "Billy" Sunday, Dr. F. N. Palmer, pastor of the Warsaw Presbyterian Church. The Scripture readings were by Dr. P. E. Zartmann, of Winona, Secretary of the Interdenominational Evangelistic Association, and Dr. J. C. Breckenridge, of Winona. Prayers were offered by Dr. E. S. Scott, chaplain of the Marion Soldiers' Home, and Dr. Milford H. Lyon, of Winona, evangelist. Musical selections were rendered by Homer Rodeheaver, of Winona; Charles Gabriel, of Chicago, and Mrs. Helen Cutler Dickey, of Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Katherine Carmichael played the organ.

"Among those from out of the city who attended the funeral were the following: Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Dickey, of Youngstown, O., Dr. and Mrs. John D. Reid, of Pana, Ill.; Mrs. Reid is a sister of Dr. Dickey; Dr. Ira Landrith and daughter, Grace, of Nashville, Tenn.; O. B. Stephenson, of Chicago; W. P. Carmichael and daughter, Miss Katherine Carmichael, of St. Louis, Mo.; W. C. Shanafelt, of South Bend; Dr. George W. Taft, of Chicago; Judge O. W Whitelock, of Huntington, Ind.; Dr. J. W. Harsha, of Chicago; W. H. Bruning, of Evansville, Ind.; Dr. E. S. Scott, of Marion, Ind.; Mel Trotter, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Dr. J. S. Britan, of Columbus, Ohio; W. A. Peterson, of Chicago; Dr. Russell Scott, of Chicago.

"Many messages were received from friends all over America, persons like the rest of us, whom he had helped more than they could ever help him, however eager they were to be of service to him."

After the service at the church, and following a prayer at the Warsaw cemetery, Dr. Dickey's body was laid to temporary rest beneath the snows of his loved Indiana home, his final entombment to await the will of his family and the expressed wish of the Directors of the Winona Assembly and Bible Conference that he and his wife when God calls her—shall be buried somewhere in the Winona grounds which will ever be sacred to their memory, their monument true.

## From the First Church He Served as Pastor

We, the members of the Official Board of the First Presbyterian church, of Auburn, Neb., the first pastorate of Rev. Sol. C. Dickey, D. D., wish to place upon record our testimonial, as to his high character and worth, as a Christian gentleman and pastor.

William E. Gillan is the only living charter member of the church, and was then and has continued to be, an Elder ever since.

Thomas H. Gillan, was a member of the Board of Deacons, and member of the choir at the time.

D. J. Wood was Sunday School Superintendent, Elder, and Church Treasurer, to whose home Mr. Dickey brought his bride, and they lived in an adjoining residence.

We were all young men together, and intimately knew Sol. C. Dickey as he was pastor to our church in 1882.

He was always the urbane gentleman, a thoroughly good mixer, whose friends were as numerous as his acquaintances. He was a model pastor and an eloquent pulpit orator. He had the "burning heart" for souls. He had a vision of great things, out of which has grown the great Winona Assembly.

He was our ideal pastor, and Christian gentleman. Our hearts were knit to him as brothers.

His wife was like unto him and we offer this testimony to his sterling worth and with it our profound sympathy to his wife, and son Lincoln, who was born in our manse.

Respectfully,

D. J. WOOD,
THOMAS H. GILLAN,
W. E. GILLAN.

# Two of Many Editorial Tributes

## FROM "THE CONTINENT."

Under the caption, "The Founder of Winona is Gone," "The Continent," of Chicago and New York, a leading Presbyterian newspaper of which the late Dr. W. C. Gray, a first friend of Winona, was long the editor, pays splendid tribute as follows to Dr. Dickey:

As long as church history is written or remembered in this country, Dr. S. C. Dickey will have an honored recollection in its annals. Unquestionably the three "assembly" centers which have radiated through the United States the farthest reaching influence on the life and thought of the masses of Christians are Chautauqua, Northfield and Winona. With the first two the names of Vincent and Moody are already inseparably connected in memorial immortality. And Winona, no whit behind these other enterprises in extent of present power and surety of future usefulness, must equally preserve the memory of the man who conceived it as a Christian institution and apart from whose invincible persistency it would never have come to today's high stage of fame and helpfulness—Solomon C. Dickey.

It was after Northfield and Chautauqua were well launched on their great careers that Dr. Dickey, traveling among the lesser churches as synodical superintendent for the State of Indiana, came to realize keenly the misfortune that on account of their location so far eastward neither of these older gathering places was affecting appreciably the Mississippi Valley. He peculiarly sympathized with the pastors and people of the village churches who much needed the stimulus of the notable leaders addressing Chautauqua and Northfield every summer, but who by distance and expense were hindered from the privilege. It was the sense of need—and Sol Dickey had a heart that always entertained the sense of somebody else's need

far more hospitably than any satisfactions of his own—which worked out at length a characteristic determination that the same opportunities should come to the Middle West.

So he began with his "Jerusalem and Judea"—that is to say, with the Indiana Synod—and the Lord who loves a daring Christian, made the power of his determination to affect eventually even "the uttermost parts." There was nothing auspicious in Dr. Dickey's beginning beside a lonely country lake lying in the bosom of Hoosier farms, but it was the founder's faith, courage and frequent audacity that at length told the measure of the enterprise—not its unencouraging prospects at its inception. Not everything by any means prospered in Dr. Dickey's hands; a good many of his ventures went awry—greatly to his soul's distress. But he never doubted the big outlines of his heavenly vision, and his death leaves behind him a Winona whose unquestionable values indicate a hundredfold his belief that God did speak to him and bid him do this bold thing.

From the first of the Winona undertaking The Interior and The Continent have been closely associated with Dr. Dickey. Dr. W. C. Gray of gracious memory, was among his earliest encouragers. The Continent, therefore, today keenly feels the loss of a man's happy-souled comrade. His years were yet far short of a man's full span, but it is impossible not to be aware of a certain appropriateness in the fate which delivered this unresting soul from any period of aged inactivity in this world, but ushered him straight from his loved work on the "bank and shoal of time," to some waiting task in the eternal beyond. For the Lord could never afford to let this splendidly busy servant of his stand idle even in the bright courts of heaven.

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In the embarrassment of riches which we found in available material for this necessarily modest memorial—somebody should now write a great volume about the life and labors of Solomon Cravens Dickey—ours has been the perplexity of selection. But if the foregoing editorial from the press of his own Church was naturally chosen, surely this editorial comes as

naturally to conclude these pages, since it was printed first in the organ of the great religious institution that perpetuates the memory of Dr. Dickey's friend and valued counsellor, Dwight L. Moody.

## FROM THE MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE MONTHLY.

A man of genius, a born organizer and promoter, knowing how to be abased and also to abound, had Sol. C. Dickey chosen a business instead of a ministerial career, he would have made and lost fortunes with the same imperturability.

By nature an optimist, fulfilling Lord Lyttleton's description of how "Love can hope when reason would despair," he never gave up; and whether men lauded him or forsook him and fled, he pursued undauntedly the purpose which he began. Winona Assembly and Bible Conference was, under God, the creation of his heart and brain, and whether the sun shone or the storm broke upon it, his faith in it and his devotion to it never fagged. We were glad to know that he saw the light breaking through the clouds before his unexpected end came.

His death at DeLand, Florida, December 22nd, followed in two years almost to the day the departure from us of Dr. Chapman, who had been so closely associated with him in the golden days of Winona. In different ways we miss them both. To neither would our faith permit us to say, "Goodnight!" but in some brighter clime we confidently expect to bid them both, "Good morning!"

## In Loving Memory of Mrs. S. C. Dickey

Lizzie Augusta Reid was born in Greenville, Illinois, March 15th, 1857. She was one of ten children of the late Col. and Mrs. John B. Reid. She received her education in the public schools, going through the high school as a classmate and sweetheart of her late husband, the Reverend Solomon C. Dickey, D. D., she graduating with the honor of valedictorian, and he salutatorian of the class. Dr. and Mrs. Dickey were married at Greenville, Illinois, on June 1st, 1882, and their only child, Lincoln Griffith Dickey, was born September 16th, 1884, at Auburn, Nebraska.

Mrs. Dickey was always an inspiration to her husband. Their life together was one of rare devotion and tenderest love. After Dr. Dickey died, Mrs. Dickey, trying hard to be brave and cheerful, silently grieved for her husband, and she followed him in a few short months. Never were they parted for long in life, and in death were not long separated.

Mrs. Dickey was greatly beloved by the people of the churches of which her husband was pastor, and during the years of Dr. Dickey's management of the Winona Assembly. She shared with him the joy in seeing Winona grow, and the great work of the Lord carried forward; and she also shared with him the anxieties and burdens which were such a part of his life; and those who knew them best know how unselfishly both Dr. and Mrs. Dickey gave their lives for Winona. Mrs. Dickey endeared herself to a great number of people in all walks of life, and her death is mourned by many loving friends. She leaves her son, Lincoln Griffith Dickey, manager of the Symphony Orchestra of Cleveland, Ohio; his wife, Helen Cutler Dickey; two grandchildren, Lincoln Cutler Dickey, Jr., and Margaret Jane Dickey; eight brothers and sisters, G. W. Reid, Mt. Vernon, Illinois; Ward Reid, Greenville, Illinois; Dr. John D. Reid, Pana, Illinois; Frank T. Reid, Galva, Illinois;

Mrs. John L. Rogier, Fort Wayne, Indiana; Mrs. E. A. K. Hackett, Los Angeles, California, Mrs. Frank N. Blanchard, Lincoln, Nebraska, and Mrs. Joseph G. Ray, Rock Island, Illinois. One brother, Lincoln R. Reid, preceded her in death. Mrs. Dickey died suddenly at the home of her son in Cleveland, Ohio, on November 5th, 1921. Her body lies beside her husband in the cemetery at Warsaw, Indiana.

# WINONA ECHOES

*Winona Bible Conference Addresses*

**1921**

# The Attempt of the Impossible—The Impossible Achieved

By MISS CONSTANCE J. BRANDON, General Organizing Secretary for the United States and Canada, of THE HEART OF AFRICA MISSION

Chapter References: 2 Chronicles XX, 20; Matthew XVII, 20-21.

TEXT: "Believe in the Lord your God . . . Why could not we . . ? If ye have FAITH, **nothing shall be impossible to you.**"

In that very interesting book of Professor Oldham's, The World and the Gospel, you will find this somewhat striking paragraph:

> "God waits and the world and its need also waits for men and women who will greatly believe and greatly dare, who having the sure faith that **'LOVE is the greatest thing in the world,'** will put that faith to the proof, whose chief ambition will be to become SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF GOD, conformed to the image of His Perfect Son, on whose hearts will be inscribed—'THE LOVE OF CHRIST CONSTRAINETH US. He died for all, that they which live, should **no longer live unto themselves, but unto Him,** who for their sakes died and rose again.'"

God always has His ADVANCE MAN and in 1913 He led Mr. C. T. Studd to attempt the seemingly impossible task of taking the Gospel

to the very heart of the Dark Continent of Africa, i. e., the North East Belgian Congo.

Some of you here will recall that Mr. C. T. Studd was the foremost cricketer of the world, who in 1886 left England for China as one of the band called the Cambridge Seven. After being out in China some ten years he returnd to England and then went to India under the auspices of the Anglo-Indian Evangelization Society and worked there for six years. In 1908 he was in England again attending a large Missionary Conference, and heard Dr. Karl Kumm tell the story of **fifty to sixty million people in the center of Africa who had never heard the Gospel.**

Some time ago I was addressing a large Sunday School of boys and girls. In order to get their attention, I offered a prize to the one who would write me the best account of how the Heart of Africa Mission came to be. Some weeks later a pile of essays came up to our Headquarters, one written by a boy who signed himself "Age Ten." This is how he described Mr. Studd's visit to Liverpool and his call to Africa. He wrote, "In 1908 Mr. Studd, who was an old man of fifty-five, worn out with fever from missionary work in China and India, went to Liverpool to church and he heard a clergyman preach and the clergyman said there were millions of men in the Heart of Africa who had never heard the Gospel. When Mr. Studd heard this, he jumped up in his pew and shouted out, 'This will never do. Something must be done at once.'" Has it ever struck you that the state of things as it exists in the vast unoccupied missionary fields cannot be, and that something must be done at once, and that we are the people to do it? Do you realize what these vast unoccupied fields are? Let me give you just a glance at the great world need. There are in China today ten to twenty millions of people with only three or four missionaries definitely set apart for them; 1½ millions in Central Asia, with not a single Mission Station; 2½ millions of nomad Mongols, with only one Mission Station; in Chinese Turkestan only two Mission Stations; then we have Afghanistan, Bokhara and Khiva, together with Moslems of Russian Turkestan and Russia proper, about 20,000,000, and no missionaries.

At Bokhara—the Cairo of Asia—there are ten thousand students and 364 Mosques. All the great cities of Central Asia, with the exception of Thibet, are out and out Moslem. Beluchistan has a population of 900,000 and only two Mission Stations. Arabia with its 13,000,000 has only four or five Mission Stations on the coast and in the North, and not one far inland, with a few of those magnificent men, the colporteurs of the British and Foreign Bible society, otherwise practically untouched. In the Philippine Islands, Socotra, Central Africa, South America, there are vast stretches of land with great masses of men and women in tragic need, but without missionaries or facilities,

for coming into contact with the Gospel and its blessings. Does it not seem to you that something ought to be done at once? That was how it appealed to Mr. Studd and he decided at the close of the meeting, in talking over the matter with the missionary that had spoken, to go with him to Africa and see what could be done, their plan being to walk across Africa from the Niger to the Nile and see what opportunities might present themselves for missionary work. He had forgotten that he had been a martyr to malarial fever for many years and was worn out with missionary labors in other lands, and when the time came for them to start he was unable to go.

In 1910 he was so ill that the doctors told his wife he had only three months to live and that it would never be possible for him to go abroad again, but Mr. Studd had Africa on his heart and like Hezekiah, he took the matter to the Lord in prayer and definitely prayed that his life might be lengthened ten years, in order that he might go out to Africa, and at least give the people there a chance of hearing of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the World, who not only deals with sin, forgiving its penalty, cleansing from its pollution, and destroying its power. God answered his prayer and raised him up to a fair measure of health and strength. The Heart of Africa Mission came into being. Mr. Studd has been out to Africa three times since then, he is still alive and well, working amongst his beloved ex-cannibals in the heart of that dark continent, and today the Mission stands as a living witness of what God can do through a man or woman wholly surrendered to Him. "The Lord has done great things for us—whereof we are glad."

Mr. Studd made his first journey to Africa in 1911. He landed in Egypt, and met Bishop Gwynne, probably known to some of you here present from the wonderful work he did with the troops in France during the war, the Rev. A. Shaw of the English Church Missionary, and Sir Reginald Wingate, at that time the Sirdar of Egypt. They formed a party and had a wonderful tour up the Nile and throughout the whole of the district known as the Bahr-El-Ghazal and gathered a great deal of useful information, but finding that this district had been given ten years previously to the English Church Missionary Society, and being anxious to press on to the interior, Mr. Studd took the Sirdar's advice and decided to return to England in order to obtain a party of young men to go out with him and to attempt entering the Congo from the East side. This first journey was not without its fruit, however, for finding that the C. M. S. had not occupied the area given to them and that it was possible to open three mission stations among some 3,000 people, Mr. Studd drew their attention to the needed work, and they looked into the matter, and since then in answer to many prayers, they have opened the three stations at Yambio, Yei and Lau.

When Mr. Studd reached England in 1912 he went to Cambridge and told the students there of how on his arrival in England, brimming over with eagerness to carry the gospel to the largest and most thickly populated of the unoccupied fields (as far as was then known), the heart of Africa, he found the Christians saying they must retreat and retrench, and that with every door open if only the Church would make a great advance and enter the unoccupied fields in the name of Christ. The irony of the whole situation burned itself into Mr. Studd's soul, and he went up and down the country everywhere telling the people that in view of our Lord's near return they must immediately cut out the words "Retreat" and "Retrench" from their vocabulary and put in their place the one word, **"Advance,"** and that if nothing else could be done, old as he was and weak as he was from long and continued illnesses, he himself would lead the attack by attempting again to reach the heart of Africa. He went to Cambridge and told the students there of his plan. He said he was going out on the simplest of lines, depending entirely upon God for his support, without any definite promise of furlough or salary, and prepared to live on whatever food the country produced (and these are the lines on which all our missionaries go out today). So you see we are what is known as a "Faith Mission."

Several young men rose at this meeting and volunteered to go, one was Alfred Barclay Buxton, the second son of the Rev. Barclay Buxton, Chairman of the Japan Evangelist Band, probably known to some of you here present. He was twenty years of age, studying to be a doctor, but he said he could not see an old man like Mr. Studd going out alone on such a hazardous journey—it would not be sporting or British, and so he threw up his career and went with him.

When it became known in 1913 that Mr. Studd was going to make the attempt of the seemingly impossible task of taking the gospel to the cannibals in the heart of Africa everyone said it was an utterly impossible scheme, curious is it not, whenever you make a great venture of faith for God the amount of cold water that even Christian people will throw on the scheme? At this time Mr. Studd and Mr. Buxton had to suffer a very great deal for it seemed that their plan was to be thwarted in every direction, everybody agreeing that they were going to certain death, but the resources of God are promised to those who undertake the program of God and Mr. Studd replied to all his critics that he believed in a God to whom nothing was impossible and went forward. The vindication of his faith is found in the story I have to tell you tonight, which constitutes one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of modern missions.

They left England in 1913 at the end of January and took nine months to reach their destination, travelling some 6,000 miles by Channel Steamer, Continental Train and Ocean Liner to Mobasa, and

on by the game-haunted railway of B. E. A. across the isle-dotted Lake Victoria. They had four hours' railway trip to Kakindu, steamed across Lake Chioga, motored to Masindi, tramped to Lake Albert, crossed it by steamer—the fifth they had entered—when at last they were in their promised land of Belgian Congo. Mr. Buxton says of the memorable finish of the journey in 1913: "We shall never forget that little Prayer Meeting—just we two and the One Who promised to be with us—on the hillside overlooking Lake Albert and beyond, shrouded in mist, the hills that rose like walls round our Jericho. We had no passports, no credentials, and we had been told that we should probably not get in. On that hillside we knocked, and lo! it was opened unto us! The walls of Jericho fell down and in we went," and yet people said it was an impossible task. Praise the Lord, there is nothing impossible with Him.

The story of that wonderful journey I would like to give you in full, but as I am anxious to give you some idea of the work that has been accomplished during the last few years, I must only stay with one or two instances, illustrating how the Lord met their need at every turn. The people at home had said the whole task was impossible for three reasons—first, that Mr. Studd would die of fever on landing; second, that the people were cannibals and would take them and kill them and cook them and eat them; third, that the country was ruled by the Belgian Government officials and that they were Roman Catholics, and would never give a warm welcome to British Protestant Missionaries, and when you recall the fact that it was the British that had shown up the rubber atrocities on the Congo, it did seem rather a problem.

I must tell you one incident showing how God delivered them from the fever. They had arrived at Kilo, a very interesting place, a great gold mining center. There they lived in a tent with a bed, a box and a basin apiece and that in the rainy season, and while there Mr. Studd had one attack of fever after another. I give you his description of the wonderful goodness of God to them at that time:

"Here I was permitted to sample the African fever so frequently as to know it by heart, but without any increase of affection. It was like being repeatedly ducked by the devil, and once I thought he had ducked me too much, but as each time on coming up one spluttered out, 'Sold again, old chap,' he finally got so annoyed that he went and sat down in the sulks and left us alone. That big ducking was an awkward affair; the fever mounted, the weakness increased, all the medicines had failed, and the time for disappearing seemed to have arrived; the darkest hour brought a brilliant flash of memory: 'Is any sick, let him call for the elders of the Church, and let him anoint him with oil,' etc. Thank God for the saving sense of humour,

there was one "elder," and he was in his twentieth year; no matter, 'One day is as a thousand years.' But where was the oil? Neither salad, olive, nor even linseed oil did we possess! What's the matter with the lamp oil? What, kerosene? 'Why not, it's oil,' and that's all the Book says, and we can't afford to be narrow-minded. 'The elder brought in the lamp oil, dipped his finger, anointed my forehead and then kneeled down and prayed. How God did it I don't know, nor do I care, but this I knew next morning, that whereas I was sick, nigh unto death, now I was healed."

If our faith were but more simple,
  We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
  In the presence of the Lord.
For the love of God is broader
  Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
  Is most wonderfully kind.

We can trust Him too little, but we cannot trust God too much.

What about the cannibals. This is Mr. Studd's description of their journey through the fierce Balenda tribe, who sometime before killed Emin Pasha, and of whom the surrounding tribes stood in unholy terror: "It was difficult to obtain carriers, and the few that came with us only ventured to do so because they would be traveling with three white men. A short while before this a white man had come across from Uganda and gone among this tribe; he was taken to the chief Julu, who stripped his clothes off, beat him and sent him back naked and ashamed. A little while after we reached Kilo, an English elephant hunter was shot by a native of this tribe with a poisoned arrow in the shoulder; he pulled out the arrow but was unable to extract the poison. He could not suck the wound and nobody else would; an Englishman at Kilo rushed to his aid on receipt of the news; too late, alas! for death ensued before he could be brought in.

"In these regions Mr. Buxton and I became separated one day from the porters; taking a wrong track, we travelled for over three hours up and down exceedingly steep hills crammed with densely peopled villages; our cycles were mostly encumbrances. We had neither food nor money, and no knowledge of the language. 'Dead beat' and with a terribly clamorous vacuum inside, we found ourselves up against an exceedingly tough proposition. Meeting a man with a basket full of raw maize cobs and sweet potatoes, we commandeered a small supply, but then were faced with the problem of how to pay for them. Why do breeches have so many buttons? To be cut off and used as money in Central Africa of course! A few sent off our friend as pleased as Punch, though how his wife would stitch them

on his tight fitting black waterproof without causing considerable pain is an enigma to which we have not as yet found a satisfactory solution.

"At the next village a little 'dumb crambo' with that 'rara avis,' a man in clothes, proved an unqualified success; in a few minutes we had a fire, a cook, and much cheerful company. The cooking was commendably simple and unspoiled by any rich sauces. Having neither saucepan, gridiron, frying pan, nor even a paper bag, our chef pitched the food into the fire and pulled it out, done to a turn, half an hour afterwards; eating with considerable gusto we soon found ourselves with revived strength, plus that comfortable after-dinner feeling which frequenters of the Ritz are said to enjoy. A few more buttons settled the bill. Their filed teeth declared our friends-in-need to be cannibals, but as both of us were lank and tough, they were not tempted beyond what they were able to bear, so neither they nor we succumbed; hence we parted 'Dei gratis' the best of friends and amid considerable applause."

Coming now to the second half of my subject: "The Impossible Achieved."

When they arrived in Niangari, which afterwards became our first Mission Station, they found themselves surrounded by cannibals, liars, murderers, drunkards, thieves and worse. Their friend the Count had told them that polygamy, cannibalism, drinking and the black art in all its most terrible forms were practiced throughout the district. After fifteen months exploring and studying conditions, Mr. Studd wrote home, that the Count had told him they had come to a "Sink of Iniquity." Mr. Studd wrote, "The conditions are so appalling I can only describe it as the Devil's Den." Friends, do you realize they began to preach the Gospel in the Devil's Den? At the end of eighteen months they held their first baptism service. It must have been one of the most thrilling days in the history of Mr. Studd and Mr. Buxton, when they stood on the banks of the Welle River, a tributary of the great Congo River, around a huge bonfire, and standing in front of them were their first twelve converts waiting to be baptized. They had been very carefully prepared for this service, and on the day of the service they answered in public the following questions:

1. Do you believe in Jesus as the Son of God and your Saviour?
2. Do you intend to lead a new life?
3. Will you give up Witchcraft?
4. Do you promise to have one wife only?
5. Do you desire to tell others of Christ?

What about the Belgian Government officials? We had been praying at home that God would raise up one man amongst those officials who would befriend Mr. Studd and help him to start mission-

ary work. When they reached Dungu, to quote Mr. Studd's story of how God answered our prayers, "We had never seen Dungu, but the very thought of it was sweet. There would be awaiting our arrival the letters we had longed for for months; there we should rest our weary feet and feel our goal had been reached at last, and there we should begin our work. The disappointment was hidden from our eyes, thank God, and once again we learn that the 'dis' is more rightly spelled 'His.' He had prepared a better thing for us. Our rest and headquarters were to be four days further west, plumb in the very heart of Africa, as the explorer, Dr. George Schweinfurth, asserts Niangara to be. After a week at Dungu waiting for some of our porters, we left for Niangara. Three days down the Welle river in a canoe landed us there. At Dungu we had one great joy, that of meeting a real, true, faithful friend, though hitherto we had been perfect strangers—the Count Ferdinand de Grunne. Our debts to him are many and very great. Alas! we can never repay them for he died a hero's death at Dungu just 12 months after, hastening to go and fight his country's battles, though weak from a severe and prolonged attack of fever, and in no fit state to travel. When the sad news was received at Niangara one felt a large piece of one's heart had been removed, and the world seemed a lot poorer.

"If a man is faithful to God, he is bound to lose some friends, but God always raises up other and truer ones to take the vacant places. The Count de Grunne was a friend in need and a friend indeed, not one merely in words, but also in deeds. No trouble was too much, no kindness too great for him to do, no thought he left unperformed; he became a veritable brother to us. When shall we see his like again? To him under God we owe our concessions at Niangara and Nala, and, indeed, through his kind expressions and introductions to others on our behalf, the other twelve concessions also. Even on his deathbed he did not forget us, but dictated a letter which to me is worth more than a million times its weight in gold.

Mr. Studd went down the following spring to Stanleyville, the Capitol of Congo, and took with him the two letters from Count De Grunne to the Governor General there, who gave him in exchange the "Personalite Civile," which placed our baby mission which had only been working out there two years on exactly the same footing as the old established missions working out in other parts of Congo, and so you see God opened the whole vast sphere to us and today we can open up mission stations everywhere we like throughout that entire region. The upper and lower Welle provinces and the Ituri Province in N. E. Belgian Congo or the very heart of Africa.

When it came to the question about the witchcraft, they took out their knives and cut off all their witchcraft whistles, and omens and the strings of teeth of enemies that they had killed and eaten, from

around their necks, and threw them into the bonfire, and then marched down to the river singing as they went the hymn which had been especially translated for the occasion, "There is a green hill far away." During the service, Mr. Buxton told them they were saved for service (what a pity that we so often forget this at home), and he sent them away by twos to their own villages, telling them, "You know the message you have to pass on wherever you go, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be saved'" (Acts 16:31); "The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses us from all sin" (I John 1:7), and "Neither is there salvation in any other for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 5:12).

They returned to their own villages with their own experience of Christ as their Saviour, and a few typed sheets of Mark's Gospel, all the Bible they had, and commenced work. Two of them, Gemesi and Sambo, travelled five days to the South to Nala (which has since become our headquarters on the field) and commenced work.

Mr. Buxton had taught them to read and write simple sentences and asked them to let him know how they were getting on. Nothing was heard from these two for some three months; one day a runner came in with half a sheet of paper on which was written, "Come south at once, we have thirty waiting to be baptized." Wasn't it magnificent? I wonder how many present here tonight hold the same record for the last three months of souls won for Christ.

Just about this time Mr. Studd returned to England, the Belgian government officials having given us Nala as a concession for a mission station on the understanding that we opened a hospital and started industrial work. Owing to the war it was impossible to send out a doctor, but we did the next best thing, we sent a fully qualified nurse, Nurse Arnall, who opened up a dispensary and until recently was responsible for all of the medical work in that district, covering practically two million people. It may not seem possible to you, but would you believe that we have been praying since 1915 for that doctor for Nala, and we have not got one yet. It may be that the Lord has in this vast audience some fully qualified man or woman, who tonight will see the glorious opportunity waiting for him or her at Nala.

On Mr. Studd's return he went to visit Nala to see how Gemisi and Sambo were progressing. There were then 179 converts and in 1918 he wrote to his wife, "I think God will more than double our baptised converts this year. There will soon be 500 and then 1000, and then you at home can paint the two Welle Pronvinces and the Ituri Pronvince red with the knowledge of the cleansing and saving blood of Jesus. God is working wonders and I should not be surprised if He is going to do it by the blacks rather than by the whites, for

from all quarters He is bringing natives of their own accord to be taught and saved." If any conversion at home is a miracle, any conversion in this sink of iniquity is twenty times more so. Only God could make such Christians or such cannibals. They are not all of the same calibre. Some are really spirit filled men and women —others are weaker brethren. It is not so much the quantity as the Evangelistic spirit of the vast majority for which we praise God.

At Nala we have a Church of over a thousand strong, it has a wonderful Evangelistic spirit—from the first 300 members 60 went out as Evangelists—and their work in the village is followed up by our white workers.

Before they left on their first missionary tour, Mr. Studd held a farewell meeting for them. Ephesians 6 was read, having been especially translated and Mr. Studd gave them the following words of advice:

a. If you don't wish to meet the devil during the day meet Jesus before dawn.

b. If you don't want the devil to hit you, hit him first and hit him with all your might so that he may be too crippled to hit back. "Preach the word" is the rod the devil fears and hates.

c. If you don't want to fall, walk and walk straight and walk fast.

d. Three of the devil's dogs with which he hunts the Christians are:

1. Swelled head.
2. Laziness.
3. Love of money.

They were away three months and on their return they held a huge testimony meeting. Mr. Studd wrote of this meeting, "We have a real red-hot revival on. I cannot stop these people praying. A dozen or eighteen of them on their feet at once telling of what the Lord has done for them, Gemesi being among the first to jump up. Here is what he says:

1. Sangbada's wife became very ill on the road, we had no medicines, but we prayed, and on the third day she was healed, and we could go on.

2. We asked the Chiefs for girls to bring back to Nala to become wives to their sons here at the school. All gave us a favorable answer, and said they would send them shortly.

3. When we reached Gamu we found his foot very swollen, and he couldn't walk. We told him God was alive, and urged him to believe, that we might pray and he be healed. We prayed with him several times, and on the third day he was walking, God having accepted our combined faith.

4. God met our every need—health, food and lodging, and gave us the ears of the Chiefs, and put acceptance in their hearts. I am seeking the way of God, I am trying to do His work, I have given up sin. Become holy here in Nala before you go out to preach.

Speaking of the work of the Evangelists leads me to tell you of our Bible Training School, our next advance in the work which Mr. Buxton opened up owing to the growth of the work and the fact that there were now six mission stations opened, in the three provinces, with only twenty-two white workers on the field, it became essential to take the most promising of the Evangelists and train them to become elders that could be placed in charge of churches in their own district. Finding that they found great difficulty in presenting an illustration, Mr. Buxton drew out one or two for them such as the following:

God keeps a shop in which holiness, love, joy, peace are on sale for nothing for Jesus has paid the price of them with His own blood.

The devil also keeps a shop and sells lust, carnal pleasure, worldliness, but you have to pay the price of them with your own blood.

Hunters try to shoot an elephant's trunk or else to cut it off because the elephant breathes through his trunk and the blood soon chokes him and in spite of his size and strength he dies. Prayer is the Christian's means of breathing in the Spirit; if the devil can cut off his Prayer life he can wreck the whole Christian for he gets no more supplies of the spirit.

I was speaking at a convention a few weeks ago with Dr. Gregory Mantle. He followed me, and introduced himself by saying, "I am going to speak tonight to the Christians present, who have had their trunks cut off."

To sum up briefly what has been achieved, we have in the Heart of Africa today ten Mission Stations with twenty-six white workers and a large army of native evangelists, Boys' and Girls' Schools, Medical Work, Women's Work and Industrial Work, all of which I must leave you to read about for yourselves.

In closing I must just give you a last look at Mr. Studd at work amongst the people. Hear his description of a visit to the great chief Manziger:

"Manziger himself with his chiefs gave the invitation to come. This was the first time I had seen Manziger, and though he was keen I should go to him, he did not impress me at all favorably. He seemed a bit sullen, and I feared a stiff time, and moreover, when our men had been to his place there had been but little response. However, that only showed the greater need to embrace the opportunity.

"When we arrived, Manziger was seated near a bright fire in the open, all his captains in a circle around him. The bright light dazzled one coming out of the darkness. I could only see a tall, dark figure. 'How do you do, Manziger.' I said. 'Sene (welcome), Buana.' Then he said, 'Here is your house.' I'd have given something for five minutes in a chair after the long five hours walk, but God had some better thing; and His strength and His grace were, as ever, sufficient. Manziger said, 'There are some other of my people, Buana, who will be very disappointed if they do not see you tonight.' 'Then I'll go, and see them.' We went some 400 yards, escorted by all his captains with grass flares (torches), and came where many others and his ladies sat around another fire. I was formally presented. They all stood in a large circle, the men in front and both sides, and the women behind me. 'Will you say something to them, Buana?' I felt in a pickle indeed. I was tired; I always find it especially difficult to speak Bangala when tired—English and Chinese always get mixed up. And they were all Azandis. Would they understand any Bangala? And my Bangala? So I thought I would just say, 'How do you do?', etc., but something inside said, 'Tell them why you have come, and where from.' So I did, and it launched me out into half-an-hour's straight talk about Jesus and Heaven and Hell, and a hot appeal at the end. I forgot I was tired, and it's no use just opening your mouth and talking quietly to these people. One just lets oneself go. I wondered when I was going to stop. 'Do you understand my words?' I said. 'We understand all you say.' 'Is it true what I tell you?' And they shouted back, 'It is as you say.' It was good, and sure enough I began to feel as strong as if I had eaten Mr. Pickwick's 'chop and tomato sauce.' I finished and turned to Manziger. 'Have they understood? Have you?' Manziger seemed melted all up. He looked like a real father, and said, 'We have all understood your words, Buana, and what you have said is good. Thank you very much. We will hear more tomorrow. All my people shall be called to hear about this, and to see the 'Molimos' (Spirits, or lantern slides).'

"But I must not forget one incident that occurred as I was speaking. Two women behind were whispering. Manziger turned upon them like a flash of lightning. 'What do you mean by daring to talk when Buana is speaking to us? When Buana is here he is my Chief; I am as it were his boots. How dare you talk. If anyone dares to talk while Buana is speaking, I will do such and such things to him or her as the case may be.'

Indeed, this Manziger was another person altogether to the Manziger who had visited me in Niangara. There he had been heavy, reserved, dull, almost surly; now he might have been a good old English gentleman—'one of the olden time'—and doing his best to honour his guest.

"Next day was a crowded one. Crowds of warriors had arrived and all sat around in a huge semi-circle, Manziger on the verandah of his house, which was the center. Manziger received me ever so warmly, and said, 'Now what can I do for you? What would you like me to do? I will do all you wish.' He was so friendly and kind, and really seemed to mean all he said. I left it to him to decide. First he made a number of his warriors to go through warlike evolutions with their shields and spears.

"Dancing went on all the afternoon at intervals. There was no drinking that I could see, and certainly not one soul was the worse for liquor. Some of Manziger's daughters also danced in the outside circle. Manziger is most careful that there is no mixing of the sexes.

"In the afternoon arrangements were made for the magic lantern —poles cut and stuck in the ground. Then we had prayer, and proceeded to the battle. Manziger was most careful about the ladies. We had them all placed between the lantern and the sheet, while the men and captains sat outside this dress circle, or perhaps we should say 'scantily dressed' circle.

"We sang some of our songs and then prayed. Then came some dozen pictures of ordinary things such as a steamship, a train, a river scene, and portraits of various Chiefs. Then the Life of the Saviour, with the story of each plate, some sixty in all. Then with the picture of the Saviour on the Cross, the Saviour pleading with the men, and His agony of prayer for us, in rotation, we left the lantern, and got to grips. It was not difficult to plead with them, one's heart was full.

"There was an intense silence, which seemed in the darkness beyond the pindrop brand, and then Manziger called out to one and then another of his Captains and they conversed in Azandi. Then he spoke Azandi to Boemi. I was on tenterhooks, as you may imagine. The Boemi said to me, 'Manziger says that he and all his captains and his people say this is very, very good, and that they earnestly desire to follow the Lord Jesus, for they believe in Him and love Him and desire to go to Heaven; they believe very much.'

"Then we sang again, 'Let us go to the land of God and of love.' They all joined in, and then I said, 'I am going there by the grace and love and power of God. If any of you desire to go too, lift up your arm to Heaven, and make your public confession before all.' A few moments only, and then it was like the Guards fixing bayonets, a forest of arms shot up towards Heaven, and Manziger's among the very first.

"I wonder what work on earth could bring so much happiness to the workers as this? The telling of the simple Gospel—Christ Himself—carries with it its own reward of the joy unspeakable that Peter wrote about. What tonic can compare with it? The physical nature seems benefited, as though one had had a month's rest at the seaside!

The heart is set going as though it had had a strong stimulant, and the body seems to be strengthened and younger by many years. Do you know the sensation of having scored a century in a big match and won it? That is something like it, but one is a thing of time and the other of Eternity. I had almost said the same difference as between parlour croquet and real cricket. But there is this great similarity; no real cricketer lives on a past score; every century only makes him desire to make another; every match won, to win another. A varsity match won last year cannot atone for defeat this year, and no lost varsity match can ever be wiped out, though a win in the next year supplies a certain amount of comfort and removed the sting and most of the pain.

"Do I suggest all are converted? Oh, dear no! But I believe all do really want to go to Heaven, but later comes the test of endurance. I cannot imagine that those wondrous meetings that Jesus held, at which He spake, and did as never man had spoken and done, left any but those hardened Pharisees and hypocrites unmoved by the earnest desire to follow Him and go to Heaven; but did they all continue in their resolutions? The parable of the sower reveals the fact, viz., four kinds received the good seed, but only one retained it to profit. And the words of Jesus also let light in, for He said, 'He that endureth to the end the same shall be saved.' But if not saved of what profit? This profit to us and them—all have heard, all have understood, all have had the chance. We have obeyed Christ's command to preach to every creature within our reach, and if we have been faithful in so doing we can rest assured the Holy Ghost will do His part and cause some seeds to produce the 30, 60 and 100 fold. Of course, this doesn't mean these people will be left alone by us; while spreading the knowledge of the Gospel everywhere we go over the same ground again and again."

Now for prayer and faith; the darkness is dense; the sin is beyond words or even thought, but there's a good handle to lay hold of by the gift and grace of the Holy Ghost. He is doing His work in answer to your prayers as only He can do, and so He is giving us that something to lay hold of which we need—a touchable heart, for the story of Jesus teaches them. Then, again, they are very, very ignorant, and know it, and they know that our wisdom is greater even, as our European watches, guns, cycles, etc., reveal, and so they are disposed to believe we know best. But now is the time before the country is permeated with those who would deny that our own salvation from heathendom was the cause of our present skill and enlightenment. Now's the time. But—and it is a huge but—we don't want half-hearted, or such as desire to live soft, to live in other than mud hovels, to eat any dainties whatever. Paul didn't say, 'Having dainty or European food, let us therewith be content!' "Pray and believe and

speak to the children of God that they go forward!" Is such worth while. I leave you to answer the question before God.

A little over a year ago, Mr. Studd cabled to us "2600 baptised in the Ituri District, 5,000 waiting for baptism, send me at once 50 men and women to complete the evangelization of this district, whole villages and chief eager for the gospel." What has been our response? We sent out last year twelve new missionaries from England, this year we are planning to send another twelve, including our first candidate from the United States, and others are following from the States. What are you going to do to help in this advance to reach the unoccupied fields?

We are planning work in Arabia and South America. Mr. Studd has been out since 1916, on several occasions during the last year has been at death's door with fever, and still he considers the work so urgent that he writes in replying to an urgent plea from his wife to come home:

"You ask, you plead and almost command me to come home, as soon as Alfred and Edith come out again; but such cannot be until there are sufficient reinforcements to hold and turn the battle in the gate; rather will I go down there and attempt to learn this other language and give them a chance of salvation.

"If deafness, age and failing sight render the speaking with even a halting and stammering tongue an impossibility, I still could pray, though in an unknown tongue, and I at least could learn and sing the hymns which speak of Jesus and tell the way of life. As others will not venture a single inning against the devil's fast bowling in this fiery pitch, just put down my name, Sir, for a follow on; after all it is better fun and better Christianity to face the discomfort and dangers of a fiery pitch than to sit at ease with the critics of the Pavilion; and so say all of us who are Crusaders.

"If we may not live for Jesus, at least we can die, die and really I know not which I would choose. I would love to see you all again, and tell you what I think of your noble and loyal fight at home, and I believe verily I shall, but if not, I shall see you all in heaven and tell you there. But God has greater and better things in store for us than we or this world dreams of. The fact remains that God can do little with those who love their lives or their reputations, but there is absolutely no limit to what God can do with men or women who care not whether they live or die so long as they are allowed to fight for Christ and do the will of God."

Everywhere today men and women are wanted as workers together with God for World Wide Evangelization.

Wanted! Let the summons ring.
Wanted! for the summons of the King.

Wanted now and wanted ever,
In the market, or the river.
Wanted! Out in Afric's strand
'Way in China and Japan.
Let the summons loudly ring:
MEN ARE WANTED FOR THE KING!

WANTED! men of Faith and Fire,
Men whose zeal will never tire.
Wanted! Men with hearts aglow,
To the world the Christ to show.
Men who never fail another,
Men who dare leave sister, brother.
Let the summons loudly ring:
MEN ARE WANTED FOR THE KING!

WANTED! Women, tender, true,
Women's work none else can do.
Women sit in darkness yonder
While we hesitate, and wonder.
Sisters lend a helping hand,
Take Christ's peace to sin-cursed lands.
Let the echo ever ring:
WOMEN WANTED FOR THE KING!

Are we wanted, Blessed Lord?
Have we heard aright the WORD?
We who are so weak and poor,
Naught can bring of earthly store.
In Thy Presence grant us favor,
Use us as Thou wilt, dear Saviour.
Help us now our LIVES TO BRING
FOR THE SERVICE OF THE KING.

Men and women, "How shall they hear without a preacher? How shall they preach except they be sent?"

The redemption of the whole world was the supreme passion of the Master. For this we have been saved and the Church instituted.

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Those desiring further information as to the work of this Mission should apply to Miss C. J. Brandon, Hotel Chelsea, Room 622, Office of the Heart of Africa Mission, New York City.

# Scientific Phases of Christian Faith or The Reasonableness of the Christian Position

By REV. HENRY W. BROMLEY, M. A., D. D., Wilmore, Kentucky.

TEXT: "And they changed their minds."—Acts 28:6.*

I wish this afternoon to point out to this audience the reasonableness of the Christian position from the scientific point of view. If I can show you that the religion of Christ has a scientific and philosophical basis the hour will not have been spent in vain.

It is my conviction that the church is in a large measure responsible for the belief of the world. If the church is of God and is in possession of the truth, it is under the most solemn obligation to attempt to bring the world to its religious conceptions.

The real church has always undertaken this responsibility. It has had its difficulties, its problems, its enemies—and always will have. Nevertheless, the world's best interests have been furthered by the propagation of the Gospel of Christ.

We all are grateful to the men who have given us the telescope, the science of Logic, the use of induction, and the modern scientific method. We are thankful to those who have given us our knowledge of Psychology and of the laws of heredity and to those who promise us much in the newly-discovered realm of telepathy. But how much more grateful we should be to those who have pointed out the right use of one of the greatest faculties of our nature—the Faculty of Faith.

The church—much less the world—has not seemed to realize the greatness of its resources. It not only possesses truth, but it possesses the truth and a basis of a criterion of truth.

Some of you will recall that Draper in his "Intellectual Development of Europe" declared that there is no such a thing as a criterion

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by which we can test beliefs offered as truth, that we are all the while approaching a criterion. Bosanquet declares that the criterion of truth is new truth, that the test of the accuracy of concepts is how they stand when confronted with new beliefs. The difficulty with this theory is that you are never certain of anything, because any position taken, or belief believed, is likely to be upset by a new position. And yet if we examine this thinking a little further, we cannot accept the new position as valid for the overthrow of the older one, for it is subject to being set aside by subsequent discoveries, and these still by others **ad infinitum.**

There are three distinct realms of possible action: The physical, the mental, and the spiritual. Physical laws apply to the physical, mental laws to the mental, and spiritual laws to the spiritual. Too many of our thinking men, because they live purely in a mental realm, have by their modes of thought barred out spiritual factors. The great thinkers who have given favorable consideration to the spiritual realm have been convinced of the validity of its laws.

Faith is a force to which the psychologists have not given sufficient attention. Its saving power is one of the greatest distinguishing features of Christianity.

It is a duty of the church to see that Faith is not misunderstood or wrongly defined by its enemies. And it is not fair for its opponents to arbitrarily set up a man of straw and proceed to demolish it as did David Hume in the matter of miracles. We should point out that Faith is not a blind acceptance of tradition, nor is it superstitious in its essence or presumptuous in its demands or unreasonable in its mode of operation.

It is sometimes objected that Faith operates in a mysterious realm. So it does. So does Science. So does Philosophy. So does Psychology. Reason has its mysteries.

I am prepared to assert that Faith is in perfect accord with Reason. But it sometimes rises higher than Reason. They are different faculties having different functions but with parallel objectives: Both are after truth, both cry out for reality. Each is the complement of the other . They depend upon one another. Faith uses Reason about as much as Reason employs Faith. In religious matters Reason is the Handmaid of Faith. In scientific matters Faith is the Handmaid of Reason.

Real science frankly admits its reliance on the realm of Faith. Its fundamental tenet is the uniformity and permanence of natural laws—merely an assumption. A strongly supported assumption but an assumption, nevertheless. And the hypothesis has its difficulties. We are constantly under the necessity of revising the statements of science. New elements are being constantly added to the list. Radium

has thrown a good many well-settled things into the air. Many of the assertions of science are being questioned. The doctrine of Evolution no longer holds the prestige it once enjoyed. Even the Nebular Hypothesis comes in for its share of critical questioning.

Unbelief and disbelief have greater difficulties than Faith. The beliefs of unbelief are harder to believe than the beliefs of belief. The explanations of the critics are harder to accept than the difficulties they are supposed to solve.

Sir William Hamilton, one of the world's greatest metaphysicians, once declared that "The highest reach of human science is the recognition of human ignorance." Was it not the great Pascal who said, "The greatest exercise of the human mind is to recognize that there are things beyond its reach." And Herbert Spencer in his "First Principles" declares for a philosophy of unknowables. He points out that in the really great things—God, Space, Force, Matter, Time, Eternity—Reason is powerless; we can only assert what we believe. Maybe Faith is not so irrational as some of the critics would have us believe.

It is my conviction that true science and true religion are never contradictory. There must be some kind of unity back of reality. The real laws of nature are but the laws of God. True science has nothing to fear from real religion and true religion has nothing to fear from real science. The clashes have come from false interpretations of religion and the scriptures with true science and the true interpretations of the scriptures and religion with false science, or from false interpretations of the one with the other. The newspapers, notoriously incorrect, are responsible for a great deal of the wrong impressions that abound.

Dr. Asa Grey, one of America's authorities in Geology, declares: "Faith in order, which is the basis of science, cannot reasonably be separated from faith in an Ordainer, which is the basis of religion."

I do not wish to be understood as taking a disparaging attitude toward Reason or Science. All hail to the men who are contributing to our knowledge of things in the physical and philosophical world, but I shall insist on their being careful, logical, and reverent in the application of their conclusions to the spiritual realm.

Reason is a God-given faculty and should be highly cultivated. But there should be variety in its training. It is possible that in the realm of science, philosophy, or theology there may be men with what my friend, Dr. Herbert W. Magoun of Cambridge, calls "one-track minds." It is almost impossible for such men to get off the main line without going into the ditch. Even men of great intellect are susceptible to pride, self-esteem—egotism. They may be swayed by all kinds of inherited and acquired characteristics.

And I would call your attention to the fact that Reason has not always followed an accurate path. Take the history of Philosophy. It matters not how widely a given thinker's system may have obtained, each of the world's philosophers has had his system set aside by some succeeding investigator, whose system in turn has been overthrown by another successor, and his still by another, and so on ad infinitum. There is no accurate permanent philosophy, despite the fact that the subject has been handled by the greatest minds of the world.

Thomas Paine wrote the "Age of Reason," but please recall his life of shame.

Jean Ingelow was right: "With most of us it is not **reason** that makes faith hard, but **life.**"

Faith is one of the greatest, most useful, and most needed energies in the universe. Human society would be impossible without it.

Faith is as great an instrument as what is covered by the term, **investigation.** In fact, Faith is one of the essential factors of investigation.

Sir William Hamilton once said, "Faith always precedes knowledge." The fact is it is the **condition** of knowledge. Sometimes it is the shortest and only way to knowledge. It was the faith of Columbus that discovered America. The same is true of the X-ray, Radium, and Wireless.

The lack of a definite knowledge of everything in a given system is not a sufficient reason for the rejection of the system. If it were, we would reject the whole realm of science.

We must be content not to know everything. There is a limit to our knowledge of the universe. "We know in part and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come that which is in part will be done away." But it is going to take the spiritual realm to furnish the perfecting part. We have got to believe many things for our good, both in the realm of science and in the realm of spirit. They are necessary to account for certain phenomena.

Faith brings a knowledge that processes of mere reason cannot. It takes you where reason cannot take you, but when once there you will find the missing link of reason, and the chain of reasoning becomes complete. Darwin and his followers staked everything on a missing link—which has never been found. But the individual who will take the route prescribed by Jesus will find the missing element and be satisfied. Some of the greatest intellects of the world have found the processes of Christian Faith neither unreasonable nor unscientific but consistent with the highest exercise of the mind. In other words, the results of faith satisfy reason.

The scientific method is but the use of faith in the higher realm of reason.

Men become scientific because they assume a scientific attitude. If they wish to understand Christianity they must assume a Christian attitude.

The Master's criterion was: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Munger was right when he said, "Faith marches at the head of the army of progress—it is found beside the most refined life, the freest government, the profoundest philosophy, the noblest poetry, the purest humanity."

Phelps agreed by saying, 'Through its whole history the Christian religion has developed supreme affinities for the best things. For the noblest culture, for purest morals, for magnificent literatures, for most finished civilizations, for most energetic national temperaments, for most enterprising races, for most virile and progressive stock of mind, it has manifested irresistible sympathies."

Macauley viewed the matter in similar vein: "The real security of Christianity is to be found in its benevolent morality, in its exquisite adaptation to the human heart in the facility with which it accommodates itself to the capacity of every house of mourning; and in the light with which it brightens the great mystery of the grave."

I will close with a statement from Edwards: "Whatever may be said of the philosophy of Coleridge, his proof of the truth of Christianity was most simple and conclusive—it consisted in these words, 'Try it for yourself!'"

GRACE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
WINONA LAKE, IND.

# The Boy with the Lunch

By FRANCES L. BENNETT.

Everybody loves a story beginning, "Once upon a time." Once upon a time a long, long while ago, when Jesus was here among men, there lived a young lad. No doubt he had heard of the wonderful things Jesus of Nazareth was doing throughout his country. He might have heard how Jesus entered into a home where the mother was sick with fever, and when he touched the sufferer the fever left her and she arose and served in her home.

He might have heard, too, how the blind were made to see, the lame to walk, the leper cleansed, and those who were possessed with evil spirits were delivered and went about with a new, gentle, quiet, good spirit within them. He might have heard some one from Nazareth, Jesus' boyhood home, or from Jerusalem, tell how they had actually seen the Christ perform these miracles. No wonder the boy, when he may have heard that this same Jesus was near his village, wanted to join those who were coming "afoot out of all the cities round about" seeking to see and hear Jesus the Christ.

I think if he were a good boy he would ask his mother if he might "go and see." Like all loving mothers of all ages, she knew a boy and his needs, and so prepared him a lunch to take with him. That morning perhaps she had taken some barley, crushed it between two stones, prepared a flour and from it made barley loaves or biscuits. The father, or possibly the boy himself, may have been fishing and caught small fishes, two of which, with the five little barley biscuits, the mother gave to the lad as he left the house to find Jesus.

What a marvelous day for the boy as he joined the thousands who surrounded Jesus. How his heart must have thrilled as he saw the Master of men, heal, comfort, bless the thronging multitudes.

If he were near enough to Jesus toward the close of the day, he might have heard one of the twelve men called disciples, who were with Jesus, say, "Master, the day is far spent, send the multitude away that they may go and buy themselves bread: for they have nothing to eat." No doubt the disciples were hungry and tired, and

they too wanted supper and rest. Don't you think Jesus must have been very, very weary also? The lad might have seen Jesus as He tenderly looked over that great host of people.

It was indeed a desert place; no bread there. To be sure, the men and women and children were tired, ready to faint, and hungry, the night was coming on, and many were far from home. How sorry the Master was for them! It made a difference to Him that these dear people had nothing to eat and that they were so weary. Turning to His disciples, He said, "These need not go away. Give ye them to eat." Philip said, "But, Master, two hundred pennyworth (that is, two hundred days' wages) wouldn't be enough to give each one a little." "What have you?" said Jesus. Andrew, another of the disciples, said, "Jesus, there is a lad here with five loaves and two small fishes, but what are these among so many?" Jesus said, "Have the people sit down in companies of fifty." (Jesus knew what He would do, didn't He?) Then He said to Andrew, "Bring the boy's lunch hither to me."

I always thought I'd love to have seen the boy's face when Andrew said, "My boy, the Master wants you to bring your lunch to Him." Don't you think the boy followed his lunch and kept pretty close to it? I do. How his expectant heart must have thrilled as he waited to see what Jesus would do. What were his feelings when he heard Jesus thank God for the boy's lunch which He held in His own dear hands, saying, "Father, bless these." As the boy watched he could see Jesus as He began to break the biscuits and the fishes, and as he broke them, lo! lots and lots of biscuits, lots and lots of fishes came forth until there were piles of biscuits and fishes, which the Master gave to His disciples and the disciples gave to the seated thousands.

How he watched as the disciples came back again and again empty-handed, but always finding more biscuits and more fishes, for Jesus continued to break and multiply them until every one had had enough! Wonderful Jesus! How good that supper must have tasted to the hungry folks seated out there in the desert place, under God's sky, with God's Holy Son in the midst, providing their every need. After the multitude had eaten, Jesus commanded His disciples to go back and pick up the fragments. The Son of God could create, but He would waste nothing.

They gathered up twelve baskets full, that is, a basket for each disciple, so they, too, partook of the supper. How happy was the little lad that he had a lunch to give to Jesus, that his gift in the hands of the Master had fed and filled a multitude! How happy the disciples that they could serve at such a feast! How happy the multitude were, so refreshed and strengthened by the bread that Jesus

gave! Jesus always makes those who trust Him happy and glad and free.

Today this very same Jesus is in our midst, though we see Him not. Each boy and girl has something that the Master wants. It is not loaves and fishes, is it? No. What is it that Jesus says today to you, "Bring it hither to me?" Yes, your heart. Will you gladly, like the boy in our story, give it all to Him that He may wash it from all stain and make it clean; that He may come into it and live and so keep it clean? Jesus loves you. Jesus died for you. Jesus calls to you. Will you say yes to Him, so He may live in you and show to all the world around you His tender pity, His loving care, His wonderful salvation? The world is hungry, lonely, needy. Boys and girls can be used by Jesus to make the world see Him.

May we bow before Him just now and say to Him:

"Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There's room in my heart for Thee;
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come,
There's room in my heart for Thee."

May God grant it—for His Name's sake.

# Notes of Cheer from Leper Land

By W. M. DANNER, Secretary American Mission to Lepers.

We have listened today with heartfelt interest to the burning words of Dr. Biederwolf as he has told the story of part of his "Around-the-World" tour, and his joy in witnessing the magnificent accomplishments of the missionaries.

He placed especial emphasis upon his delight at seeing at first hand the work that is being done for the lepers. There is enough inspiration on the Winona platform to direct one to a suitable text, and our thoughts might well center just now upon the words, "Let him that showeth mercy do it with cheerfulness."

Notes of cheer rang out during the lepers' own song, "He cares for us," which Homer Rodeheaver led with cheerful voice and cheerful face. Is it not reassuring for this audience to discover that there are no discouraged helpers here today, but every one is rejoicing because the Master's injunction to "cleanse the lepers" is being fulfilled. The hundreds of missionaries devoting their best efforts to the lepers in different parts of the world are all doing it with cheerful heart and voice. And here in the homeland, so far as I remember in a period of more than ten years of service in behalf of the Mission to lepers, I have never heard an expression indicating anything but the greatest delight in the privilege of this service.

Perhaps the first reason why we, as representatives of The Mission to Lepers and as its invited guests, should rejoice, is because the Winona audience today really represents the whole church. Do you know that the inception of the work done in behalf of lepers is to be credited to the vision of one denominational missionary? His interest in the lepers was, in one way, like leprosy itself—contagious. Neighboring churches became contributors and soon relief work for lepers brought together representatives of all Protestant denominations. Practically every Protestant Foreign Mission Board is now affiliated in some way with the Mission to Lepers, under whose auspices we hold this meeting, by the kindness of the Winona management.

Is it not a cheering note, in these days of competition, to discover that there is at least one objective for the united church in which Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, Episcopal, Lutheran and all the rest of the Protestant denominations are sharing?

Do you remember the story of the student-soldier which I told you a year ago from this platform? How he was lonesome and forlorn, suffering more from homesickness, if possible, than from leprosy? He has at last found a place "Where he can go"—in the Federal Hospital for leper people. This is known as Hospital Sixty-six, and is now in actual operation on a four hundred acre tract of land, twenty-seven miles south of the Capital of Louisiana. And Dr. O. E. Denny, formerly superintendent of the Culion colony, P. I., is in charge. That is a big note of cheer.

Instead of lepers needing attention in thirty different states, as during the past ten years, now all the lepers in the United States of America are to be provided, as rapidly as possible, with quarters in Hospital Sixty-six. The Government arranges for food, clothing and shelter, while our Mission co-operates in providing social cheer and Christian teaching. Such conditions lead our soldier patient to say, in a recent letter, "This place is going to be a little Paradise."

May I put in parenthesis here something especially for every one of the Protestant hearers—and I take it that my audience today is almost exclusively Protestant. There is already on the ground of this Hospital Sixty-six a spacious and attractive Catholic Church building, but there is only a small Protestant chapel. Will you pray with us that God will help us find at least four thousand people who will give Five Dollars each toward an adequate new church for the Protestant worshipers? It should be equal in every way to the growing needs of a growing congregation. And will you also pray that God will direct us to the right man for becoming the Protestant Pastor or Chaplain of Hospital Sixty-six? If an indication of a distinct way to help this cause is a message of cheer, then I trust every one here will act on the message, avail themselves of this privilege and pray for this church and for the pastor to be secured.

Since our last annual Winona Leper Day, another remarkable development in the treatment of lepers has been reported from Kalihi Hospital, Honolulu. All over the world, as most of our friends know, Chaulmoogra Oil has been increasingly useful in relieving the suffering of lepers. Here is a sample of the new distilled ethyl esters, to be used hypodermically, now on sale in New York. Hundreds of cases are being discharged as apparently cured and we were thrilled by the recent report from the Kalihi Hospital of sixty-four patients, after two years' treatment, being returned to their relatives on parole, as negative cases.

Many are the messages coming from different countries, indicating substantial value in the Chalmoogra Oil treatment, and hundreds —even thousands—of patients are rejoicing in the physical ministry which has been provided, directly or indirectly, through the Mission to Lepers. And may I say to this audience, numbering so many personal contributors, that this and other phases of this ministry have been made possible through your gifts and those of similar friends? We credit the missionaries with doing the work, which is perfectly correct; but they could not do it without us—without the gifts which generous friends in this audience have provided. It is a real evangelical alliance, the whole church standing together for one of the commands which the Master gave his disciples when he specifically enjoined them to "cleanse the lepers."

Another message of cheer comes to us as we consider the growing interest among friends in the United States, as indicated by their contributions. In 1918 the total receipts of the American Office amounted to $46,000; in 1919, $66,000; in 1920, $91,000. Perhaps it will hearten you, as it has heartened me, to discover that the open doors are so numerous that we are now invited to increase very largly America's share in this world-task. When I was in Ireland some years ago, they told me that the land tenants were sometimes lacking in energy because the enterprising tenant who raised good crops was always required to pay an advanced rent.

In general councils of mission workers having a world-view of the conditions and needs of the lepers, America has been deemed worthy of the enterprising tenant's advance. We feel it an honor to say that the United States is now asked to find $219,150 as an annual budget, or $25 each hour of the day and night for the Mission to Lepers, as a suitable expression of our yearly interest. And the best friends we have—the ones doing the most already—approve of the increase suggested. Better still, your officers are cheered to feel that this request will meet with sympathetic response from every quarter. Individually and collectively, friends of the lepers have made the American office very happy. In letters transmitting gifts no one has ever said, "We send this reluctantly; we fear it is too large a gift," but always it is, "How sorry we are not to make the gift larger; how glad we are to have a part in this work."

It is a cause for great thanksgiving and for appreciation today to see scores of good friends here who have been generous with personal gifts and constantly on the alert to win other friends.

The greatest asset the Mission to Lepers possesses is the service given freely by the missionaries in all lands. Serving for the lepers without special compensation, they permit money given for the work to be expended directly for the lepers. The next greatest asset of the Mission is the voluntary service of representatives of the churches

through whom gifts are sent, in increasing volume, literature distributed and information given.

Notable acknowledgement should be made not only of the Auxiliaries in Louisville, Richmond, Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Francisco and others, but of the marvelous success attained by Women's Missionary Unions, as at Cincinnati, Parkersburg, W. Va., and Columbus, S. C., in stimulating sympathy for the lepers and securing gifts. Are you cheered to discover that in the Capital of our country, last year, 192 different Washington churches participated in this work, through a representative in each church, with aggregate gifts of over $4,500? In no sense is it a long-faced, dry-as-dust group, but a gathering of live, "hilarious" givers, to be literal—and they are giving not only of their money but themselves.

Do you remember the story of the Boy and the Pig and the Leper? How Wilbur took Three Dollars and bought Peter, fed the pig with the help of the neighbors' children, and finally marketed him for sufficient money to care for a leper boy a whole year in a mission station? Do you remember how the Sunday School Times published the story of "How Wilbur set Pete to work"? Then the Sunday School Times originated a Pig Bank which they labeled "Pete No. 2." It was soon fed $25.00 worth of coin—not corn. Is it not a note of cheer to find that over twenty thousand people have followed their example? "Pig ladies" have been appointed in many churches, missionary societies, Sunday School clubs and classes.

A few months ago we had an invitation to the Gospel Church in Brooklyn, New York. Not a large church; working people, they call themselves; no rich folks in the group. After the presentation of the leper story in the mid-week service, the pastor's wife was appointed "Pig Lady." She sold eighty-two pigs, of the fifteen cent, gilded, metal-bank variety. These little pigs began to receive deposits of coin-in-the-back instead of corn-in-the-ear, as the old farmer would say. Within six months the "Pig Lady" called at headquarters with a check for $1540 and said, "Let us have our own leper village."

In Tremont Temple, the great Baptist church in Boston, when the story had been heard, Dr. Meyers, the pastor, said, as he held the little pig bank in his hand, "This is the first time I ever heard of an unselfish pig. The pig business sounds good to me." He asked Miss Crawford, an efficient worker, to be representative and "Pig Lady" for Tremont Temple. In four days a telegraphic order for eight hundred pigs was the result, and their owners count it a delightful privilege to help the helpless leper.

Equally interesting would be the story of the sacrificing and efficient service rendered by our local Winona Committee as well as by scores of other friends throughout the land. Truly it is a message of hope and cheer to find that friends everywhere participate in this

work not as a sorrowful task but as one of the chief delights of life. Let us not be weary in well-doing, but keep on reminding others of our four-fold objective: Preach the Gospel to Lepers; Relieve their terrible suffering; Supply their simple wants; and, please God, ultimately rid the world of Leprosy. Thus in "due season we shall reap if we faint not." Let him that showeth mercy do it with cheerfulness.

# The Cross of Christ in Its Deeper Meaning

By REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus; who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross" (Phil. 2:5-8).

It is interesting to stand on a hill-top and watch the coming dawn: first the grey streaks in the East, and then the brighter light, until the full-orbed sun arises. There is a sunrise with its dawn like that in the Old Testament Scriptures. The foregleam begins with the promise in the curse upon the serpent, that the seed of woman should bruise his head. It grows brighter in Abel's altar, with its sacrifice of blood. We see it again in the victim, whether lamb, or bullock or turtle-dove, on the altar of the Tabernacle and the Temple. We see it in the offering of Isaac, and the substitution of the ram that was caught in the thicket. We see it in the uplifted serpent of brass, to which the people were commanded to look and live. We see it in the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, and kindred prophecies, in which our Lord is held forth as the Messiah, the Sin-bearer, the One who makes atonement for our guilt.

THE MEANING. What is meant by the Cross of Christ? There are several phrases which mean about the same thing. "The death of Christ," "the Blood of Christ," "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," "Christ and Him crucified"—each has in the heart of it a definition of what the Cross of Christ means. Then, if you will put together some of the great words which occur in the writings of the Apostle Paul, you find an unfolding of this heart meaning. The word "propitiation," which suggests the justice and holiness of God; His love making propitiation to His justice: not His demanding of another that propitiation shall be made to Him, but

love furnishing what justice and holiness demand. "Reconciliation," which is the manward side of it—"Be ye reconciled to God"—comes through the Cross of Christ. "Redemption"—"Redeemed not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious Blood of Christ." "Justification," which has in it the accounting of a man as innocent. He began before the Fall in a state of innocency, and justification is away beyond anything that a human court of justice ever realizes. It is putting the sinner in the condition before God as if he had never sinned at all. It is giving him a standing in the merit of Jesus Christ of absolute innocency before God.

It is all summed up in the word used over eighty times in the Old Testament, and just once in the English version of the New, "Atonement." At-one-ment really defines the fruitage of it. It brings us into harmony with God, makes us one with Him.

THE DEEPER MEANING. A careful study of our text will give a clearer insight into the deeper meaning of the Cross. "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." We have a portrait of "Christ and Him crucified" in the words "Obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Let us look for a moment at that picture.

"Who, being in the form of God." That does not mean in the shape of God. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth"; and we do not think of Spirit as having shape. Christ from eternity has been a spiritual God; "Equal with God"—equal in authority, equal in power, in every respect equal with God. Now, though equal with God, and of the very substance of God, "Very God of Very God," as the old Puritans used to say, He empties Himself, gives up for the time this equality, and makes Himself incarnate in a human being. He does not cease to be the spiritual God that He has been from eternity, but He begins now to express Himself in this concrete way, and thus puts Himself within the compass of our comprehension. Our finite minds cannot comprehend a spiritual God filling all eternity and all immensity; so He puts Himself within the compass of our thought, in order that He may make Himself thinkable and approachable to us. He saw fit to give up for the time, His position of authority, without surrendering one whit of His attributes of Deity, in order that He might work out our redemption.

He takes also the form of a servant. The God of the universe not only puts Himself within the limits of a human being, but the narrower limitations of a servant. Christ makes Himself a servant to humanity; puts Himself within the limitations of a perfect human being and in service to imperfect human beings. How does He do that? By becoming a universal Man. Now listen to this phrase, for I would not have you forget it: He "took upon Him the form of a

servant, and was made IN THE LIKENESS OF MEN." Not of a man, but in the likeness of all men. This Servant places Himself underneath all men, that He may serve them. He is the universal Man. He is not a Greek, not a Roman, not a Jew, not an Italian, not an American, not a German, not an Englishman. He is bigger than each and all; He is the Son of Man. The blood of the whole human race courses in His veins. His heart is big enough to take in its millions, and His arm long enough to reach down to the depths of humanity's greatest need and lift it up to the heights of God. "Son of Man"—the poorest, the richest, the youngest, the oldest, the most degraded, the most moral, the weakest, the strongest, every man, every woman, every human being in this world is represented by this universal Man.

But though He becomes a universal Man, He does not lose His personality. "And being found IN FASHION AS A MAN." Having the form of God and "in the likeness of men," He is yet "in fashion as a man." He has His likes and dislikes; He is careful about His mother; He hungers and thirsts; He gets tired and sits by the well-side. This universal Man is an individual. He has a personality that brings Him closer to me still. When I realize that He gets hungry and thirsty and tired, and that He took my infirmities as well as my sins, it makes me feel akin to Him.

Now notice what took place. In the form of a Servant, as a universal Man, and yet with a personality that is distinct, "He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." The One who hung upon that Roman cross was not simply a servant; He has become a criminal. He hung there because He was regarded guilty; the law passed sentence upon Him. It was a position not only of unutterable agony, but of infinite shame. "Obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." So that this universal Man has not only submitted to the limits of the servant, but He has taken the place of the criminal. Sin is crime before God, and sin must be punished. This universal Man, having become a Servant, goes lower than the servant's place, and takes that of a criminal before God, in order that He may take our guilt upon Himself, and give us freedom from it all.

A DEEPER DEPTH. This gives us at least a glimpse of the deeper meaning of the Cross. Yet there is a still deeper depth. "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." May the Spirit of God help us now to go a little further into this Holy of Holies, and try to realize the meaning of "Christ and Him crucified," with the glory of it, the glory of giving up glory, the honor of surrendering honor, the reputation of others. Seeking glory and grasping after honor may mean selfishness; but there is a higher glory than seeking glory, and a deeper honor than grasping after honor—

the glory of the sacrificial spirit which gives up glory and honor for the sake of others.

Let us imagine, if we can, a man in this world who is truth incarnate. In him is all truth; and I mean by truth, reality without sham—no pretense. There is not a tinge of unreality about him. A man like that would be the glory of his nation. Then imagine another man in whom all light centers. I mean by light, knowledge, light on every subject in the universe; and if you could find a man like that he, too, would be the glory of his nation. Then look for another man in whom life is centered—physical life, intellectual life, ethical life, spiritual life, all the life you can think of incarnate in this one man. He, also, would be the glory of his nation. Then find another man in whom all wisdom is centered, not simply knowledge, but how to use it. He never makes a mistake, never acts foolishly. He would be the glory of his nation. Find another man in whom all power is centered, and he would be the glory of his nation. Then another man in whom all love is centered, love that is pure, love that is not flecked with lust; everything that is lovely and of good report centers in him. He would be the glory of his race.

Now find, if you can, a man in whom all these things are centered —all truth, all light, all life, all wisdom, all power, all holiness, and all love, and you would say that a man in whom all of these were incarnate was not only the glory of earth, but he is the glory of Heaven. Find a man in whom all goodness, all virtue, all purity, everything that is good centers, and you have the glory of all worlds. Yet we have just approached the glory of the Cross. I have been describing to you our Lord Jesus Christ. He is the only One who ever came into this world of whom it could be said, "In Him is all Truth, all Light, all Life, all Wisdom, all Power, all Holiness and all Love." These things incarnate in Christ make Him not only the glory of earth but the glory of Heaven. Yet you have not touched the glory of the Cross. I have just described in this faint, feeble way the glory of the incarnate God.

Let us go a step further and see what the Cross means. If you can find a man in whom all truth is centered, not contending for the truth, but dying for those in error, you have reached another degree of glory. If you can find a man in whom all light is centered, light not displaying itself, but dying for those in darkness; if you can find a man in whom all wisdom is centered, not wisdom admiring itself, but dying for the ignorant; if you can find a man in whom all life is centered, not protecting itself, as a coward would, but giving itself for those who are dead; if you can find a man in whom all holiness is centered, holiness not cultivating itself, though that is a good thing, but holiness giving itself on the altar, dying for the unholy and the impure; if you can find a man that has all power, not exerting

itself, but willing to be weak, restraining itself, that it may carry out its noble purpose of sacrifice for sin; if you can find a man that is all love, not simply enjoying itself, but love on the altar, love dying, love giving itself to the Cross in order that the unlovely might be saved; if you can find all these, you have some little conception of what the Cross of Christ means. Now put all into one—O God, help us to realize it!—all Truth, all Light, all Life, all Wisdom, all Power, all Holiness, all Love, incarnate in one Man, who gives Himself for the untruthful, for the darkened, for the dead, for the weak, for the unholy, for the unlovely—and you have some conception of what the Cross of Jesus Christ is in its deeper meaning.

YET DEEPER AND DEEPER. Now shall we go through the gate and follow the surging crowd, stand on the hill-top and look up into the marred face, then listen and see if we cannot catch a still deeper note of the meaning of the Cross. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—and Jesus could make that prayer only while He died, or after His death, or in virtue of His death. To take righteousness, and justice, and holiness from God would be to dethrone Him. How can God forgive the guilty? How can God be merciful without being unjust? for mercy is a species of injustice. The moment a judge becomes merciful he ceases to be perfectly just, and the moment he begins to be just he ceases to be merciful. There is only one way for a just God to forgive, and that is by the guilt being removed, and while Jesus Christ was bearing the guilt of sin, He said, "Father, forgive, for I am making it possible for My murderers to be forgiven. Father, forgive upon the merit of the atonement I am making just now."

Then listen, and we catch a deeper note still, "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Turn over to another Scripture, "He tasted death for every man." What is death? Death to the soul is separation from God. "Depart from Me, ye cursed." That means death. And Jesus is now by His own choice tasting death. What is hell? Whatever else it may mean, it means separation from God; and my Lord is tasting that sort of death for every man.

Then listen. "I thirst." Why, the body is redeemed. There is not only spiritual death, but physical death; and that cry is the appeal of the body through the crucified Christ for the satisfaction of its needs. And this body of ours is redeemed through the Cross of Christ for time and eternity.

Now we hear His tender words: "Mother, behold thy son. Son, behold thy mother"; and it is in the deeper meaning of the Cross today that the son beholds his mother, and the mother beholds her son. Show me a spot on this earth where the Cross has not touched and you have no home, no true fatherhood, no true motherhood, no true wifehood, no true childhood. Women are chattels, children are

slaves. It is through the deeper meaning of the Cross that motherhood has been redeemed, fatherhood has been sanctified, and childhood, sisterhood and wifehood have been glorified. All these are gleams of the glories of the Cross.

Now can you listen and know what it means when He says, "It is finished." "Father, forgive them. It is possible, for I am bearing their guilt. I am tasting death for them. This cry of My body in its thirst is the appeal for the satisfaction of the body's needs. Now, Father, 'It is finished.' The great achievement is complete. In the beginning we saw the work of Our hands that it was good. Now, Father, this work of redemption, the foregleams of which have been coming down the ages since the darkness of man's first guilt, is finished."

Death has been tasted, the guilt has been borne, and it is possible now to forgive. "It is finished," and we accept a finished salvation in Christ. Salvation FOR us is finished; and salvation IN us begins, when we accept the finished salvation FOR us.

Then listen again. "Father into Thy hands I commend My spirit." "I have tasted death; now all that is left for Me to do is just to commend My spirit." That is where the Christian's dying begins. He does not have to taste death; it has been tasted for him. He does not have to bear the separation from God; it has been borne for him. He has accepted the finished salvation through the merit of Jesus Christ, and when he comes to the end he finds it just the beginning. "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." That is not death. Oh, no! Death is separation from God. "The time of my departure is at hand," says Paul; and Paul got so enthusiastic over the idea that he was almost extravagant, for you remember that the word "departure" is a nautical term. It carries with it the idea of lifting anchor and spreading sail, and going out of the land-locked harbor into the open sea. Paul was not thinking about contraction, but expansion; and through the death of Christ I am going to begin to live. I am going to lay aside this garment we call the body, and enter into the spiritual world with a freedom I cannot have in this.

While we are thinking of the glory of the Cross in its deeper meaning, let us read the muster roll of heroes from the time of righteous Abel down to the present moment, and we shall find that the flashes of glory in history have been the gleams of the Cross. In the autumn of 1912 Nonconformists met at Smithfield and recalled the deeds of the martyrs, who were obedient unto death, even the death of the stake. We glorify them, almost canonize them; and the spirit that went to the flames was the spirit of the Cross. In 1662 two thousand preachers left their churches and their livings. Why? They were willing to be "obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross." "Christ and Him crucified" was shining out in glory through

their characters and their deeds. If you would have glory, do not seek it as Napoleon Bonaparte sought it, when he rang the word out to the French army and filled them with a wild enthusiasm, a will-o'-the-wisp, a thing that was grasped at and never caught, an apple of Sodom that turns to ashes in your mouth. Seek the glory that becomes incarnate in your life, the glory of the Cross in its sacrificial spirit.

# World Movements, Their Sources and Perils

By REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D.

TEXT: "I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty." Rev. 16:13, 14.

"I saw heaven open, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war." Rev. 19:11.

Down the ages have come four great movements. (1) THE LUCIFER MOVEMENT, led by Satan as a messenger of Light. (2) THE ANTICHRIST MOVEMENT, led by those who deny or refuse to confess the deity of Christ. (3) THE FALSE PROPHET MOVEMENT, led by those who speak their own messages in God's name, claiming to speak for God; and (4) THE CHRIST MOVEMENT, led by the Holy Spirit and those who are led by Him.

### The Lucifer Movement.

Eleven times in Genesis I occur the two great words, "God said," and in Genesis III Satan asks the question, "Yea, hath God said?", thus intimating against the fact of a revelation from God. When Eve answers, "God hath said," Satan goes a step farther and denies the truth of revelation by saying, "Ye shall not surely die." If God said it, it is too severe, and we will not accept it as true. Then he goes a step farther still, and offers knowledge as a substitute for revelation, "for," he says, "God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, ye shall be as Gods, knowing—." Finally he appeals to their physical nature ("a tree good for food"), to their aesthetic nature ("pleasant to the eyes"), and to their intellectual nature ("a tree to be desired to make one wise"). Thus Satan leads man into sin, (1) By calling in question the fact of revelation, (2) By denying the

truth of revelation, (3) By offering knowledge as a substitute for revelation, and (4) By appealing to the physical, aesthetic and intellectual natures.

This has been the tactics of Satan all through the ages, calling in question the fact of revelation, denying the truth of revelation, offering knowledge as a substitute for revelation and appealing to the physical, aesthetic and intellectual natures. Do not think of Satan as Dore' painted him with horns, hoofs, forked tail and bat's wings. A monster like that could tempt no one except it be to run from him. It would be awkward for such a monster to exhibit "wiles." Satan in this age, Paul tells us, "is transformed into a messenger of light." And he wishes his ministers "to be ministers of righteousness," ethical ministers, who urge people to do good and be good without paying any attention to the atoning death of Christ. The mission of Satan in this age is that of "Lucifer," the light-bearer. He would fill the world with light, historic, scientific, philosophic and religious, that he may thus satisfy the people without Him who is "the light of the world." He would make our colleges, seminaries and universities blazing centers of knowledge as a substitute for the knowledge of God in Christ.

### The Antichrist Movement.

The word "Antichrist" occurs just five times in the Bible and only in the first and second epistles of John. From these five scriptures we learn (1) That Antichrist was at first a movement and not a personality. "Even now are there many antichrists." I John 2:18. (2) That the movement arose in the church. "They went out from us." I John 2:19. When an Antichrist Movement arises in the church, it ought to go out; and, if it will not go out, it ought to be helped out. It is not biblical for those who remain loyal to Christ to withdraw. An Antichrist Movement has appeared in the evangelical churches of today. It shows itself specially in institutions of learning in which are professors who by tongue and pen deny the fundamentals of evangelical Christianity. The men who founded some of these institutions gave their money for the support and propagation of the truths which these professors discredit or deny; and such professors ought to go out, if they would escape the charges of misappropriating trust funds. The churches whose sons and daughters are being taught in these institutions have the right to demand that they go out. (3) The Antichrist Movement is made up of those who deny the deity of Christ. "Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is antichrist." I John 2:22. (4) That all who refuse or fail to confess the deity of Christ also belong to the Antichrist Movement. "Every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God and this is that spirit of antichrist." I John 4:3. "Many deceivers are entered into the world

who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh. This is a deceiver and an antichrist." II John 7. The Jewish Sanhedrin was, of course, an organized part of the Antichrist Movement, when it condemned Christ to death, because He declared that He was the Son of God. They were all Unitarians and sent Christ to the cross because He refused to deny His own deity. There were immediate successors of the Sanhedrin who continued to deny the deity of Christ after He had demonstrated it by His resurrection and ascension. Marcion, Celsus and Porphory were among the leaders of the Antichrist Movement which the Jews have through the centuries supported. It is a curious fact that in modern times a religious organization which denies the deity of Christ and is thus the lineal theological descendant of the Jewish Sanhedrin, which sent Him to the cross, insists upon calling itself a Christian church and claims as its sympathizers, if not members, some eminent Americans. Its first society was organized in the old King's Chapel, Boston, after the Revolutionary War. Churches of England in America were, of course, unpopular during the Revolution, and many of their rectors returned to the Mother Country. After peace was declared a few of the scattered members of King's Chapel met and by a small majority elected for their Rector a man who did not believe in the deity of Christ, and the "Book of Common Prayer" was so amended as to eliminate everything that recognized the deity of Christ. Thus began in America the organized Antichrist Movement known as the Unitarian Church. It is conceded by its leaders that as an organization the Unitarian Church is passing, but some of them have expressed themselves as willing to have it pass, seeing that it has so inoculated other denominations with its teachings that there is no further need of its perpetuation. If this be true, there is little reason for exultation even among Unitarians for it simply means that other denominations have taken the poison which killed the Unitarian organization, and their death is only a matter of time.

### The False Prophet Movement.

A prophet of God is one who speaks God's message in God's name. The prophets of the Old Testament predicted future events, but their great message was to the people of their day. Even their predictions were for present inspiration, encouragement and warning. A false prophet is one who speaks his own message in God's name, usually with the false claim that it is a message from God.

The New Testament has six things to say about these false prophets:

(1) **They work under camouflage.** "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves." Matt. 7:15. They pose as Christians, loyal to Christ, while their purpose is to destroy the fundamentals of Christian faith.

(2) They will be numerous "Many false prophets shall arise and shall deceive many." Matt. 24:11.

(3) They will manifest supernatural power. "False Christs and false prophets shall arise and shall show signs and wonders, to seduce, if possible, the very elect." Mark 13:22. It is not said that they will really perform miracles, but they shall "show" them. They will make it appear by all sorts of tricks, that seduce the people into believing that they have supernatural power. Witness spirit rappings and healings of those who begin the process of cure by claiming that they are well, and were never sick at all.

(4) False prophet movements become popular. "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you, for so did their fathers to the false prophets." Luke 6:26. To stand against a false prophet movement may mean standing against the voice of "all men" who "speak well" of it.

(5) False prophets work stealthily. "There were false prophets among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them." II Peter 2:1. False prophets do not usually work in the open. On occasions they speak winsome truth that they may gain your confidence and prepare you to receive their "heresies of destruction." They often cover the absence of fundamentals by a flood of truth of secondary importance. They do not err in what they say so much as in what they do not say. But whatever they say or do not say, they are careful by speech or silence to "deny the Lord that bought them." The purpose of all their stealthy movements is to prevent the people from getting a vision of Christ as "the lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." They magnify the manliness, the winsomeness and the prayerfulness of Christ, that they may satisfy the people with these without the atoning blood.

(6) False prophets are usually avaricious money-getters. "Through covetousness shall they with feigned words make merchandise of you." II Peter 2:3. They exploit their publications. They even advertise "No collections" beause they have learned that this brings more money in other ways.

### Four Streams.

There are at least four historic streams of false prophecy, the waters of which mingle in the currents of present day American thought. One had its source in Arabia with headquarters at Mecca. Another had its source in India, of which Eddyism is a phase. Still another had its source in Greece and is known as "Evolution," of which Darwinism is a phase. And yet another had its origin in Italy and is known as "Romanism." Let us look a moment at the Indian Stream and its perils.

India in its mystic dreaminess is the land of the occult. It revels in occultism of all kinds, and spiritism finds congenial soil in its atmosphere. A few years ago there lived in Concord, Massachusetts, a woman whose mental and moral characteristics fitted her to receive and propagate this oriental occultism. She claimed, like Joan of Arc, to have heard voices in her youth. "After my discovery of Christian Science," she says, "most of the knowledge I had gleaned from books vanished like a dream. Learning was so illumined that grammar was eclipsed." "My father was taught to believe that my brain was too large for my body." She was a spiritual medium. While living in sin, she began to deny that sin had any existence. It is difficult to ascertain how many husbands she had. Her one child she neglected. By appropriating much from the writings of a Doctor Quimby and securing the assistance of other writers she got together a book which has in it a curious attempt to tack on to the Bible the pagan philosophy of India. Pundita Ramabai, a native of India, says: "On my arrival in New York I was told that a new philosophy was being taught in the United States and that it had won many disciples. The philosophy was called Christian Science, and when I asked what its teaching was, I recognized it as being the same philosophy that has been taught among my people four thousand years. It has wrecked millions of lives and caused immeasurable suffering and sorrow in my land, for it is based on selfishness and knows no compassion."

I have not time to expound the vagaries of this cult, having done this in a little book, entitled "The Christian Science Delusion," which I wrote in Boston while investigating its teachings and claims at the American fountain head. What I wish to show now is that there are perils connected with this movement against which our own country and the world should be warned. It is a menace to character. The basis of ethics is reality. When any one claims that there is no such thing as matter, sin, sickness or death, with proofs of their existence before him all the time, he acts a part, and if he continues to assert that he has been cured of disease, you cannot believe his word, because he is still acting a part in that he begins the process of cure by asserting that he is not sick and never has been sick; sickness has no existence. When a thousand Christian Scientists assemble in a testimony meeting and all of them assert that they are now well, you cannot believe them, if you know the facts, for all of them may at that moment be as sick as they ever were, but are now asserting that they are well, hoping by such a claim to become well. Indeed, the moment they confess the truth by admitting that they are sick, they cease to be Christian Scientists. If Mrs. Eddy, while dying, had admitted that she was sick, she would have ceased to be a "Christian Scientist." I announced in Boston that, if any Christian Scientist,

who claimed, as I heard many did, that they had been healed by "Christian Science" treatment after they had been given up by physicians, would secure from the physicians who had given them up a certificate that they were now well, I would advertise it from the pulpit. I heard of one man who was willing to do this and I called once to see him, when the following conversation took place: Question: "You have been healed by Christian Science treatment?" Answer: "I have." Question: "You were given up by a physician as incurable?" Answer: "I was." Question: "The physician is still living?" Answer: "Yes." Question: "Will you go with me now to that physician and let him examine you, that he may give me a certificate that you have been cured and are well." Answer: "I have nothing more to do with physicians." It was evident that this man was not well, but, as the "Christian Science" practitioner told him, was asserting that he was well, hoping by this process to get well. Some of them have confessed that they went about their work in agony of body, asserting that they were well, in order that they might get well.

A lady in Chicago said to me, "Do you know that Miss Olsen has been suddenly cured of tuberculosis in its last stages by Christian Science." "No," I replied, "but, if it is true, I will let her testify to it from the Moody Church pulpit." "Well, it is certainly true," she replied. "Miss Olsen goes about her work singing from morning till night." Within six weeks I was asked to call upon Miss Olsen because she was very ill. I called at once and found her near death. She confessed that she had never been cured but did, as she was told, by asserting that she was well, hoping by that process to get well. "O, Pastor," the dying girl whispered, "I was lying all the time. While I was going about my work singing, as if I were well and happy, I was suffering excruciating pain. But I must not admit it if I would get well, because there is no such thing as pain."

If "Christian Science" lecturers can beguile a few sick people into believing that they must deny that they are sick and profess to be well, in order to get well, testimony meetings will soon be crowded to hear these people, who are still sick and suffering, proclaim that they are well, hoping by such a process to get well. It is evident, therefore, that Christian Science "cures" are for the most part only claims with a view to accomplishing what they claim .My Assistant Pastor in Boston, who made regular visits to the smallpox hospital, told me that ten per cent of the patients were Christian Scientists, all of whom denied that they were ill and asserted that they were well, some of them dying with this false claim upon their lips.

It is, therefore, not uncharitable to say that Christian Scientists who have been sick and claim that they are now well, cannot be believed, because their teachings forbid their ever admitting that they

are sick and the persistent claim that they are well is their only process of cure. The fascination and hallucination of this oriental philosophy make them willing to practice falsehood with a view to regaining health until they become fixed in the habit of hypocrisy from which they do not wish to be delivered. They prefer to suffer any sort of infirmity or pain rather than confess that they have been deceiving their friends. Indeed, they would rather die, still claiming that they are not sick and never have been.

"Christian Science" is a menace to public health. The leaders of the Movement only tolerate hygienic regulations in reference to public opinion. Their teachings would compel them, if they had the power, to pay no attention to sewerage or contagious diseases. Already in California they are seeking the enactment of laws forbidding the medical examination of children in public schools and the recognition of contagious diseases. If they have their way, the civilization of this country will be pushed back to the stage in India before England introduced hygienic laws.

# The Self-Consciousness of Jesus As to His Deity

By REV. WILLIAM EVANS, Ph.D., D.D.

I am to talk to you this evening on the subject of what Christ thought about Himself. Not what I think about Him, or what you think about Him, nor, further, what anybody else ever thought about Him, but what He thought about Himself.

It is current in some circles to say that Jesus Christ never claimed for Himself the things that the Church claims for Him; that Jesus Christ was a hero, and the apostles and early Christians were hero-worshipers, and naturally they chrystallized roundabout their hero, the Christ, such claims as we find in the New Testament and as maintained by the Church throughout all these centuries.

The subject, therefore, is a very vital one, for it strikes at once at the very heart of Christianity. You cannot separate Christ from the religion that bears His name. You could separate Buddha from Buddhism and not hurt that religion; you could separate Confucious, as an individual and person, from his teachings, and the teachings of Confucionism would remain intact; you could separate Mahomet from his teachings in the Koran, and the teachings would remain intact; you could separate Zoroaster from the religion of the Parsees, and that religion would remain intact; but Christ! He is Christianity, and you are not teaching the circumference, but the very center of the religion that bears His name when the person of Christ is the question at issue. A man may err at the circumference without serious results, but not at the center.

### Christianity Is Christ.

Its thoughts are about Him and thoughts which He has created; its hopes are hopes which are the result of His indwelling; its inspirations are the inspirations which He has created by His inspired Spirit; its ambitions are ambitions to please Him; its energies are energies which the abiding Christ creates. There is no Christianity if there

be no Christ, and, if Christ is not God, you have stabbed Christianity —not in the coat-sleeve, not in the skin, but in the very vital part,— you have stabbed it at its heart.

The great issue today is this: Is Christ God? Is Christ deity? There is no middle ground; you cannot argue as to Christ being a good man, a moral example. "Ort deus ort nono bonus,"—if He is not God He is not good. There is no stopping between unitarianism and rationalism after Christ. It is His religion or none. "For neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved."

That is why the writer of the second and third epistles of John says, "If any man goeth onward (if any man advanceth,—that is to say, 'if,' as Third John 9 says, 'anyone desires to take the pre-eminence,' take the lead, be counted a scholar, an advanced thinker) in his thinking, and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ (and 'the doctrine here means more than the deity of Christ, which is but one tenet of Christian doctrine,—it comprises the whole scheme of the teaching of Christ and His apostles—If anyone desires to be known as a scholar, an advanced thinker, a being of superior intellect, a stays out in the doctrine of Christ, HE HATH NOT GOD." There is an advancement in knowledge which is not progress but apostacy, and whatever question may be permitted regarding the fundamentals, we cannot differ here. We may differ as to "Pre" or "Post," and we may have differences of opinion in the camp of the "Pre's," we may differ as to polity and Church government, as to methods of baptism, as to whether a man once saved is always saved, or once saved can be lost, —we can play on the circumference and remain Christ's, but we cannot be wrong at the heart and still be His. I say, therefore, that this is a fundamental doctrine of the Scripture. Either Jesus is "the Christ" or "Jesus is anathema"; there is no middle ground between.

I am taking up, therefore, that phase of the deity of Christ which deals with His own self-consciousness. I am not going to run through the entire New Testament, for I have but a brief time; nor through the four Gospels (though that would be an interesting thing) to prove the Deity of Christ,—I am going to confine myself to the Gospel of John, and not all of that, but just three or four chapters.

I choose the Gospel of John for this reason: It is the declared purpose of John's Gospel to prove the Deity of Christ. In the last verse of the twentieth chapter we find these words, "There are many other signs truly which Jesus did in the presence of His disciples, which are not written in this Book; but these are written (that is to say, the things that are narrated in the fourth Gospel are chosen out of the life of Christ and recorded), that ye might believe that Jesus (the historic child of Bethlehem, the babe, the boy, the carpenter, the peasant, the man) is the Christ." "Christ" is not simply

an official title,—the word means something deeply significant. Our Lord said to the Pharisees, after they had been asking Him many questions, "What think ye (not 'of me,' but) of THE CHRIST (for whom ye are looking)? Whose Son is He?" They answered, "The son of David." "Well," said the Master, "if that be so, how then did David in spirit call him Lord, saying, 'The Lord said to my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool'?" If he be David's son, how is he David's Lord? I have sometimes wondered whether we ever ought to say "Jesus Christ," but rather "Jesus THE Christ," for when we say "Christ" we mean "Lord."

Perhaps you will not agree with me altogether in what I am going to say, and perhaps it is a little play on the imagination. I want you to think of Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus, filled with a passion to slay Christians. What for? Because, in Saul's estimation, they were idolaters. According to Jewish belief there is one God. These followers of Jesus of Nazareth were worshipping Jesus as though He was God. Saul says, "I was zealous for the religion of my fathers." It was a passion for Jehovah God that possessed Saul as he journeyed to Damascus. I have wondered sometimes if, when that vision came to him and struck him to the earth, he was not thinking for a moment as to whether this was not the glory of Jehovah that appeared before him, seeing he was bent on an errand of zeal for God. God had appeared before in glory to the fathers. What were those letters in his pocket for except to put out of the way those idolatrous enemies of God, followers of the Nazarene whom they were worshipping, thus robbing Jehovah of His glory?

You remember, when that voice struck him to the ground, he said, "Who art thou?" and the answer came, "I am Jesus." "What? Jesus? Not,—not,—not that one that they crucified on the cross? Not the Nazarene? Not that one whom Stephen called on in his death, whose followers I am going to kill? Jesus? Does Jesus live? Jesus, art thou Lord?"

"Yes, I am Jesus, the Lord."

Then Paul retreated into Arabia for a while. There he changed his theology. From thenceforth he would look at everything in the light of the resurrection. The cross, which before was an emblem of shame and defeat, now became glorified in the light of his vision of the risen Christ. "The God of the Jews" now appears as "the God of the Gentiles also." Christ has become King and Lord to the apostle.

It is the purpose of John's Gospel to show that Jesus is THE CHRIST, and that He is also "the Son of God." Not in the sense in which we are all the sons of God, but uniquely so, for He is the ONLY BEGOTTEN Son of God.

I choose John's Gospel because it has in it, as its declared purpose, the evidence that proves His deity. I choose it for another

reason also; its structure conforms to its purpose. In the first verse of the Gospel you have these words, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was GOD."—emphasis on "God." "The word was GOD." The Gospel closes as it began with expression of Christ's deity: "Thomas said: My Lord and my God" (20:28). True, there are twenty-one chapters in John, but chapter twenty-one is an epilogue; the Gospel is completed, so far as the evidence is concerned, in 20:28 with the words of Thomas, "My Lord and my God."

I choose John's Gospel, further, because its contents set forth the great fact of the deity of Christ. Become interested in John's Gospel. Pore over its pages. Consider, for example, the miracles in John's Gospel,—there are miracles in Matthew, Mark and Luke, but in John they are different For example, you have healings in Matthew, Mark and Luke Christ puts forth His hand, touches a leper and he is healed,—He touches the blind, He touches the lame, and by touch they are healed. In John it is different. Recall the healing of the officer's child. "My child lieth at home sick." Jesus said, "I will come and heal him." The officer replied: "I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof, but speak the word only, and my child shall be healed." And quickly, over all the miles, the word of Jesus goes, and the boy is healed at a distance, and without the touch of hand or hearing of voice.

Consider the healing of the man at the pool of Bethesda. Great care is taken to emphasize the fact that he had been sick "a long time," thirty-eight years. This was a hard case. So with the healing of the blind man in John. Matthew, Mark and Luke contain records of blind men being healed. In John's Gospel, however, emphasis is laid on the fact that "This man was born blind," and it never had been known since the beginning of creation that a man "born blind" had been healed.

There are instances of dead raised in Matthew, Mark and Luke. Take the case of Jairus' little daughter. She is scarcely cold, the little thing has scarcely ceased to breathe. Jesus comes into the room, takes her by the hand and brings her back to life. Here is the widow of Nain's son, in Luke. He had died in the morning and was being carried out the same day, to the tomb. When you come to the raisings from the dead in John, it is not the little girl that is scarcely cold, nor is it the widow of Nain's son who is just being carried out to burial,—it is Lazarus who has been dead four days already and is rotting. The very nature of the miracles of John's Gospel demonstrates His deity.

One more thing I want to say about John's Gospel. I choose it, further, because of the names our Lord applies to Himself. To the Student of the Scripture there is marked significance in this truth.

There are three names which are given to Christ by Himself and others in the four Gospels.

First, there is the title, "Son of God," standing for the deity of Christ. Twenty-two times this expression is used in Matthew, Mark and Luke,—never once by Jesus Himself, but by demons, angels and men. Jesus does not call Himself "Son of God" in Matthew, Mark or Luke. Eleven times in John the expression "Son of God" occurs. Five times it is used by Himself, and six times others call Him "Son of God." Only five times in all the Gospels does Jesus call Himself "Son of God," and then only under special stress and circumstance.

Second, there is the title, "Son of Man," which implies His humanity. Seventy-five times it is found in Matthew, Mark and Luke. It is always used by Jesus, never by men, demons or angels. Jesus loved the title, "Son of Man." In John's Gospel this title, "Son of Man," occurs twelve times, and is used only by Jesus Himself.

Third, there is the expression, "The Son." This seems to be the favorite expression used by Jesus and one that He particularly loved. It represents both the deity and the humanity of Jesus. Mark uses it once, Matthew four times, Luke three times,—eight times, that is all, in the Synoptic Gospels. Fifteen times it is used in John, and always by Jesus Himself. That was His favorite expression, "The Son."

Therefore I choose John's Gospel because in it alone of all the Gospels, does Jesus call Himself the "Son of God"; in John alone does Jesus refer to Himself as "The Son." John's Gospel, therefore, is the gospel of the deity of Christ in an unique sense.

In reading John's Gospel through you will notice another thing: that it divides itself into three parts; first, chapters one to four—what individuals thought about Jesus; for example, John the Baptist, the first disciple, Nicodemus and the Woman of Samaria. Second, chapters five to eleven—what Jesus thought of Himself. Third, chapters twelve to the end—what the crowds thought about Jesus.

What the crowds thought about Him or what individuals thought about Him is of some moment, of course; but I am most vitally interested in chapters five to eleven—what Jesus thought of Himself. That is why the first rather than the third person pronoun is particularly prominent in the middle section. In chapters five to ten it is "I am"; not "He is." "I am" is fastened and riveted on those central chapters, —they are the very heart of the fourth Gospel. I want to look at those chapters with you. I want to take chapters five, eight and ten for this reason. Note also that there are three occasions recorded in this Gospel when they attempted to kill Jesus Christ (5:18; 8:59; 10:31), and in each instance it was because He claimed deity: "I am," "I am He," "I am the Son of God," "I and my Father are One."

Take chapter five. Jesus had healed the palsied man at the pool of Bethesda on the Sabbath day. He had said to him, "Take up thy

bed and walk," and obediently, the man "took up his bed and walked." On the same day was the Sabbath. The Jews therefore asked, "Who told thee to carry thy bed on the Sabbath?" He said, "He that made me whole, the same said unto me, 'Take up thy bed and walk.'" "Who is he?" they asked. The healed man did not know because Jesus had conveyed Himself away, a multitude being in that place. Afterward he found out that it was Jesus, and he went and told them that it was Jesus that had healed him and bidden him carry his bed. "Therefore they sought to slay Jesus because He had done these things on the Sabbath day."

What apology did Jesus make for doing these things on the Sabbath day? This is what He said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. The Son originates nothing of Himself, but what He is seeing the Father doing: for what things soever He is doing, these the Son is also doing likewise." "MY Father," He said. Well, is not God the father of us all ? Why, certainly, that is perfectly true; but that was not the sense in which Jesus used that word. "Then took they up stones to stone Him." What for? "Because He had not only broken the Sabbath (verse 18), but also said that God was His OWN, HIS OWN FATHER, making Himself equal with God."

What is Jesus claiming here? What does He say about Himself? That He is equal with God. Did not the Jews understand Him to make some superior claim? Why otherwise would they attempt to stone Him? "He made Himself equal with God" (verse 18), is what they understood by the claims of Jesus.

If Jesus did not here lay claim to an unique relationship to the Father, why did He not say to the Jews, "Why do you wish to stone me. What have I said with reference to my relation to God that is not true of your relationship also? Is God not your Father also? Is He not the Father of us all? Why stone me?"

"Oh well," the people replied, "if that is what you mean, why that's different,"—and the stones drop from their hands to the ground.

But is that what Jesus said in explanation of His claim? NO, NOT FOR A SINGLE MOMENT DID CHRIST SAY THAT. He rather reinforced His claim—first, by using the divine names to which I have referred. Notice how He uses all these divine names together: "THE SON." "The Son can do nothing of Himself"; "The Son doeth likewise"; "The Father loveth the Son, for the Father giveth the Son power according to His will"; "The Father judgeth no man but hath committed all judgment to the Son, that all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father." Seven times in this verse He calls Himself "The Son." Once (verse 25) He calls Himself "THE SON OF GOD," and once (verse 27) "THE SON OF MAN." Son of God—DEITY; Son of Man, HUMANITY; Son, the Son,—deity and humanity combined. Jesus Christ, in using all these three titles in

these verses, emphasized the great fact of His equality with God. What He says reinforces His claims. He has unique intimacy with the Father, the Father does not do anything but what He tells the Son, the Son originates nothing; He follows a pattern. Said Jesus: "What God does He shows me; we work together, my Father and I. He has been working ever since man broke the Sabbath rest, and I am working with Him. We are one in purpose, one in work. As the Father hath life in Himself, so hath He given to the Son to have life in Himself. I quicken bodies that are physically dead; I quicken souls that are spiritually dead. The hour cometh, and now is, when they that hear the voice of the Son of God shall hear and live (that is spiritual quickening); the hour cometh when those that are in the graves shall hear His voice (that is physical quickening, resurrection life). Ye will not come unto me that ye might have (eternal) life. All things are mine, I give life to whomsoever I will," like physical, spiritual, eternal.

He goes further and says, "All judgment is committed unto the Son. I judge; God judges no man. You stand before me, the Son of Man, at the last great day. My judgment is final; from it there is no appeal. I and my Father are one in all these matters."

Do you wonder the Jews tried to kill Him? And yet I read in a magazine somewhere, how a noted scholar said that Jesus Christ never anywhere claimed unique relationship with the Father!

I pass to the eighth chapter. Look at verse 25. "Who art Thou?" is the question of the people. "Why dost Thou keep us in doubt? Who art Thou?" "If Thou art the Christ, tell us plainly." What was Christ's answer. "I am He" (vs. 24), "I am He (vs. 28), "I am" (vs. 58). I want you to look at these three expressions: "I am He (24), "I am He" (28), "I am" (58)—Jesus' reply to the peoples' question: "Who art Thou?" (25)

The expressions, "I am He," and "I am" are not equivalent; they are not alike; they do not mean the same thing. The Septuagint version does not translate "I am He" in the same way it does the expression "I am." They are different. What is their meaning? Jesus Himself uses this expression, "I am He," several times. The woman of Samaria said, "We have heard that Messiah cometh." "I am He," said Jesus in reply. Jesus asks the blind man whom they had cast out of the temple, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

"Who is He, Lord, that I might believe?" "I am He," was Jesus' reply. The soldiers came to take Him in the garden. "Whom seek ye?" "Jesus of Nazareth." "I am He." "I have told you these things before they come to pass, that when they do come to pass you may know that I am He."

What did Jesus mean by this expression, "I AM HE"? If you go back to the 32nd chapter of Deuteronomy, you have the answer:

"Let them rise up (speaking of the idol gods). For Jehovah will judge His people, and repent Himself for His servants, when He seeth that their power is gone, and there is none remaining. And He shall say, Where are their gods, their rock in which they took refuge, which did eat the fat of their sacrifices, and drank the wine of their drink offerings? Let those Gods rise up and help you, those in whom you trusted, let them be your protection. See now, that I, even I AM HE, and there is none beside ME."

The same epression is used in Isaiah 43: 10-13: "I am He that will make expiation. I am he, and beside Me there is no Saviour." I gather three thoughts from these verses,—first, GOD; second, TRUTH; third, SAVIOUR. When Jesus said "I am He," He meant "I am God;" for the mind of Jesus was saturated in Old Testament prophecy, and the people to whom He was talking knew what that expression "I am He" meant, whether we know it or not; and at once their minds went back to Deuteronomy and Isaiah, where God is contrasting Himself with idols, which are not real gods, where He said, "I am he," the living and the true God.

I wonder if that was not what Jesus meant, when, in response to the young ruler's "Good Master," He replied, "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God. Are you, by that statement, admitting that I am God?" When Jesus said, "I am He," He was asserting deity, He was claiming that He was God.

In the passage in Isaiah, we read: "Produce your witnesses. Who is there among you, which of your gods can tell the end from the beginning. Things come to pass. Before they come to pass who can foretell? I, Jehovah, I am he." How similar is Isaiah's expression to that used in John 13:29, "I have told you these things before they come to pass, that when they come to pass you may believe that I am he." Only God is omniscient. When, therefore, Christ said, "I am he," He was recalling to their minds the Old Testament where God declares His deity because of His ability to foretell the end from the beginning and prognosticate events before they come to pass. It is no mere coincidence that Christ uses the same expression: "I am he," in the same connection about His foreknowledge and His foretelling.

In Isaiah and Deuteronomy God is contrasted with the false idols, He is there declared to be the TRUTH,—the true God. So, Jesus Christ, when He stood in front of those people and said, "I am he," "I do work, I kill, I make alive, I save, I create, I am he," at once He was challenged for this. They said, "It is easy for you to say 'Thy sins be forgiven thee;' but who can tell whether forgiveness really takes place or not? Nobody can see God's hand pass over a man's record. Not because you simply say 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' do we believe it. We want to see something tangible." Jesus replied, "That ye may know that the Son of God hath power on earth to

forgive sins (he said to the palsied man) Arise!" and the man arose. Thus Jesus is Truth (John 14:6; 8:26, 31, 32).

The third thought in the expression, "I am he," is that of Saviour: "I am He that doth make expiation for the land. I am He, and beside me there is no Saviour."

Now note the other expression, "I AM." Jesus said, "Abraham rejoiced to see my day and saw it and was glad." They said, "Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham?" Jesus replied, "Before Abraham was (born and came into being) I AM come (I always was, I never began to be). Abraham was ancient to the Jews; he was modern to Christ. It is remarkable that all the Gospels state that Jesus did not begin at Bethlehem. He was "In the beginning." He talked familiarly about the beginning. When He was talking about divorce (Matt. 19), He said, "Yes, Moses permitted it, but FROM THE BEGINNING it was not so." Describing Satan, He declared "He was a murderer FROM THE BEGINNING." Jesus just talks as familiarly about the beginning as though He was there and saw everything that transpired.

In Exodus 3:14 the expression, "I am that I am," denotes self-existent life. Coming back to the fifth chapter of John, we read: "As the Father hath life in Himself, so hath He given the Son to have life in Himself." When, therefore, in reply to people's question, "Who are you?" Jesus said, "I AM," "I AM HE," He meant, "I am God, Truth, Saviour, and beside Me there is none else." He is absolute truth. "The fullness of the Godhead dwelt in Him in bodily form." We should not forget that for a single moment. I know very well what men are saying today about the "Kenosis" or the "self emptying" of Christ. No one will accuse me of not believing in that fully. I believe that Christ VOLUNTARILY emptied Himself of the use of His divine prerogative compared with the use He had before when He was with the Father in premundane glory. But, I do not believe, nor do I think for a single moment that that "kenosis," that "self-emptying" made Him less the absolute truth or permitted Him to be mistaken in what He said as to past, present, or future. I believe this also, and I like to put it beside the "kenosis," that "In Him dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead in bodily form." I confess the "pleroma," the fullness of Jesus, as well as the "kenosis" or the "self-emptying" of Jesus. Omniscience was in Him, resident there all the time. No mistakes were made by Him in His life and teaching. There was no adapting Himself to the popular opinions of the day, if those opinions were erroneous. When He said, "I AM HE," He meant that His word was final, infallible, absolute authority; that He was the Saviour, self-existent, pre-existent, "Before Abraham was I AM."

Note what is said in the 59th verse, "They took up stones to stone Him." What for? Because He had said, "I AM HE," "I AM." What

do you think they stoned Him for? For claiming equality with God, a claim which constituted His blasphemy. And yet there are people who say that Christ never made any claims for Himself to unique relationship with the Father.

I take one more passage in the tenth chapter of John. There again they attempted to stone Him. Look, if you will, at the 24th verse containing the question of the people, "Why dost thou keep us any longer in doubt?" If thou art the Christ, tell us plainly." There is the issue! What is the reply of Jesus to that? It is in the 30th verse, "I and the Father are one." "Who art thou? Why do you keep us in doubt. Tell us plainly." "I and the Father art one." "I am the Son of God" (vs. 36). Here you have Christ's answer to the people's question in two expressions: "I and the Father are one", "I am the Son of God." What do these answers mean? Note, please, that "I," and "Father" are both in the masculine gender, both are persons, while "one" is neuter. Two persons, separate, yet one in nature, one in essence, equal. Here is assertion of absolute deity, surely.

What did the people understand by it? We have seen in verses 33 to 36, that the Jews took up stones to stone Him. What did Jesus say in reply to their action? "I have done many good works among you, for which do you stone me?" They answered, "For a good work we stone thee not, but for blasphemy, because thou being a man makest thyself God.

Do you see what the people's charge was? Christ said, "I and the Father are one"; "I am the Son of God." "I and the Father are one": two persons, equal in nature, in power, in privilege, in prerogative, and though, during the period of incarnation "My Father is greater than I," yet, in the sum total, "I and the Father are one." "You are guilty of blasphemy," they exclaimed, "because thou, being a man, makest thyself out to be God. You ought to be stoned."

I want you to understand how much is wrapped up in that expression "blasphemy." If you turn to Matthew 26: 62-66; Mark 14: 60-65, and John 19: 7, you will find the meaning of this word. The high priest put Jesus under oath. He said, "I adjure thee by the living God that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God." Remember, Jesus is under oath. What reply does He make to the high priest's question? "I AM" (Mark 14:62). "Then the high priest rent his garments and said, "What further need have we of witnesses; for we ourselves have heard him speak blasphemy." They said, "He is worthy of death. Away with him! Crucify him!" They nailed Jesus Christ to the cross. For what? For blasphemy, because, "being a man he made himself out to be God." And yet there are some people who say that Jesus Christ never Himself claimed any relationship to the Father but such that you and I can claim.

There is a strange saying in the First Epistle of John, fifth chapter, fifth verse, "Who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" There you have the INDIVIDUAL faith of the BELIEVER overcoming the world. When you read back at the fourth verse of that chapter it is not individual faith any more,—it is a COLLECTIVE faith: "And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." That is OUR CREED, or the faith of US. It is this doctrine of Jesus Christ as Son of God, of the deity of our Lord, before which all else, even the gates of hell, must quail and quake.

Let me close with an illustration. I would draw your attention first of all to the greatness of the old Roman Empire. Recall its solidity. Everything connected with Rome spelled permanence. Think of her military prowess, her legal system, her great kingdom. Caesar's eagles were flying in every wind. Apparently nothing could overcome Rome. "Sic transit gloria mundi"—the glory of the world passes away but surely not Rome. Rome abides.

Now here comes a little company of insignificant, simple, plain folks—"fishermen" and "publicans," the Bible calls them; "bakers and fullers," Celsus, the mocker, calls them. Yet here they are—a little handful of men picked up here and there; the rag-tag and bob-tail of society; redeemed from the gutter. Here they are. Look at them. They have no great temple nor magnificent buildings in which to worship. No great wealth do they possess. None of the great or mighty are yet in their number. Listen to the simplicity of their message, just "believe," "believe," "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." What are they doing? They are going into the homes and talking to women and children. Think of it! Who ever talked to women before. Who ever talked to children? What silly, simple people these are! I have traveled in Mohammedan lands. I do not think I saw one woman in a mosque, praying. Women do not pray; they are said to have no souls. It is only where Christ is preached that women have the honor that they should have, and it is a shame and a disgrace for any woman not to be a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Here is this little company of simple people going into the homes, teaching women and children Then there was one of their number, his name was John. He was a prisoner over on Patmos. The Emperor Domitian put him there for testifying for Christ. He wrote a book called "The Apocalypse," "The Revelation," in which he spoke of Christ's Church kingdom numbering ten thousaand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, myriads. It all sounded so ridiculous! Why, there were not that many people in the whole Roman Empire.

Then there was one, Paul, they called him. He was addressing a company of scholars up on Mars Hill. The Athenians wanted to hear what this man had to say. What do you think he talked about? A dead Jew who was nailed to a cross in Jerusalem, and about the rising from the dead of this crucified Jesus. Of course, everybody knows there is no such thing as rising from the dead. But the Athenians were polite; they said, 'It is all right, Paul, you have a right to your opinion, but you are deluded. We will hear you some other day."

Now, note the phenomenal success of the labors of this little band of insignificant men who went out with just one message, "Jesus Christ is God; Jesus Christ is Saviour, neither is there salvation in any other."

Rome did not object to Christ nor to the Christian religion as A god and A religion. One of the Roman emperors had a statue of Christ in his pantheon with a number of other gods. Nor did Rome object to men calling Christ God, nor to men worshipping Him. What Rome objected to was this, that these simple folks, these Christians, called Jesus the true God. They refused to put Christ in the "pantheon," in the pagan temples where heathen gods were. Rome must smash every idol god, demolish every shrine, and put Christ as God and only Saviour on the pedestal alone, and worship Him.

When the early Christians were put to the test and told to "Pass by the bust of your emperor and offer incense," they refused to commit sacrilege and idolatry. They vowed they would worship Christ alone. Consequently to death in the arena they were sent. Why? Because they acknowledged Christ God, Christ alone. Under the testimony of such men it was not long before the great empire of Rome crumbled to dust. The cross of Christ captured the world; but it was Christ as God. The early Christians would not surrender the doctrine of Jesus Christ as the Son of God.

I do not wonder then, that the apostate, Julian, who had persecuted the Church of Christ and the Christians unto death, when he was dying in the fight against Christ, on the battlefield, having been wounded, caught the blood as it flowed from his side, threw it up in the air and said, 'O Galilae, Galilae, vicisti, vicisti,"—O Gallilaean, Gallilaean, Thou hast conquered! Thou hast conquered!"

"This is the creed that overcomes the world—Jesus, the Christ, the Son of the living God."

# The Epistle to the Ephesians

## INTRODUCTORY

### The Deepest Book in the New Testament.

By REV. WILLIAM EVANS, Ph.D., D.D.

It is so conceded. Deeper, for example, than the Romans, for in Romans 16:25, the fact of a mystery is stated but not explained, while in Ephesians 3:3-13, this mystery is discussed and explained. This epistle scales the loftiest heights and sounds the lowest depths of Christian experience. It is an "afternoon letter" of the apostle, and is characteristic of the meditative period of his life. It is the Alps of the New Testament.

### It Is an Epistle of "Inness."

The words "in him," or equivalent, occur over twenty times. "Ephesians contains as no other epistle does the apostle's deep and profound conception of his vital union with Christ which was the deepest fact in the religious consciousness of Paul. The saints are regarded as SOLIDAIRE with their Lord in respect of inseparable interest, holy dearness, and one-ness of spirit."

### I. THE WRITER OF THE EPISTLE.

Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles, while a prisoner at Rome (1:1; 3:1; 4:1; 6:20).

The bearer of the letter was Tychicus (6:21, 22).

Paul's relation to the Ephesians. He visited Ephesus on his second missionary journey. (Acts 18:18-21), bringing Aquilla and Priscilla with him, and leaving them there. He stayed probably but one Sabbath at this time (Acts 18:19, 20, 21). He visited Ephesus again on his third missionary journey (Acts 19:1-18), and abode there about three years (Acts 20:31), probably 54-57 A. D. On his last journey to Jerusalem before his imprisonment (58 A. D.), he called for the Ephesian elders to meet him at Miletus, where he delivered his final and stirring charge to them (Acts 20:17-38).

## II. WHEN AND WHERE THE EPISTLE WAS WRITTEN.

Doubtless at the same time as Colossians and Philemon, inasmuch as Tychicus accompanied by Onesimus was the bearer of both the Colossian and Ephesian Epistles (cf. Col. 4:3, 10, 18; Phile. 1, 9, 23; Col. 4:7, 9; Phile. 11, 12; Eph. 6:21, 22). Date 61-63 A. D. while Paul was a prisoner at Rome (Eph. 3:1; 4:1; 6:20).

## III. WHY THE EPISTLE WAS WRITTEN.

1. To give the readers a deeper knowledge of their high calling in Christ Jesus, and the eternal purposes of God for them. (1:15-23; 3:14-20).

2. To warn them of impending dangers. Two dangers seemed to threaten the Church at Ephesus:

(a) That it should step back again into the lower moral standing of their surrounding heathen neighbors. How vividly all this is portrayed (cf. 2: 1-3, 11, 12; 4:17-32; 5: 1-13)! By referring to Revelation 2: 1-7, it would seem as though the apostle had not exhorted in vain.

(b) The want of unity between the Jewish and Gentile Christians. With what sublime grandeur does the apostle portray the Church as "one body" of which Christ is the Head (chap. 4)!

Some writers have thought that there was no specific purpose in the apostle's mind; that the letter was not written to protest against any impending error, or exhort to any lacking virtue, but was designed "to set forth the origin and the development of the Church of Christ, and to display to the dwellers under the shadow of the great temple of Diana, the unity and beauty of that more transcendently glorious temple of which Christ Himself was the chief cornerstone, and the saints portions of the superstructure" (2:19, 20).—Ellicott.

## IV. ITS RELATION TO OTHER BOOKS IN THE BIBLE.

### 1. To Colossians.

Colossians and Ephesians are companion epistles (cf. Col. 4:16). In Colossians Christ is the Head of the Body, the Church; in Ephesians the Church is the Body of which Christ is the Head. In Colossians Christ, in Ephesians the Church, is the theme. In Colossians Christ is the fullness of the Father for the Church (2:9); in Ephesians the Church is the fullness of Christ for the world (1:23). In Colossians Christ is the Creator of the universe; in Ephesians He is the Head of all things to the Church. Colossians is argumentative; Ephesians is meditative. The keynote of Ephesians is "in Him"; of Colossians "through us." Colossians was written to attack existing error; Ephesians to prevent error. These parallels of thought can only be understood by a careful comparison of these two epistles; they are complementary to each other (Col. 4:16). Together they make up the grand

complex: "I am the vine, ye are the branches; abide in me, and I in you."

2. **To Galatians.**

Galatians deals with the salvation of the individual (2:20); Ephesians with that of the Church (5:25)—individual versus collective salvation. Galatians is polemic—the apostle seems to be boiling over with righteous indignation, he is in fighting trim. In Ephesians he is like the sweet psalmist of old leading us beside "still waters, and pastures of tender grass," peaceful and irenic. From the roar of the battlefield (in Galatians) we step into the hush and silence of the temple (in Ephesians).

3. **To Romans.**

The justification of the saint is the theme of Romans; in Ephesians the saint finds his life and union in and with Christ the living Head from all eternity.

4. **To 1 and 2 Timothy.**

Both these epistles are letters to the church at Ephesus. Timothy was pastor there. If Ephesians sets forth the INNER LIFE of the Church as an organism, the letters to Timothy set forth the Church as an OUTER ORGANIZATION.

5. **To the Letter to the Church at Ephesus (Rev. 2:1-7).**

Is it a coincidence that this church, which was so strong in love and was so earnestly exhorted by the apostle to continue to grow in that grace (3:17-20), should have, as the sin laid to its charge, that it had "left its first love" (Rev. 2:4)?

6. **To the charge to the Ephesian Elders at Miletus (Acts 20:15-38).**

Many and instructive lessons may be learned by a comparison of these two portions of the divine Word.

7. **To the Epistles of Peter.**

These letters compared with Ephesians set forth a double aspect of the life of the believer: Ephesians sets forth the believer as seated in HEAVENLY PLACES with Christ Jesus; Peter, as a pilgrim and a stranger ON THE EARTH.

8. **To the Old Testament.**

It is interesting to note the quotations from, allusions and references to the Old Testament as found in this epistle. They are especially helpful when we consider that this church was composed of Gentiles largely (which was true of all the Asia Minor churches). This shows what importance the apostle laid on the study of the Old Testament as the Word of God. Compare Genesis 2:24 with Ephesians 5:3; Exodus 20:12 with 6:2; Psalm 4:4 with 4:26; Psalm 8:6 with 1:22; Psalm 16:18 with 4:8; Psalm 118:22 with 2:10; Song of Solomon 4:17

with 5:27; Isaiah 57:19 with 2:17; Isaiah 60:1, 51:17 and 52:1 with 5:14.

**The Structural Outline of the Epistle to the Ephesians.**

INTRODUCTION: Apostolic greeting and salutation, 1:1, 2.

(a) The doctrinal part of the epistle—setting forth the divine conception of the Church, as manifested in its divine choice, calling and nature, Chapters 1-3.

In this division the Church is set forth as an invisible organism which God especially (and probably alone) sees.

I. The divine conception (or the creation) of the Church, Chapters 1-3.

1. The conception of the Church from the divine side: the Church in the mind of God, 1:3-14.

Just as the plans and specifications of a building are in the mind of the architect before a single stone is laid, so the Church was in the mind of God from all eternity, even before one living stone was laid upon another. This conception of the Church from the divine side takes the form of a hymn of thanksgiving consisting of three stanzas addressed to the Trinity with reference to the work of redemption:

(a) Thanksgiving for the spiritual blessings given to the whole Church.

These blessings are summed up, as it were, in a hymn of three stanzas, each ending with the same refrain, and representing the work of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:

Predestined by the Father, who chose us to be sons, holy and without blemish, before the foundation of the world, for the praise of the glory of His grace, 1:4-5.

Given in Christ the Son, conveying redemption, forgiveness, knowledge of God's universal purpose for all creation, and inheritance among the saints, to the praise of His glory, 1:6-12.

Sealed, first to the Jews and then to the Gentiles, by the Holy Spirit, as an earnest of the complete redemption which lies in the future, for the praise of His glory, 1:13, 14.

It is well to take special notice of this hymn of praise, setting forth so beautifully and so completely the work of the Trinity. Paul evidently had the logical order of the work of redemption in his mind when he thus wrote. Under this heading note further:

(1) The nature of that choice and calling.

Eternal, before the foundation of the world, 1:4; 3:9.

Wise and prudent, 1:8.

Free and gracious, according to the good pleasure of His will, the result of deliberate beneficent resolve, 1:5, 9, 11.

Originated in the good will of God Himself, 1:5, 9, 11.
Originated in the riches of His grace, 1:7.

(2) The purpose of that choice and calling.
To the adoption of children, 1:5.
To acceptance in the Beloved, 1:6.
To holiness and blamelessness of life, 1:4.
To the magnifying of God's grace, 1:6.
To complete the exaltation of Christ, 1:10.

(3) What the divine choice and calling includes.
Redemption through the blood of Christ, 1:7.
Forgiveness of sins, 1:7.
Bestowment of all needed spiritual blessings, 1:3.
The knowledge of God's will, pleasure, and choice, 1:9.
Faith in Christ, 1:13.
That we might be "taken into the inheritance," become part of the Lord's portion, which is His people, 1:11.
The gift of the Holy Spirit as a seal of that inheritance, 1:13, 14.
Final and complete redemption, 1:14.
Ultimate object, 2:7.

(4) The place of that choice and calling.
Eternity, 1:4.
In Christ, 1:3; 3:11.
In heavenly places, 1:3.

(5) The source of the knowledge of this choice and calling.
The word of truth—the Gospel, 1:13.
The earnest of the Spirit in our hearts, 1:13, 14.

2. The conception of the Church from the human side—the Church as God would have the Church itself conceive of it, 1:15-23.

This division takes the form of a prayer to the Father, that the Church may conceive, appreciate, and constantly realize the divine conception just set forth in 1:3-14. The prayer is for spiritual enlightenment that the Church may know three things in particular: The realization of the hope of their Christian calling, the knowledge of the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints, and the personal experience of the exceeding great power of God, 1:15-19.

The apostle here passes from the adoring view of the divine calling and choice to the prayer that its treasures of grace may be realized in the whole experience and life of the saints. The prayer covers three things:

1. "The hope of their calling."
"Hope" means realization.
"Calling" means effectuality, power to do.

2. "The riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints."

Observe how the apostle heaps up words to express the grandeur of the subject; it is an inheritance; His inheritance; the glory of His inheritance; the riches of the glory of His inheritance. Paraphrased it would read, "What is the wealth of the glory of the new Israel in the eternal Canaan, as it will be revealed in the saints?" The apostle seems to play upon this word "inheritance," regarding it now as the heritage of the saints in God, and again as His heritage in them. Both are true.

3. "The exceeding greatness of His power."

We may see glorious visions, we may cherish high aspirations, and they may prove to be but the dream of vanity. The question of paramount importance is, What means exist for realizing them? What power is there that will enable believers to be what God wants them to be? The answer in the apostle's words is, "The exceeding power of God." This is the power that we have to count on.

A fuller and more detailed account of the power of God, which is to enable the Christian to live according to the purpose of God (1:20-2:22), is further described:

As exerted upon Christ (1:20-23), granting Him resurrection from the dead, 1:20; ascension to God's right hand, 1:21; lordship over the whole universe, and headship over the Church, 1:22, 23.

**II. The Construction of the Church, 2:1-22.**

In a sense verses 1-10 of this chapter are a continuation of the prayer of the apostle, which was begun in 1:19, especially as further illustrating the power which God will work in and through the Church and the individual believer, which power is illustrated as being exerted not only upon Christ (1:19-22), but also upon individuals (2:1-10), whether they be Jews or Gentiles, granting to them a similar threefold gift, namely: Resurrection from spiritual death, 2:5; ascension with Christ to a spiritual sphere, a sphere above this present world, 2:6; the power to do good works and to manifest God's grace through the coming ages, 2:6-10.

As exerted upon the whole of humanity (2:11-22).

The Gentiles, who formerly were alienated from God, have been brought nigh by the cross, so that now both Jews and Gentiles may have peace with God and with each other; they form one city, one family, one temple, built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets.

The regeneration of the Gentiles and their being built into the spiritual temple of God is an example of the great power of God.

But considering the contents of this chapter as coming under division II, namely, "The Construction of the Church," it is better to consider this chapter as setting before us the idea of construction. Three thoughts are presented to us in this connection: the material

out of which the Church is built; the means by which it is built; and the structure itself, considered as to its foundation, superstructure, and tenant.

(1) The material out of which the Church is formed, 2:1-3, 11-13.

Note the graphic description of our condition by nature—the condition of every unregenerate man: First, we were "dead in trespasses and sins" (v. 1). Our natural walk is then described with respect to its moving cause and spirit (v. 2) and result (v. 4). By nature we are in the flesh (v. 11); without Christ, aliens; without God, strangers, without hope (v. 12); afar off (v. 13). What an unfinished and untouched negative! but is it not true of life?

(2) The means by which the Church is constructed into a temple of God, 2:5-10; 13-18.

Men in their natural state are not fit to be stones in the spiritual temple of God, which is the Church of Jesus Christ, until they have been quickened into spiritual life and raised to spiritual privileges in Christ. This is accomplished not by man's own efforts or works, but by God's free grace, for "we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works" (2:5-10).

Note the blessings God has granted to the believer in Christ: Resurrection from spiritual death (v. 5); ascension with Christ to a spiritual sphere above this present world; power to do good works and to manifest God's grace through the coming ages (vv. 7-10). Now, through grace, we are made nigh (v. 13); reconciled (v. 16); recipients of peace (v. 17); have right of access to God (v. 18); fellow-citizens with the saints (v. 19); members of the household of God (v. 19).

(3) The description of the Scripture itself, 1:20-22.

Three thoughts are presented to us in this connection:

(a) The Foundation of the spiritual temple—Jesus Christ, as confessed by prophets and apostles, 2:20.

Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, even Jesus Christ; on this Rock, and no other, and the Church of Christ be built (cf. I. Cor. 3:11; Matt. 16:18).

(b) The Superstructure of the spiritual temple—the saints as individual believers in Christ and as aggregations of believers, 2:21, 22.

Each individual believer is a temple of the Holy Ghost (cf. I. Cor. 6:19). But no believer is big enough to hold all there is of God, so God dwells in the aggregation of believers which we call a church. But no one church is big enough to hold all there is of God, so God dwells in that larger body of believers called the Church, composed of those who have been called out of the world to faith in Jesus Christ. Just as we are told that the temple of Diana at Ephesus was made

up of a number of smaller temples, each fitted so perfectly into one great and grand whole temple, so the Church of Christ, scattered hither and thither as she may be, is nevertheless so fitted and framed together as to form a beautiful temple for the Lord.

**III. The Constituency of the Church, 3:1-21.**

In this chapter are set forth the personal relations existing between the writer and those addressed. In the same connection the apostle declares the kind of people out of which the Church is constructed, not, however, as to the individuals, as in chapter 2, but with regard to the two great divisions of mankind: Jew and Gentile; he magnifies his office of ministry to the Gentiles, and desires that they should understand his ministry, committed to him by the revelation of God (vv. 2-4). This mystery was revealed now as never before—that they should partake of the blessings of the Gospel. It was entrusted by special grace to him (vv. 5-7). Unworthy as he deemed himself, it was still his privilege to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the Gentiles, yea, to all men (vv. 8, 9), so that the manifold wisdom of God should be displayed in the heavenly world (v. 10), in fulfillment of God's eternal purpose in Christ (v. 11), faith in whom gives liberty of approach to God (v. 12). The apostle's tribulations should not be a discouragement, since they are an honor to those whose apostle he is (v. 13).

(1) Jews and Gentiles, 3:1-13.

By reason of the death of Jesus Christ, the great wall that had divided Jew and Gentile was broken down, and by reason of the faith of both Jew and Gentile such distinctions had passed away and were lost in the name "believer" or "Christian." All of those belonging to these two great divisions of mankind who accept the gospel of which Paul was made a (or the) steward, become thereby members of the body of Christ, are united to the one great Head, and thus form the Church.

In this chapter we are let into one of the deepest mysteries of the purposes of God, namely the mystery of the Church. But this is dispensational truth, and an outline study like this does not undertake to go into such deep matters. It should be said, however, that there can be no true understanding of the Scriptures without some definite knowledge of this mystery—the Church period.

(2) The Doxology and concluding prayer, 3:14-21.

Lastly, the main theme is resumed, and Paul prays for the indwelling of Christ, finishing the doctrinal part of the epistle with a doxology (3:14-21).

This takes the form of a prayer to the Father (vv. 14, 15) for two gifts: First, spiritual strengthening (v. 16); secondly, the indwelling of Christ (v. 17). These gifts are to establish them in love and further

them in knowledge (v. 18), especially in the knowledge of the love of Christ, with a view to their final perfection (v. 19).

The doxology ascribes to God, the mighty worker of all the wondrous blessings described in the epistle (v. 20), glory in the Church and in Christ forever (v. 21).

(b) THE PRACTICAL PART OF THE EPISTLE—setting forth the vocation or walk of the Church, Chapters 4-6.

In this division the Church is set forth as a visible organization such as God would have the world see. What kind of Church, what sort of membership, what picture of family life would God have the world see exhibited within the Church's life and experience? The answer lies in these three chapters.

1. A United Church, 4:1-16.

The walk of the Church before the world should be characterized by unity. The Church of Christ is one let it maintain that unity. Our concern should be not to make so much as not to break or mar the unity that already exists. 'We are not divided; all one body we." God would have the Church present a united front to the world. "That they all may be one . . . that the world may believe that thou hast sent me" (John 17:21). A disrupted church cannot have much, if any, influence on the world.

We have here set before us—

(1) The graces that maintain or keep unity, 4:1-3.

They are described as meekness, lowliness, long-suffering, forbearance, love. Where these exist you find no schism in the body.

It is worthy of note in this connection that all these virtues and graces are developed within the sphere of the Church. It is evidently God's will that every believer should associate himself with God's people and there find opportunity for growth and service. We are justified alone, we are sanctified together.

Note further that all the exhortations of part two are based on the highest and noblest motives—not for personal or selfish reasons, not for one's own happiness or advantage, not even for the good of those about us, but for Christ's sake. The motive for Christlikeness is lifted to its highest point in Christ. For example, we are not to lie because we are members of the body of Christ; we are not to steal because we are Christ's. Special graces are to be exhibited because they are Christlike, because they are the natural expression of Christ within. So the expression, "in Christ," receives its true meaning; God is seen in Christ; hence, that life that is lived in and for Christ is the ideal life. Christ's life is to be reproduced in us, so it is said that we died, have been buried, have risen and ascended and been

exalted in heavenly places with Him. In this epistle God is seen lifting humanity up to Himself in Christ.

(2) The fundamental unities on which the unity of the Church is based, 4:4-6.

We have in this section three arguments, each argument having three clauses, for the unity of the Church. We have a trio of trios.

First trio (v. 4): The Church is one body, with one Head; one Spirit permeates all the members; one hope of calling.

Second trio (v. 5): Unity shown by what makes men Christians, and members of the Church. One Lord—the same Lord Jesus Christ is prince and possessor of all men equally. One faith—one way of access to God, of being united with Christ, of sharing His benefits and redemption, all the blessings of the Gospel are appropriated in one way—by faith; one baptism—by the Spirit into the body of Christ, or open confession of Christ.

Third trio (v. 6): The unity of God in His threefold relation to believers is the crowning argument for the unity of the Church. Over all—the same divine majesty recognized by the Church; Through all —the same divine energy and activity working through all; In all—the same divine Being dwelling in all.

(3) This unity is not monotony, but recognizes a diversity of gifts, 4:7-11.

A study of these verses reveals some very helpful and stirring thoughts:

Every believer has received a gift of one kind or another, therefore he should be useful.

He should find out just what his particular gift is (this he can do by closely reading Romans 12:1-8 and I. Corinthians 12:1-31), stir it up, and put it into use, for God will require it of him in the day of reckoning (Matt. 25:14-30).

No believer should be proud for he does not possess all the gifts. No one man should seek to "run" a church for the same reason.

The measure of the gift is according to the wisdom of Christ, therefore everyone should be content with his gift.

Every gift is for the welfare of the Church as a whole, hence is to be exercised in connection with the Church and in union with God's people. The gifts of Christ to His Church are enumerated here with reference to leadership primarily; the gifts pertaining to membership are to be found in Romans 12 and I. Corinthians 12.

(4) The end and aim of these gifts, 4:12-16

In general they are for service, not ornament; for the building up of the entire body of the Church, not for personal aggrandizement. They are bestowed upon the Church in order that it may render help-

ful and efficient service and ministry (v. 12), which shall not cease to be necessary until every believer in Christ has passed beyond the need of further instruction in the things of God, (vv. 14-16). The pastor, the teacher, the evangelist and every individual believer in Christ is absolutely necessary to the upbuilding of the Church as a whole. The weakest needs the strongest and the strongest needs the weakest; no man is sufficient in himself. Specifically, these gifts are:

(a) To equip the saints for ministering service (4:12).

(b) For the edification of the Church, and the building up of the believer in the true faith and doctrine of the Son of God (4:13, 14).

(c) For protection from false teachers and erroneous doctrine (4:14).

(d) To make full-grown men out of spiritual children; for the presentation of every man perfect in Christ (4:15, 16).

**II. An Unblamable Membership, 4:17-5:21.**

Under I we saw the walk of the Church as a whole; here our attention is fixed upon the walk of the individual member of the Church—he must walk in holiness and purity.

(1) The former manner of living is described, 4:17-19.

(2) The manner of living of the new (regenerate) man, 4:17a, 20-24.

(3) The specific virtues of the new life in Christ are then described:

(a) Truthfulness, based on close union with one another (4:25).

(b) Right use of anger, based upon the harm which the devil may do (4:26, 27). Anger as the expression of mere wounded personality is wrong and sinful, for it means that self is in command; anger as the pure expression of repugnance to wrong in loyalty to God is not wrong. The apostle says, "Let anger be from the latter, never from the former motive."

(c) Honest toil (4:28). Not only that which is legally allowed, but that which is beneficially good. The true object of work is to be benefactors, not merely to accumulate.

(d) Pure conversation (4:29, 30). Based on the desire to help those who hear. Aim to edify. Impure, idle, worthless conversation grieves the Holy Spirit who dwells in you.

(e) Gentleness, based on God's forgiveness of us (4:31,32).

(f) Love, based on Christ's love and self-sacrifice (5:1-2).

**III. An Ideal Home and Family Life, 5:22-6:9.**

(1) The relation of husband and wife, 5:22-33.

This relationship is to be similar to that which exists between Christ and His Church. The husband is to be to the wife and do for

her what Christ is to and has done for the Church: loving care and self-sacrifice. The wife is to render the same reverence and submission to her husband that the Church renders to Christ Such a reciprocal relationship absolutely guarantees a happy, blessed, and contented married life.

(2) The relation of parents and children, 6:1-4.

Parents are not to provoke their children to wrath, but to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord (cf. Col. 3:21). Children are to obey their parents as being in the place of God to them.

(3) The relation of masters and servants, 6:5-9.

Equity and righteous treatment on the part of masters, and faithful service as unto Christ on the part of servants are emphasized. Such a reciprocal relationship would end all labor troubles.

**Conclusion:**

The dynamic power for the realization of these ideal relationships, 6:10-18. As Christian warriors we must be armored with the complete panoply of God, which is here described as is also the nature and seriousness of the conflict.

The epistle concludes with the request of the apostle for prayers for himself (vv. 19,20), and with some final salutations (vv. 23, 24).

# Life's Greatest Question

Matthew 27:22—"What then must I do with Jesus which is called Christ?"

By REV. HENRY HEPBURN, D. D.

The scene of this story is in a court; the Lord of Glory stands before a Roman governor. On the surface of things, Christ is being tried, but the deeper fact is that the governor is on trial. It is the supreme test of his life. Writer and painter have vied with each other in setting forth this hour, but no words can reveal, nor brush depict, the scene that was really being enacted. Eternal things were at stake.

Calm, majestic, the Man of Galilee, the Savior of the World, stands waiting! Great questions stir the heart of Pilate! Some of these are asked of his own heart, also he interrogates the mob which has fully settled the question as to what shall be done with Jesus, or again, he speaks to the Savior who stands bound before him. Note these questions: "Why, what evil hath He done." "Art Thou a king then?" "What is truth?" "Whom shall I release unto you?" The governor may be seen washing his hands, trying to rid himself of responsibility, desirous of shifting the burden of decision; asking of others when he should have asked of himself; heedless of his wife's pleadings; failing to recognize justice when he ordered the scourge to be laid upon the back of the innocent One; sending the Savior to face Herod's tribunal; in every way, seeking to escape the supreme decision. But in vain; after side-stepping, avoiding, making a travesty of justice, he finally gave the decision that Christ should be crucified. But through the perplexing maze of tangled things there stands out one—the all important question: "What must I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" The mob said: "Let Him be crucified, His blood be upon us and our children." The governor joined in that same decision and rejected his one supreme opportunity; with his own water-cleansed hands he closed the door of hope, but with heart sin-

stained, and soul filled with evil, went on his way hopeless, helpless, full of doubts and fears, for the question was wrongly settled.

"What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

Tradition says that later Pontius Pilate, as a result of his double dealing, was banished to Gaul; trying to please all and failing as everyone does. Wandering, hopeless, seeking rest, but finding none, this unhappy one stands at last on Mount Piletus and from its peak casts himself into the dark waters of the lake beneath. Dante pictures him as still engaged in the hopeless task of washing his hands, but finding, like Macbeth's wife, that all the seas of the world and the sweet perfumes of Arabia can neither cleanse nor sweeten, "the spot will not out"; but still more significant is the phrase in the Apostle's Creed, "Suffered under Pontius Pilate."

The text stands out facing each one of us, for it is personal, disturbing, imperative. Upon the right answer hinges our relationship with God, for not through Bible reading, prayer, church going, do we find salvation, but in coming into sonship with God through Jesus Christ. It is accepting or rejecting Him, letting Him in or keeping Him out, confessing or denying Him, being for or against Him.

### Answering the Question.

There are apparently different ways of settling this all important question, but these ways are only apparent. You find one group, a small one—I have met but few—who would say that they had finally rejected Christ once and for all and never wished to have anything more to do with him. Some of the most trying hours in my experience have been to stand before a soul benighted, sin-swept, vindictive, and willful, declaring that he wanted nothing to do with the Savior and had fully determined to reject Him forever.

A far larger group is simply neutral; they have not known or never think about the question, or allow the Name which is above every name to be in their thoughts, but life's pleasures and business are put first, and not only first, but they do not allow anything save self to be considered. God is not in their thoughts, and utterly indifferent to His claims upon them in this life, or to His hopes or to His desires for the future, they go blindly on, regardless of spiritual values or eternal hope.

There is another group which puts this all important decision off until some future time. These mean to give an affirmative decision, but as the Savior stands and knocks, they will not open the door and let Him in. Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, while at our Centennial Celebration, was asked what in his estimation was the difference between North and South America; why one was so far ahead of the

other in every line of achievement. "One word," he said, "sums it all up, and that word is 'mannana," which simply means 'tomorrow'."

There is a fourth group. It is made up of those who have accepted the Lord Jesus, and so have answered the great question as to the salvation of their souls. And yet the three groups mentioned before are one, for after all, we are either for or against Christ. To deny; to be neutral; to put off; means "rejection." And not only is the question, "What then will you do with Jesus which is called Christ?" but there comes the other great question, "What then can I do without Him?" On this question of our text there hinges the hope of the future, the joy of the present, and the strength to do life's tasks in a way pleasing to our God.

### True Greatness.

As you read the story of the years you find a wonderful fund of illustration and a beautiful setting forth of what the answer to life's greatest question has meant to the world. When you think of Paul who accepted Christ and answered rightly, declaring later that for him to live was Christ, you find that in the day when Paul preached, many were indifferent to him and did not care whether he lived or died; in fact, some hated him and attempted to take his life, but he declared, "none of these things move me." Nothing was too hard for him. He stood before Nero; was condemned to death, but in his last word he declares he has fought the good fight, finished the course, kept the faith and so he went on to receive the crown at the hands of the King.

In the ancient days there also lived one Alexander, called The Great. He was so foolish that he fancied himself to be a god, so hot tempered, he even killed one of his friends; in his cruelty he tortured others, wept for more worlds to conquer, and yet, was not able to conquer himself and died at the age of thirty-three from over-indulgence. No one called Paul great, and yet he who answered the King's call stands as a giant today, while the Great King is looked upon with scorn. It was Christ who made Paul's life worth while; his hope glorious; his service all important to the world.

In the far-off days there was a famous soldier called Ulfilas. His name means "Little Wolf." He was a Goth, and though dead these fifteen hundred years, yet he can never be forgotten since he translated the Bible into the Gothic tongue and sought through years of trial ever to lead his people into a knowledge of Christ. His work laid the foundation for the translation of all the Bibles of the great Teutonic race; he led the way and made a plain path for men to know God through His Word. Other translations of the Bible followed and by and by Martin Luther made his great translation, because Ulfilas, long before, had answered the call of Christ. About the same time that this hero of the Cross lived, another man arose, named

Attila. He was a Hun, not interested in the Prince of Glory, but only with a passion for fighting; his whole life war-bent. This man came to destroy property and life. Most of the Huns considered him a great man; the world called him "The Scourge of God." He claimed to be master of half of Europe, but one night a little blood vessel in his breast burst, and the mighty warrior laid down his arms. No one has ever placed a flower on the grave of Attila, the Hun. Compare him with Ulfilas, the Christian. What a vast difference!

All the church of Christ has heard of Columba. Born in Ireland, he went in a little wicker boat to an island off the Scottish coast, called Iona, and by the grace of God, he converted that place into a fountain of light. We have read of "Treasure Island," but here was an island that was rich with the treasure of God. Columba, the untiring worker, ever reading, writing, praying, working up to the very gates of death, all for the glory of the King, he had given himself to Christ. On the day before his death he was at work translating the thirty-fourth Psalm. When he reached the words: "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing," he was so tired he could hold the pen no longer. Early the next morning they found him lying dead on the floor before the altar. For more than thirty years he had made war in the Scottish land upon the darkness of sin. This meant he had answered the question rightly. He made the Christian faith so glorious in the eyes of men that for hundreds of years after his death kings and princes were carried to their burial to be laid near where Columba's body sleeps. Who would not rather have answered as Columba did, and lived his life, than live the life of Tamburlaine, the tyrant, who for thirty years overran the provinces of western Asia, killing wherever he went. He and his great army were robbers and murderers, crushing out life and hope from the Ganges to the Hellespont. In his days, men counted him great, but to the fairminded of today, he was a miserable little dwarf, a shriveled soul.

To the shores of sunny England in the long ago there came a soldier of the Christ known as Augustine; forty other monks came with him; it was a desperate journey from Rome to England in those days. Dr. Jefferson says that even the heart of Augustine failed, and he even asked permission to return before he was half way across Gaul, but the Bishop of Rome ordered him on, for in the market place at one time he had seen a group of flaxen-haired boys, heathen of heart, but beautiful of appearance, and he longed that this wonderful race should have the Gospel. It is a fascinating story how Bertha of Kent aided these soldiers of Christ, and so the banner of the Cross was set up on the shores of Britain. But how much more glorious the story of Augustine than that of Caesar who came, saw, conquered, leaving only walls and camps, and although he did

his best to crush Britain, yet all his warfare was in vain; while Augustine, with the gentle message of the Crucified, overcame all foes and made a joyous land.

As we come to more modern days in France we see a great conqueror called "The Little Corporal." He was determined to do his own will and to make his nation master of the world. His armies marched victoriously, his banners were unfurled over many lands, and it seemed as if every ambition would eventually be satisfied. One day he remarked that God was on the side of the greatest battalions. This man yielded no allegiance to the King of Glory; like Pilate, he rejected His claims, but one day his invincible army, even the bravest of the brave, found themselves helpless against God's snowflakes sifting down on the plains of Russia, and at last this mighty conqueror, from a lonely island prison in the South Atlantic, is heard muttering, "At the head of the Army!—yes, an army of defeated hopes, of blasted ambitions, of nameless sorrows."

In Britain there lived a man who yielded his heart to Christ. For nearly three score years he contested that land for his Savior as no member of parliament ever did to gain a seat. Day and night, in cold and heat, among rich and poor, when listened to with rapt attention or when sneered at, mobbed or driven out,—yet his purpose never wavered,—in chapel, in cemetery, by the market cross or on the roadside, this servant of the Lord Jesus proclaimed the message and lived the life. No man of his day rode as many miles on horseback or paid as many tolls; preaching more than a thousand times a year and living on a meagre salary, he literally burned out his life for Christ. At the end he declared that, "best of all, God is with us," and with the words of a song praising Christ, he yielded up his life and ended his course. Napoleon Bonapart at the head of the army lived for self; John Wesley for Christ.

### Two Virginians.

Perhaps it will make the message more vivid to come to more recent times. Let us consider two famous Virginians; one Randolph of Roanoke, the other Stonewall Jackson. The first was a brilliant American statesman who wrote his name large on the scroll of history. Having attained fame and fortune, he became a senator from his great state, he was the subject of praise and flattery and lived his life before men as one successful, but at length he came to the end of the way. The Rector of the church, in which he held a pew, learning of his serious illness, went to see him and asked if he might not read for him the prayers of the church for the sick and the dying. "No," said Randolph of Roanoke, "it is too late; years ago I definitely decided to do as I pleased and while I have maintained a pew in the church, yet my heart has been elsewhere; I rejected Christ as Savior, but will you tell the young men that I go out facing the

dark?" Later on he asked for a dictionary and said he wanted to look up a word. The physician told him there was no dictionary in the room. "Take a card then," he said, "and write on it the word that best symbolizes my soul, write it in large letters, underscore it. The word is 'Remorse'." This was done; after he had gazed upon it for a time he handed the card again to the doctor. "What shall I do with it?" said the physician. "Put it in your pocket," was the reply, "and when I am gone take it out and look at it and say, 'that is the soul of John Randolph." The other great Virginian to whom I referred was given the name of "Stonewall" Jackson by General Lee, but behind that steadfast, rocklike attitude there lay a will strengthened by the Almighty, for General Jackson was a Christian soldier. On the night before Chancellorville, as his custom was whenever possible, he gathered his staff of officers about him and read from God's Word and afterwards prayed. On the night in question, he read Romans 8:1-5, not once, but to the amazement of his staff, five times. In the silence that followed, General Jackson said: "Tomorrow we face a great battle and if I should fall I want to say that I know whom I have believed and am confident what shall come to me." Afterward he prayed and the awed group of officers went to their quarters. In the early dawn General Jackson with his staff rode forward to reconnoiter. A group of North Carolina infantrymen fired into the staff, thinking that they were facing a patrol of Federal cavalry. At the first volley their General lay mortally wounded. Later on, as he fought the gathering shadows, a telegram came from General Lee, saying: "General Jackson, please live; you are the right arm of the Confederacy; I do not know what I could do without you;" but the earthly warfare of this good soldier was ended. Speaking to those who watched by his side, he said: "Please carry me over the river and lay me beneath the shade of the tree yonder." There was no river there and the General was looking beyond the river of death. Shortly afterwards he crossed that river to rest beneath the shade of the "Tree of Life." I ask you which life you would rather have lived: the life of John Randolph of Roanoke, or the life of Stonewall Jackson? The difference between them was—how they answered life's greatest question.

### In South Africa.

The next contrast is that of two men, both born in Britain, but living many years in Africa; the one, Barney Barnato, found fortune in the Kimberley diamond mines and after great and trying experiences, with twenty million dollars to his credit returned to England. There he was wined and dined as some great conqueror come home from distant wars; nothing was too good for him, but later his health broke beneath the life of pleasure and ceaseless rounds of entertainment; not only did his health fail, but his intellect was clouded, so

it was necessary to put him under care of a guard. Finally, in the hope of restoring his health, his friends arranged that he go back to Africa. One evening, off the west coast of that great continent which had long been his home, while his guard's attention was diverted for a moment, Barney Barnato, the "diamond king," plunged beneath the waves of the restless ocean. A heart that had no rest, a life that had been lived for self and pleasure, left no message by which it might be remembered for good or helpfulness.

In the same generation, a young man, David Livingstone by name, heard the call of the Cross, as he listened with bated breath while Robert Moffat told the story of standing on an elevation in South Africa looking to the far north as a thousand camp fires lifted themselves toward the sky from a thousand different villages where Christ's name had never been heard. From Cape Town to the far north went the tireless feet of God's servant, to the west coast and back again to the center of the continent, to the east coast and back again. Beneath the great baobab tree on the plains of Shapana, Mary Livingstone was laid to rest and the children of that home were sent to England. God's worker marched on and on, even though lost from the world and found by Stanley, yet when urged to return he declared his work was unfinished and when reminded of home and those dear to his heart, their longing to see him, he replied: "Yes, home, home, my heart is lonely beyond measure, but someone must carry on the work." So the great pathfinder for God went on his way declaring that Jesus Christ would keep His Word, "Lo, I am with you alway." At Ujiji where the lines of the cross which he had made by his long journeys through the dark continent crossed, God's servant was found one day upon his knees, having given back the life he owed. The most remarkable journey probably ever recorded, was that of his grief-stricken followers who traveled for eight months or more to the coast, and two of them to England, where in the great Abbey they laid his body to rest. He was indeed a "living stone." Which life would you rather have lived—the life of Barney Barnato, the diamond king who lived for self, or the life of David Livingstone, pathfinder for God. The secret of the difference was what each did with Christ.

### American Womanhood.

Another contrast I bring you in the story of two American women, each of whom had great possibilities. The first, I do not know her name, and well for those who loved her that she went by a stage name, May Ingram. "Pretty May Ingram" she was called, for whom nothing was too good, attended by hosts of admirers, the recipient of flowers and favors, ever the center of fun, pleasure, and the having of a so-called good time, regardless of the future; unwilling to face any serious question of life, utterly rejecting Christ and declaring that she would have a good time while life lasted. The inevitable came

after a few years; she had burned the candle of life at both ends, she had tasted the various cups of pleasure, she had found, at last, dust and ashes. In a third-rate boarding house of our city, attended by a half drunken, dishevelled old woman, "pretty May Ingram," but that no longer, is dying. Her beauty, her fame, her fortune, her friends—all gone; the curtain is rung down, the lights are going out. "O, God," cried the dying one, "fifteen minutes of rest, I face the dark!" She is answered by the horrible laugh of the one who watches by her side. "Why ask for rest? You have had a good time while it lasted, you have done as you pleased," but the moan of the dying woman is the only answer, the lights are out. She never allowed Christ to bring her rest of heart in this world; out into the hopeless future her soul fled away from its ruined tabernacle of clay.

In Wisconsin there lived a young girl, Frances Willard by name. When the Civil War came on, they tell us she had a lover who went away as a young officer. They parted after pledging their troth beneath the shade of a willow tree. A little while later the word came that he lay sleeping his last beneath the palmettoes of the South. Beneath the willow tree this girl fought her great battle of sorrow and there dedicated her life to the womanhood of America. She went out to a great task, and before it ended, more than a million of the women of America were pledged to live the Christ life of service, each wearing a white ribbon, the badge of purity, in a great battle against sin. One day this faithful soldier for Jesus Christ, who had given her life to Him in early girlhood, was offered the headship of a great women's college where she could live in quiet of life, following pursuits most genial, at a good salary and with a prospect of a high name among the educators of our land; but no, to the uncertain, unknown, and without a visible pledge of support, she went back to the supreme task, leaving all of the future in God's hand. When old, weary and the end not far off, it is said that she again went yonder to the place where long years before she kept tryst with her lover; the willow had now grown large, about it she put her arms and wept again, but it was not far to the morning land, where she would see faces she had loved long since and lost a while. Across the world she had travelled and brought healing, comfort, and the Christ message to untold thousands of hearts. A little later when the great task is nearly over, she whispers: "My life a pledge, how beautiful to be with God," and the soul of Frances Willard stands in the presence of the King. Will every girl here listen, will every woman give heed as I speak to you? Which life would you rather have lived, the life of May Ingram, with precious possibilities given over to frivolity and selfishness, or the life of Frances Willard, with precious possibilities given to Jesus Christ, a life of perfume most sweet and of gracious benediction to the world; one, nameless in her death, the other in her

translation the "uncrowned queen of American womanhood." The difference and the only difference was what each did with Jesus, the negative or affirmative answer to life's greatest question.

### Two Great Princetonians.

We are told that no brighter student ever enrolled his name upon the records of a college than that of Aaron Burr. A revival broke out at Princeton, led by his grandfather, Jonathan Edwards, the president of the institution. He preached one day on "The Mastery of Jesus." Aaron Burr spoke to a professor about it, who urged him not to settle the question in a moment of excitement, but to think it through, and this young lad, under the deep conviction of sin and need of a Savior, listened to the professor who urged him to remember that he should settle it without emotion, and Aaron Burr in his room that day decided to leave Christ out of his life. When asked about it he said: "I simply told God if He would leave me alone, I would leave Him alone, and that settled it." He graduated from college with the highest grades ever given and many years passed before they were even reached by another student. The life story of Aaron Burr as a student is one of selfish aims and sinful indulgence; there are gleams of successes but the background is one of darkness and woe. At Quebec he distinguished himself and was cited for bravery; during the Revolutionary War he was made a Colonel; by and by he became Vice-President of the United States. His vanity and selfishness were insatiable. In a moment of passion he challenged Alexander Hamilton to a duel; Hamilton lay dead as a result. Burr was a fugitive and although tried and acquitted, his career was hopelessly blighted, and he who had proven false in his own home, to his friends, also proved traitor to his nation and tried to destroy it. Nothing was too sacred or too holy for him to attempt to destroy. When an old man, he was approached by a younger friend who said: "I have One I would like you to meet; His name is Jesus Christ." The cold sweat stood out on Aaron Burr's forehead and in solemn tones he said: "Sixty years ago I told God if He would let me alone I would let Him alone, and God has not bothered me since." A little later he died. A Christless man was lowered into a Christless grave, and he went out to a Christless eternity. Of all the vice-presidents of the United States you find a picture of each hanging in the capital at Washington save that of Aaron Burr. Over a grave in Princeton Cemetery there stands a chipped and battered monument, on it written: "Aaron Burr, Vice President of the United States, Colonel of the Revolutionary War," and you might add, "A man who left God out."

Many years after the time of Burr there came to Princeton Robert E. Speer, who one day as he listened to Dr. A. T. Pierson preach on "The Mastery of Jesus," went to his room, thought it through, yielded his heart to Christ and then went on in his brilliant

career. His grades at the end of his college course equalled those of Aaron Burr. For the first time the record of that brilliant student had been equalled and that of these two has never been surpassed. During the days of his college career Robert E. Speer lived a Christian life. A captain of the football team, his team never went to the field for practice or into a game without offering prayer. It is said that under the leadership of this captain and with his praying group of young men, this wonderful team was ever victorious. After his days of preparation, hoping to go to the foreign field, Robert E. Speer was asked by the Foreign Board of the Presbyterian Church to become a secretary and into this work he entered without ordination. It was at great sacrifice, because he had expected to spend his life in a field like Persia, gloriously, as Henry Martin or some other crusader of the Cross, but it was God's way and His faithful young follower yielded to the higher will. At one time a firm of lawyers in the city of Philadelphia offered him a position which they say would have meant fifty thousand dollars a year, tremendous in its comparison with the salary given as a Secretary of the Board, but no, his answer was that he thought he could serve God better where he was. Only twice Edinburg University has granted a Doctor of Divinity degree to a layman, and one of these was Robert E. Speer. The only difference between him and the other great Princetonian was what each did with Jesus.

### Soldier-Statesmen.

Let me give one more contrast and the evidence is submitted, your soul the jury, and with you the decision that must be made. In the state of Illinois there grew up a lad, the son of a Congregational minister, who while in High School at Peoria, in the daring of youth and the selfishness of human desire, during a debate, took the negative side of a question that had to do with God. It was the beginning of spiritual eclipse for his soul, for this young man grew more bitter and vindictive in his spirit toward all that was Christian and before the end of life's way, untold thousands of men and women followed him into an agnostic or infidel attitude of mind. While still young he studied law; during the Civil War he went to the front at the head of a regiment of troops. No particular record of merit was made; in fact, he returned home before the end of the war, resumed his practice of law, was chosen to congress, afterwards ran for governor of his state. Although he should have been elected, from a political standpoint, his attitude toward God caused many to turn against him. He was overwhelmingly defeated and retiring to Dobbs Ferry, New York, an embittered man, he declared he never would live again in the state of Illinois. As a marvellous orator with untold ability, he made a fortune going up and down the country defying God, painting Shakespeare as great as Jesus Christ, and in the City

of Chicago, it is said he stood one night upon the platform with his watch in his hand, saying if there be a God he would give Him five minutes to strike him dead. The great audience sat in the silence and horror of a terrible experience, a number of women fainted and were carried out. At the end of the five minutes the orator closed his watch and said: "You see there is no God," and went on with his lecture. His business manager declares that sometimes after a lecture he would speak of the sum he had received for it and wonder what the ones who gave it to him had received. The fact is, they had gotten the seeds of death. But at last at Dobbs Ferry the great agnostic lies dead; his wife and daughters having no hope in the resurrection, no comfort in the thought of the house not made with hands, kept his body day after day until the health officials of that city ordered that it be disposed of, then they had it cremated and a little handful of ashes was brought back, all that remained to them of a husband and father.

In Ohio a farmer lad grew up in a Christian home; one night in a little Methodist meeting house when the minister gave the invitation, this seventeen-year-old boy arose to his feet and said: "I would like to follow Christ." Later on he studied law; during the Civil War he enlisted as a private and by courage and valorous conduct he obtained distinction and promotion. He returned home at the close of the war, a major, was elected to congress and at last became the governor of his State. Princely in his bearing, ideal in his conduct, beautiful in his home life, this one, a servant of God, at length was elected President of the United States. While speaking one day to a great audience in Buffalo he was shot down by the hand of an assassin, but even in these moments of anguish his thought was to protect the poor wretch who had committed the awful deed, and a few days later he came to the end of the way saying: "Nearer my God, to Thee; not my will but His be done."

Which life would you rather have lived, the life of Robert G. Ingersoll, the Agnostic, or the life of William McKinley, Prince with God? The only difference was what each did with Jesus.

Your answer to Life's Greatest Question means life or death!—Choose Life!

# The Great God

**Titus 2:13—The Glorious Appearing of the Great God.**

By REV. HENRY HEPBURN, D. D.

Some men speak of God, and refer to man as if he were a trifle or a plaything in the hand of the Almighty. Others talk of God as if He were little, and man only great—a figment of human imagination. Others look upon Him as an absolute Lord, and still others, as if He were unable to meet the problems or face the difficulties of His own creation. Multitudes in this world, trying to visualize Deity, have made images, and still others personify persons, things or places, hoping against hope to find some comfort of heart or to appease the anger of a God whom they cannot understand.

In Job 36:26 Elihu declares, "God is great and we know Him not; the number of His years is unsearchable." But there is something better than the vagueness of this old time philosopher, and even a passage from the Holy Word declaring "No man hath seen God at any time," is answered in this larger way that we have seen Him in the face of Jesus Christ.

Yes, God is universal, Lord over all. The Psalmist asks the question, "Whither shall I flee from thy presence?"—but finds it impossible in earth, sky, sea or even in the abode of the dead.

He is also supreme. There is no limit to His authority. "Thy Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom." One of the best, probably the finest, definitions ever worked out into theoretical formula, was that of George Gillespie, one of the Westminster Divines, who was called upon to pray after this body of Christian men had debated for days on the wording of a formula giving expression to their reverence and the attitude the human heart should have toward the Lord. The very first sentence of Gillespie's prayer was taken by his brethren as a definition. "God is a Spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth."

Wonderful as all this is, yet a little child when asked "Who is God?" said a far greater thing than any assembly has ever declared, when she replied: "God is my Heavenly Father."

Yes, we find the greatness of the Almighty in the establishment of all laws, the organization of all peoples, the fixing of world boundaries,—in the distribution of His blessings; and it makes the way grow bright to give God, not as some, position, as others, prominence, but as the true believer—Pre-eminence. We journey on, but as we voyage across the seas of time we have a Pilot who knows all the way. Great and marvelous are His works; mighty, the impulses of His heart; glorious, the possibilities for our individual souls.

### Great in Creation.

First God is great in His work of Creation. The only account of this august act is found in the first chapters of Genesis, where the wonderful story of chaos, under the brooding spirit of God, becomes cosmos. Whirling mists, deluges of rain, gradually cooling earth crust, the appearance of the sun, moon and stars, rolling seas, and, by and by, the earth is clothed in wondrous vegetation, insect life, birds, beasts—and the third great act of creation; man, made in the image of God. Today, Creation goes on; perhaps you speak of it as the work of Providence, but remember, out beyond the ken of men, in the bounds of the milky way, new stars are being formed, and while the Father guides the destinies of this world and goes to every sparrow's funeral, He also dusts His hands, and lo, new worlds appear on the far horizons of space. Look up at night; you see the stars lying like diamonds on the black velvet of the darkness! These are but the dew drops on the lawn of the Father's house! See yonder sun, riding in its chariot of fire across the mighty orbit of the sky! That sun is but a porch lamp on the house not made with hands. How perfect the work wrought by the Divine fingers! Our finest cambric needle, or the beautiful Damascus blade, beneath the microscopic glass, are like rusty iron, but look at the dust that falls from the butterfly's wings; lo, every speck is a wondrous feather. The gilding of the insect's body, although of the tiniest possible, is nevertheless as perfect as the larger things we see about us.

One, some years ago, spoke from this platform of the snow never needing a fullers soap. The organ which we love to hear is constantly in need of new reeds; not so with the organ of the wind. St. Peter's at Rome, with its wonderful dome, must have that great circle bound by iron bands lest it fall apart; but the earth, flying through space a thousand miles an hour, is held by the word of His power. Our houses constantly need new paint. Not so the rainbow; it is ever fresh. Whether you look at some lake, dimpling among the tasselated pines of the north, or gaze upon the eyelids of the morn, we echo the word

which Moses recorded long ago: "And He saw everything that He had made and behold, it was very good."

Logic speaks of a brain ruling the universe, but Christ revealed the fact of the heart behind it. Our belief is not that of Omar Khayyam, who thought of all things having come about by chance; but we know of a Father who has made all things by the word of His power, and until sin entered, every part was perfect. Let us think of Him holding the wind in His fist and the seas in the hollow of His hand. We are apt to consider Him as concerned only with great things, but let us realize how He has balanced in wondrous ways the weak and the strong. No man has ever been able to tame the ocean, or to set its bounds, but God has. He binds it with the weakest thing of all—a rope of sand.

It will help us greatly, to look upon His work of creation; seeing all about us the beauty of field and forest, of the sky, the stars, the birds, and perfume of the flowers. What beauty and perfection! When created it was without a storm to sweep the earth's surface; with never a thistle to infest the valley or hillside. After all, thorns are but blossom buds gone wrong, and the joy of labor, through sin, has turned, and is known as toil.

### Great in Providence.

Second, we notice how great God is, not only in His work of Creation, but in His ruling and governing the world and the things therein. In Heaven, His laws are carried out perfectly. In earth, they were—until sin entered. What wonderful plans! What marvelous perfection in the movement of things! Ezekiel had the vision given him that he might see how God's wheels seemed to be moving every whither; yet all toward a great consumation. The wheels of Providence were not geared to run backward.

In the 24th Psalm we find that the world itself is founded upon the floods. We know it arose from the seas, but does it not seem strange to note also the constant flux, the apparent instability of all things? Yet what a consolation to find that they move according to the word of His power. The skeptic declares that nothing is so painful to him as the ceaseless flow of things. A man whom I know was heartbroken over the fact that age had begun to appear upon the faces of his wife and himself, and no matter what they did, nothing could hold back the progress of the years. Behind it all he had no faith in Christ, who came to reveal the Father's love and to make plain His marvelous kindness. All things were not toiling together for good to this man, because he loved not the Lord.

Look again! We see the Almighty weighing the mountains as Isaiah suggests, but we fail to see Him as he counts the hairs of a man's head, as Christ declares. We see Him driving to pasture the

flocks of the stars, but sometimes fail to remember that he also shepherds the lambs of the orphan asylum. We see Him riding in the chariots of the clouds with the winds of the north the horses of His chariots; the lightning of the summer, the harness that flashes upon His quick hoofed steeds, and the thunder of the harvest day, the rattle of the chariot wheels. But we should not fail to see Him spreading a coverlet of snow over the farmer's field, lest the little stalks of wheat perish through the bitterness of the cold. Remember the God of the Bible is not only One revealed as we read His thoughts after Him in the beauty and perfection of the starry sky, but He is also revealed by the microscope . Long ago one asked the question, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?" a single flake of which has more wonders of architecture than the stateliest piles of marble ever erected through the genius of human brain? But that snow flake, is obedient not only to the laws of Creation, but to the law of Providence, and the proud armies of monarchs have been hindered by the tiny flakes at the behest of the great God of the world. But how short-sighted and how false are many of men's thoughts about the works of Providence!

Shakespeare would have us believe that all the world is a stage and that we are but actors, puppets of fate, coming and going, each speaking his little part, getting no whither. Miss Rose E. Cleveland calls the world a market and asserts that all men are buying and selling, and live for this alone. Then again others have thought of the world as a mighty wilderness in which lost men follow mirages and at last meet a common doom.

In Pope's "Essay on Man," there is a phrase near the beginning in which he speaks of the world as "a mighty maze and all without a plan," but after he has journeyed a bit further, a new idea has mastered his brain and he looks up saying, "this world is a mighty maze, but not without a plan." So as we follow the revelation given to us we will not fear that the universe will break as "the mighty fabric of a baseless dream." No, for there is a goal, and he who links himself with God shall find though changes are painful, though men come and go, and circumstances vary; beyond all hopes and shattered dreams, sickness, temptations or death, there is a victory yet to be revealed. Volcanoes may belch out fire and smoke and lava pour from their centers, but as a result, new harvest fields shall wave and beautiful vineyards smile where once the molten metal flowed and all seemed a woeful waste.

Every period of the world's history has apparently been a going to pieces of things. Each age has the appearance of being transitory, but through the mighty forces of disintegration, Providence is constructing a new heaven and a new earth wherein righteousness shall dwell supreme.

History gives many striking illustrations of this fact. For seven days the cross and the crescent met in awful conflict at Tours. Three hundred and fifty thousand men lay slain. The contest may have seemed to have ended where it began, but the crescent advanced no further. Many a victory that has not been seen at first, has proven decisive in the end.

The Armada spread its broad sails like the very wings of death to overwhelm a Protestant world. What was England's puny fleet against these tremendous engines of destruction? Yet one blast from the winds of God, and the proud fleet lay on Britain's shores from the Straits of Dover to the Shetlands.

Years ago the Bible was forbidden at the frontiers of Mexico, Cuba and Porto Rico, but now the Bible may freely enter these lands. When man sets himself up to hinder God in bringing a revelation of Himself to the weary, needy hearts of men, there is an opportunity for men to stand still and see how He who ruleth all things will work a mighty salvation for the children of men.

The tide settles the right of way in the oceans of the world, and so God's tide settles the right of way in the matter of Providence. What is God doing. Charting out new courses for the stars; building dykes against the storms of the seas as the winds finger the waves; planting new forests of acorns to furnish the houses and ships of men; watching over birds and beasts and flowers, but best of all—the needs of his children. Sometimes we can see His movements in a specially striking way as we view what occurs during the passing years. "Yonder in the meadows of sunny England," says Dr. Watkinson, "I passed the ruins of a great cathedral. Once it stretched its mighty aisles and nave and uplifted its cross proudly above that countryside. Its windows were glorious; its music appealing. Today we can scarcely trace the outline of its former huge dimensions. We must go by this ancient place of worship to dedicate sheet iron, red-painted tabernacle, where three thousand people are gathered in loyal and loving worship to praise the name of Him who hath given them the courage to build this church out of their penury." The cathedral arose in order that men might free their conscience from unholy deeds by giving rich gifts of land and gold to the mother church. The Bible was chained and its message nullified and God saw that its very glory passed away! But he who would abide must do the will of God. He is a rewarder of good and also rewarder of evil. He hates sin, but loves the sinner and His Kingdom shall yet rule over all.

To see these things clearly we must look through the telescope of faith. A man went into an artist's studio one day and was shown a small picture; it seemed to be only a daub. "Why do you show me this piece of canvass," said the man to the artist, "when it is simply a piece of cloth upon which you have cleaned your brushes." "No,"

said the artist, "take this glass and look at it!" and he did, and there instead of the daub he saw, under the beautiful touch of the light, the shoulder of a mountain, the play of the stream; he could almost see the waving of the branches of the trees. The glass made the difference. And so faith reveals much to us which to man's mind without faith is impossible of explanation. It is the attitude of the heart which counts. The sun in the winter time is nearer to us than in the summer, but the earth has leaned away from the direct rays.

### Great in Salvation.

The third great wonder of Revelation is that God has created a world, set its boundaries and established its laws, revealed His marvelous daily doings and eternity wide plans, all of which is made plain through the Revelation of His Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities," but He makes Himself known in giving His only begotten Son to take away sin and bring our lives into holy living.

In the Word we find it written that God is a consuming fire. We also discover in another place that He is love. He is fire to the heart that has not seen Jesus, but when the Savior is known, the right attitude is found and joy comes welling its way into a heart that was once estranged. Then the golden age is ushered in for a man and he lives under the truce of God.

The ancients saw Jupiter's eyes filled with cobwebs and a voice seemed to tell them that he does not care, but John 3:16 speaks to us of a love wider than the ocean, higher than the mountains, mightier than the tempest,—a love that was willing to give heaven's greatest treasure to die that Atonement might be made for the sins of men.

King Robert, the Bruce, followed by his own bloodhounds, would have lost his life had he not entered a stream and they were thus thrown off the scent. The hounds of hell—our own sins—pursue us and there is no hope of escape, save by entering the crimson stream which comes from Calvary. There never was a wail of a mother over a son or daughter gone astray, more tender or heart-breaking than the call of our heavenly Father—"Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" The ancient cross still stands. It is the picture, the eternal picture, of the heart of God. Christ was slain from the foundation of the world, but that sacrifice was and is in the heart of His Father and our Father when by faith we accept the atonement made on Calvary. It was for this purpose that Jesus Christ came into the world, that He might bear the sin of many. The very moment that by faith we see Him, the heart turns from its waywardness and the light not seen on sea or land dawns upon the soul; lo, it is spring; the time of singing birds has come and there is the promise of a harvest yet to be.

What wondrous power there is in the death and resurrection of Christ—sin met and power possible—so that our hearts filled with evil, can be freed from their stains and made able for glorious living under the benediction of the Almighty Father.

Have you noticed the sky as it bends over the city as if with outstretched arms saying to all the smoke and fog, "Come to me"? Then the miracle is wrought; the sky swallows the smoke and the fog, then smiles again in the deep and glorious blue. So our Savior offers to take the sin of all the world, and if every sinner would turn to him today it would not bankrupt the cross. Some day He shall see the travail of His soul would be satisfied. The wide outstretched arms of the Crucified receives the wanderers to hope and peace.

Yes, in the long ago, a man captured while plying his bloody trade on one of the great highways and crucified for his evil deed, gave one mighty cry of longing: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom!" That very day he was a trophy led into the Father's presence, washed white from the guilt of the years.

Only a girl who had left home, a common drab, living a life of shame—notice the tender word of Jesus: "Go, sin no more." The heart longing for forgiveness has met the forgiving One and goes to a life of service, holden no longer by a burden of sin.

A young man from a Rabbinical School; fanatical, causing the death of many believers, hurrying from city to city, a violent persecutor, hears a voice sweeter than any earthly tone ever come to him, not even his mother, said, "Saul, Saul," like this one whose face he had never seen. Upon his knees he is asking: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

The beacon of Calvary still burns. Men have tried to blot out its hopefulness, to hinder its gift to the weary and sin-stricken of the world, but their efforts are illustrated by a picture which I have in mind of how years ago a group of French skeptics in Paris decided that the beautiful new church, whose golden cross was to be dedicated one Sunday, should not be seen by the multitude that would gather in the streets and watch the sun light up with golden rays the beautiful symbol of spiritual emancipation; so they started immense bonfires, believing that the smoke would hide the cross; but the sun shone through the masses of smoke, typical of their evil bent lives, and the cross stood out red as blood, glorious to the beholders, and the work of malevolence was hindered. Yes, the cross still stands and the Christ of that Cross would be the Savior of each of our lives. Hallelujah, what a Savior!

### Great in a Call to Service.

The fourth suggestion of this message is that God is great in offering to man Partnership with Him in saving the world. If you

will look through your Bible you will find that next to the connective words, which really have no distinct meaning, the one standing out as used most of all, covering in a concordance which I know, thirteen pages, is the word "God." The next word and one which covers ten pages, that is used in many ways, is the word "Come." This is the word of Salvation. But there is another word, either spoken or suggested under an endless variety of appeals, which is the word "Go." We come to Christ in order that we may go out for Him. "As the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." Here is our true patent of nobility.

In the old story of the "Prisoner of Chillon" we read how a man had been shut away for many years in a prison house. By and by, with infinite toil and the use of an old nail, he cut niches in the wall and at last climbed up until he could see through the tiny barred window, which for so long had been absolutely beyond his ability to reach. It was a little bird sitting upon this window ledge that lured him on to make this tremendous effort.

"A lovely bird with azure wings
That sang and said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all to me."

When he had climbed to that little window, he looked out and saw snows on the mountains, snows that were a thousand winters old; the eternal hills were still there also and the mountains that pointed their fingers up to the sky. The bird of hope came to sing in his heart and comes to sing in ours, urging us through faith to climb up and up, until we can see the heaven-clad mountain on which the Eternal One was crucified, and be drawn out of our prison house into newness of life. Then the shackles will fall away and we will be free; free from sin, its stain, its penalty, its power, and some day we shall be free from its presence. But citizens of the Kingdom of God, we are called into glorious service for Him.

In the fifth century by the river Arno, a band of fishermen drove piles into those mud banks, building thereon, at first, huts, but afterwards, palaces, churches, markets and schools—the city of Venice, noted for its poets and painters, great in its political, social, financial, physical and spiritual appeals. But as the years have passed the ancient piling has decayed and today Venice is built upon a fast disintegrating foundation. Unless new foundations are laid, every building of that city will eventually pass! Politically she holds no place of power; financially her day is eclipsed; spiritually she no longer leads! Her foundations were not eternal!

But in the first century, a group of fishermen by the shores of Galilee, under the appeal of the Lord, listened to His words, and gathered later in the upper room until endued with power for mighty

partnership. Through the indwelling Holy Spirit this group went out to build, not upon the muddy flats of the world, but upon unseen eternal foundations, the city for which Abraham looked, longed, journeyed, but did not see, save by faith—the City of God. Not for political, social, financial or physical venture, but the new Jerusalem, blood-stained its foundations, blood-stained oftentimes its superstructure as men have laid down their lives in the building, and glory crowned that city yet will be. The gates of hell shall not prevail against it! What a partnership into which He has called us. When we labor for God "nothing walks with aimless feet." The vision splendid lifts before us. Prayer is no longer a problem, but a joy. To do without is not sacrifice when it is for Him. Persecution loses its sting, for we fill up that which remaineth behind of the sufferings of Christ. To give is not a burden, but a high privilege. The great commission stood not for the Apostles only, but each believer is called to be a disciple in order that he may be commissioned as an apostle—"one sent."

Is it not wonderful that God calls men; men of failure, sin-stained, corroded by evil, weakened by willful desires, characters rotted out, good names gone, worthless, helpless, hopeless, not only to save and to keep them but with a commission to be good soldiers, worthy followers, mighty messengers. Here is a partnership in which there shall be no failure.

There is a phase which we sometimes miss in the thought of being partners together with Him and it is illustrated by a little story which I heard some years ago. In the southland where many a lad contests for mastery as a grower of corn, on a beautiful spring day, a certain father said to his little son: "This year the field in front of the house is to be planted in corn and I want you to be my partner and we will see what we can raise on the two acres, and in the autumn we shall share and share alike."

It was a happy hearted boy who started with his father to gather out the stones, the stumps, and the various debris that had collected in that little field. Finally, his father said: "Please dig out that big boulder and roll it down to the brook, because I am afraid it will break our plow."

Long and willingly the lad toiled. Wet with perspiration he at last found the task hopeless. The great hole which he had dug about the stone proved only an opportunity for the boulder to snuggle down deeper in the earth. Then, turning to his father, he said: "May I ask one question?" "Yes," the father replied. "Why do you ask me to do something which you know I cannot do?" "What can you not do?" said the father. "Why, I cannot roll this stone out of the hole, let alone put it yonder in the brook, and I think you knew all the time that I could not." "Yes," replied the father, "I did, but I waited a long time for you to find out that I am your partner." "What, would

you help me roll out the stone?" "Why, of course," said the father, "partners always help each other."

Beautifully the lad learned the lesson, but have you? For always beside each life there is some boulder of difficulty which cannot in that one's own strength be removed, but God is ever saying, "Will you let me be a partner? I called you to be my partner, but will you call me to be yours." And that call is made plain and the answer is clearly revealed as we hear Jesus the Savior crying "Follow Me." George MacDonald puts its plainly in his little poem on "Obedience."

I said: "Let me walk in the fields."
He said: "No, walk in the town."
I said: "There are no flowers there."
He said: "No flowers, but a crown."

I said: "But the skies are black;
There is nothing but noise and a din."
And He wept as He sent me back—
"There is more," He said. "There is sin."

I said: "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun."
He answered: "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone!"

I said: "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say."
He answered, "Choose tonight,
If I am to miss you or they."

I pleaded for time to be given.
He said: "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem so hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide."

Then into His hand went mine;
And into my heart came He;
And I walk in a light divine,
The path I had feared to see.

### The Final Picture.

Perhaps this message of the greatness of our God, His call for service and the wondrous comfort and joy which He brings to lives, has never been brought more clearly to my own heart than by a story which Dr. Ferris, of San Diego, tells, and may the Holy Spirit bring it to yours.

Years ago he was pastor of a church in Philadelphia. One of his most loyal and helpful workers was a poet and hymn writer. His

name I do not know, but one day when Dr. Ferris called upon him, he said: "Pastor, perhaps you wonder how I found the Lord." "Yes," replied Dr. Ferris, "I have often wondered, for I realize that some great experience lies in your past and makes your present so helpful. If you care to tell me the story I shall be glad," and this is what he said:

"I was brought up an infidel and for many years I lived that kind of a life. My children never heard me pray; in fact, I never allowed a Bible in the house, forbade anyone to mention Church or Sunday School and so my children were growing up in absolute ignorance of spiritual things. I thought to feed, to clothe, to train them intellectually, was sufficient. I hated the thought of God or eternal things.

One day when my oldest lad was about fourteen, as I was about to leave my home, a little newsboy came up carrying parts of a broken bicycle. I noticed upon it stains of blood and in a moment realized that this was what was left of my son's bicycle. 'What are you doing there?' I said to the lad. 'Nothing, sir, only a policeman at the corner told me to bring you the bicycle, because the truck ran over your son and hurt him. They took him off to the hospital in the ambulance, but it was not my fault, sir, and it was not his fault, but the truck driver was on the wrong side and crowded him into the curb and he is awfully badly hurt.'

Scarcely heeding the final words of the street urchin, I hurried away, hoping to soon find what they had done with my boy. Three long hours, Dr. Ferris, I searched through the hospitals of Philadelphia and at last found him in an emergency station. As soon as I entered that room with its long line of beds, I saw a little brown hand waving at the far end. 'Here I am, Daddy, here I am.' How I ever went the length of that room I do not know, but in a moment I was on my knees beside the cot.

'It was not my fault, Daddy,' the little fellow said to me.

'O, never mind about the bicycle, son. I want you to get well and be all right.'

'No, Daddy, I will not get well. I heard the doctor say to the nurse, "He will soon be gone," and, Daddy, I was afraid you would not come and I wanted to ask you something. I want you to forgive me, because I disobeyed you once. I went to Sunday School.'

'Never mind that. It is all right.'

'But I must mind about it. You told me not to, but if I had not gone I would not know what to do now, because the lady there told us that there was a person named Jesus who was the best friend a boy ever had and she said if we ever got to a place where we did not know what to do, just ask Him and He would help, and when I heard the doctor say, "He won't be here long," I knew that I had to have

help and I asked Jesus to come and He is right here. I am not afraid now, Daddy, but I want you to forgive me and I want you to pray with me, because I have got to go.'

'Why, son, I never prayed in my life—I don't know how.'

'All right, I will teach you. Please say what I tell you, Daddy, because the lady that taught the class taught us how to pray and I learned that prayer pretty good, because she said it over and over until we most knew it. Now, please say after me, "Our Father"—Please say, it Daddy.'

What else could I do? And I said 'Our Father.'

'Hallowed be Thy name.'

'Hallowed be Thy name.'

'Thy Kingdom come.'

'Thy Kingdom come.'

'Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven,'—'Please say it, Daddy. I am about to go.'

'Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven'—and, Dr. Ferris, Jesus took my boy at that moment, but the same instant He came into my heart. That is how I found Christ and He has been a wonderful Savior and revealed the greatness of God to me and now I am working day and night to glorify His Holy Name."

# Address to Ministers

By REV. CHARLES INGLIS, D. D.

I always feel that it is a great difficulty to talk to ministers. If you were all sinners, I would know what you needed—the Gospel. If you were all saints, I have got an idea what you might need then. But this afternoon I want to have just a heart-talk with my brethren who are present. I want to read two or three verses from Second Corinthians, chapter five, beginning at the seventh verse:

> For we walk by faith, not by sight;
>
> We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.
>
> Wherefore we labour, (or, are ambitious) that, whether present or absent, we may be well pleasing unto Him.
>
> For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that everyone may receive the things done in His body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.

Now, going on to the twentieth verse:

> Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.

And now for one of the most difficult verses I find in all New Testament Scripture:

> For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.

I always think, Brethren, that this is a good chapter to read every New Year's day, for the simple reason that it contains so many new things. I do not know where you have so many new things recorded as you have in this chapter. For instance, in the seventeenth verse, you have the new birth: "Old things have passed away, and all things have become new." Then in verse one you have the new hope: "We know that if the earthly house of our Tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Then in the seventh verse, you have a new walk:

"We walk by faith." That is in contra-distinction to the old walk. Then we have a new object, that whether we live, we should not live unto ourselves, but unto Him, who died for us and rose again. Then we have a new attitude, in verse eighteen: "We are reconciled to God." And in verse twenty, we have a new occupation: "Now then, we are ambassadors for Christ."

The chapter divides itself in a three-fold way: First, what we are; second, what we do; third, what we shall be. We shall be "Made manifest at the judgment seat of Christ." We are—verse twenty—we are ambassadors for Christ. May I remind you of one or two things that are true of every ambassador, and certainly true of every ambassador for Jesus Christ. Every ambassador is always sent to a foreign land. You never send an ambassador from Washington to 'Frisco, but you send them to London, to Japan, and other nations. They are always sent to a foreign land. And, you know, I thank God increasingly that, if I am an ambassador for the Lord Jesus, I am in a foreign land. People sometimes say to me: "Are you British?" "No." "Irish?" "No." Scotch?" "Oh, no." "American?" "No." "Well, what are you?" "Well, if I must answer you from Scripture, John 3, and the marginal reading, 'I was born from above'." And that is why we Christians will never be altogether right until we get back and breathe our native air once more. 'Way down in Bristol, England (have to add "England" in America—you have taken everything, and we only have St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Westminster Abbey, and a few little things left, now)—down in Bristol, England, there was a man who lived in the upper part of the house, and had a place in the basement for the repairing of shoes. And he had a sign with these words painted on it: "The workshop down below; the residence above." This is the workshop, Brethren, but the residence is up above. Thank God, we belong to better scenes, and sunnier shores, and to fairer climes than this.

And again, every ambassador is always sent to represent someone else. I believe you are the richest country in the world just now (of course we help to make you so, with all the gold we send over!) But you do not send out ambassadors that they might represent themselves. They are sent to represent the people that send them out. And I want to say this afternoon that it is not so much what we say that counts, but it is what we are that tells. That is the difference, perhaps, between character and reputation. Character is what I am, reputation is what I am reputed to be, whether it is true or not. For instance, a Chicago paper might say tomorrow that it is reported that Charles Inglis is a millionaire. If they said so, they are liars! It is not true, but it is reputed. It is not an actual fact. Now, we are here in our ministry to represent the Lord Jesus Christ. I think one of the first ambassadors that was ever sent to China, instead of

looking after the interests of his country, was found on more than one occasion, upon the streets of Shanghai in an intoxicated condition. The moment the authorities heard of it, he was instantly recalled, and another sent out in his place. The ambassador sent out in his place was an absteminous, upright, consistent man. The Chinese people knew when he was going to land, and as he walked down the gang-plank, the Chinese pointed to him and said: "Here goes another drunken Britishman." How did they get that idea? Because the first was drunken, they thought that all the others would be drunken, too. Brethren, the people are watching you, in the positions you occupy, and I pray increasingly that the character of Him whom you represent may speak to the hearts and the consciences of the people.

Let me say, again, every ambassador is always sent with a message. He never goes without one. When your ambassador turns up in London, he always asks for an interview with the King, and he always brings a message of good-will from a hundred million of people in this land to forty-seven million of people across the sea. He never goes without a message. And in this chapter, it speaks of the message, when it speaks of the ambassador. What is the message? The message is the reconciliation of the lost soul. That is our message. Sometimes when I look down the newspaper column on Saturday, and see the subjects that are to be preached on the following day, I have said to myself: "I am afraid some of the ambassadors have forgotten their message." Suppose I was commissioned by the President of the United States to go down to one of your federal prisons, and take a reprieve to a man lying in a condemned cell, and when I enter his cell, I present him with a bouquet, and I say to him, "My dear fellow, do you know anything about the language of flowers?" I give him literature on flowers. And I sit there beside him, and go through the literature with him and talk about the flowers in his bouquet. Then I say unto him, "Do you know anything about music? This piece is by one of the greatest composers." And I go through the music. When I have gone through the music, I say to the man, "Are you interested in the poets?" And I quote him something from Browning, and from Longfellow. And when I have got through with the poetry, I say, "Are you interested at all in evolution? Here is the latest word." And I pull a book from my pocket, and I read a chapter on the latest thing in evolution. And then I turn around, and I leave that condemned cell, with his reprieve still in my pocket. What would you say, Brethren? You would say something like this: "Go to the nearest river, and make a hole in the water, and burn yourself—for you have forgotten your message." Oh, thank God, we have a message of reconciliation, and what this old world needs today, and the panacea for the millions that are in darkness, is the old, old story of the Savior's matchless life.

Every ambassador is always entirely at the disposal of his King, his President, or his Country. His time, his talents are yielded up to the service of his country. And if you and I are ambassadors for the Lord Jesus Christ, we are not our own. We were once, but not now. And remember this—we are His, by choice; we are His, by purchase; we are His, by covenant relationship; we are His, by faith. I was reading that fifteenth chapter of Acts the other day, where, speaking of Paul, and the apostles, it says: "Men who have hazarded their lives for the Lord Jesus Christ." The word "hazarded" arrested me. I said, "What a curious word, hazarded." We always associate risk, when we use the word hazarded. And I turned to that word, as any of you can do, to find the literal meaning. It means, "who have handed over their lives to the Lord Jesus." Their lives are absolutely yielded up to the Christ of God. So that we can say today, "Not mine own. Oh, no, not mine own. I belong to Thee. All I have, and all I hope for, Thine for all eternity."

I notice not only what we are, but what we do. Briefly speaking, there are three things in the chapter that we do. And first, says the apostle here, we groan. "Oh," said an old lady to me one day, "I am so glad you are going to speak about groaning." "Yes, madam," I said, "but remember that groaning can never be translated grumbling." There is a great deal of difference. Remember in Romans eight, Brethren, there are three groans referred to: the groaning of the whole creation, the groaning of the Christian, and the groaning of the Holy Spirit. Paul says that we are groaning to be released from this body, and to put on a new one. Groan I may, but grumble I must not. John Wesley once said that a child of God has no more right to grumble than he has to curse or to swear. There was a dear old Methodist preacher down in Cornwall, England. He was very hearty in his ejaculations. He always said "Hallelujah" when he felt it. One day he was thrown out of his vehicle, and his leg was broken. He suffered excruciating pain. Some of the Job's Comforters belonging to the church went in to see him, and they said, "We are very sorry to hear about your accident." "Yes," he exclaimed, "But praise the Lord!" "What?" they said, "Praise the Lord because your leg is broken?" "Oh, No! But I am thanking God because it was not my neck!" We all have plenty to make us sorry, but plenty to make us glad. Have you ever noticed in the sixth chapter of the book of Numbers—you must have noticed it! I was called here to speak to ministers, and ministers know everything!—in this sixth chapter of Numbers there are mentioned two things that the Nazarite had to abstain from. He was to abstain from wine—I see your faces brighten up, you Prohibitionists! But, listen! He had to abstain not only from wine, but from vinegar, too. Some of us would not taste the wine, but we are everlastingly at the vinegar! And we often wonder

why it is that our ministry is not so successful as it should be. Just before I left London, a month ago today, I heard of a great doctor who made this declaration, that it is far easier to rejoice than it is to grumble. He declared that you required only to employ thirteen muscles in your face to rejoice, but you require sixty-one when you start in to grumble.

Now these three things that Paul says we do. First, he says, we groan. Then he says, we walk. You know the Spirit of God often employs different words to convey the same meaning. What I mean is this: In the Epistle to the Ephesians you constantly get the word "walk." In the Epistle of Peter, you get another word used, and it is the word "conversation," and both words refer to our manner of life down here. It doesn't simply refer to my speech, or to my walk. "We walk by faith"—that is: we live by faith. Any life that is lower than a life of faith, Brethren, is positively dishonoring God. The man or the woman that trusts God—listen!—will be tested, will be tried, but I can promise you two things. You will never be forsaken, and praise God you will never be forgotten. It was my privilege to know many of the men in the '70's and '80's—Charles H. Spurgeon, George Mueller of Bristol. When George Mueller was in this country, a poor woman who had heard a great deal about him, had been anxious for years to hear him speak. When her husband came home one night, he found her radiant. "Have you had a fortune left you?" "No! Something better than that! You know how long I have wanted to hear George Mueller. He is now in this country, and he is to be here next week, and will preach in the Presbyterian Church." The time came around, and this working-man's wife went around to the church carrying her little babe in her arms. The church was crowded. Just as George Mueller started to speak, the baby started to cry. It got from a cry to a scream, and from a scream to a yell, and the poor mother started to get up and go out. George Mueller said, "Tell that mother she is not to go out. I am going to ask the Lord to stop the baby's screaming instantly, and start it out to sleep." He did so, and at once there was a great calm, and in two or three minutes the little one had nestled down into its mother's bosom and had gone fast asleep. Brethren, it is very easy to pray for that debt to be lifted from the church—but how about a screaming child?

We groan, we walk, we are ambitious I like that word ambitious. It occurs four times, as you know, in the revised version. Ambitious about what? To please Him. Say, Brethren, haven't you found out, as I have, that it is far easier to please the Lord Jesus than it is to please your brother Christians? Or than it is to please even a committee? You know what Dwight L. Moody once said—that it was very fortunate that Noah never had a committee, or he would not

have finished the ark yet! That is very true. But our business is to please Him. And the way to please Him is to implicitly obey Him, and to follow Him, and to trust Him. I was staying over in the city of Dublin once with a friend, and I went down to his office to get my mail. As we opened our mail there was a tap at the door. My friend said, "Come," and the door opened. In walked a man with military bearing. He saluted my friend, and stood at attention, and he said, "Sir, what are your commands today? I am here to carry them out." I looked at the man, but said nothing. The next morning at the same hour, the same thing occurred. In came the man, saluted, stood to attention, and said: "Sir, what are your wishes today? It will please me to carry them out." When the man had gone, I said to my friend, "Where on earth did you unearth that freak of nature?" He said, "I know it must seem very strange to you. I cannot explain it, but that man is never so delighted as when he is running upon my errands." I thought to myself, "I wish it were so with me, in doing the Lord's errands!" "Lord, what are your wishes today? I am here to carry them out." Ambitious to please Him! To please Him Who died to save us, Who is enthroned to bless us, and Who one day is going to come for us.

And now, "What we shall be." We shall be made manifest—manifest at the judgment seat of Christ. I know you brethren won't confuse the "judgment seat of Christ" in second Corinthians, fifth chapter, with Revelation twenty. In Revelation twenty, "the great white throne" is for sinners. "The judgment seat of Christ" is for saints. Revelation twenty is for penalty. Second Corinthians five is for reward. How often will people come to you and say, "Well, I know I shall have life." Life is not a reward, it is a gift. And I believe that this is a question of rewards as to my faithfulness in my ministry for the Lord Jesus Christ. We will not all have the same rewards. If so, there are Scriptures in my Bible that have no sense on earth! You say, "We shall all be filled." Yes, but there will be some measures capable of containing more than others. I do not know how many crowns there are in Scripture. Some people who have the number seven on the brain, declare there are seven. I do not believe that. However many there are, it is my wish that I shall win them all. We sometimes sing, "The Crowning Day is Coming." Yes, and every beat of the heart, every throbbing of the pulse, and every tick of the clock brings the moment nearer when, if we have been true to Him, we shall receive the "Well done, good and faithful servant."

It is said that Mendelssohn used to love to wander through the old villages, and visit the village churches. One day he went in to a little village church, and the old organist was strumming away on the pipe organ. Mendelssohn went up to him—he was unknown to

the organist—and he said, "I wish you would allow me to play on that organ." The organist said, "We do not allow strangers to play, and people who do not know how to play." But Mendelssohn said, "I wish you would allow me to play." "Well, it is against the rules, but you may play." And he stood to one side, and Mendelssohn sat down before the organ, and his fingers began to sweep over the keyboard. The old organist stood and listened. He thought he had never heard the old organ talk like that before. As Mendelssohn continued to play on, the old organist went over to him, and he said, "Man, who are you?" And he said, "I am only Mendelssohn, that is all." "Only Mendelssohn! Only Mendelssohn! And to think that I almost prevented you from playing on the organ!" Oh, brethren! Let the Lord Jesus have the keyboard of our lives, and if He does, Oh, the music He will bring out of them! God grant it!

# Philip and the Eunuch

By REV. BOB JONES, D. D.

And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is a desert.

And he arose and went: and, behold, a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority under Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship,

Was returning, and sitting in his chariot reading Esaias the prophet.

Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot.

And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest?

And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him.

The place of the scripture which he read was this: He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth:

In his humiliation his judgment was taken away; and who shall declare his generation? for his life is taken from the earth.

And the eunuch answered Philip, and said, I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself? or of some other man?

Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus.

This is the kind of work that every Christian in the wide world can do. We are not called to do everything. Some are called to take the pulpit, and preach; others are called to go to China, or India, or Africa as a missionary; but here is one kind of work that every Christian in the wide, wide world is called to do—Personal

Work. By Personal Work, I don't mean just asking people to go to Church, or to attend Sunday School. By Personal Work, I mean definitely asking them about their souls.

I take it for granted that most of you are Christians. If you are a Christian, it is your business to go out and tell other men how to be saved. Suppose you should come across some poor dying man, who would turn his eyes to you and say, "Look here, Christian Worker, tell me what can I do to be saved." And there are a lot of men who call themselves Christians, who could not tell a man how to be saved. There are a lot of men who call themselves Christians, who say that they do not understand the Bible, that it is too deep, it is too high, it is too broad, they cannot understand it. But however deep, and high, and broad the Bible may seem to you, the light is clear as the brightest noon-day on the way to lead men from earth to Heaven. It is absolutely plain—the way of Salvation.

Many a man who calls himself a Christian has never really given himself wholly to God. He may say that he has given God his heart, and he wants to go to heaven, but he has just enough religion about him to be uncomfortable! He has just enough of Jesus to keep from enjoying the things of the world, and enough of the world in him to be uncomfortable with Jesus! Have you ever given yourselves wholly to God? Give God your hands, that they may work for Him. Give Him your feet, to go on His errands, and not to use just for yourselves. Give your whole selves to God, not just "spiritually," but physically, wholly. Give God your eyes. When your eyes are wholly His, how the things of God will fascinate and charm you, and things will look entirely different than when you used them just for yourself. And give God your ears—then how the things that you hear will thrill you! Have you ever given your selves, your entire selves, to God?

The thing that is damning the country today is selfishness. Did you ever stand in a crowded railroad station when a train was ready to leave, and see how the crowd push and jostle each other, each one trying to get first place? Selfishness, selfishness! The world is full of it. Down in Montgomery, Alabama, the other day, I stood waiting for a street car, for I did not have an automobile. And while I stood waiting for that car, four automobiles passed me, and there was just one man in each car! I could not help but wish that they would have a blow-out to save my life! (Laughter.) Selfishness! The world is full of it. People are using their hands, people are using their feet, their eyes, their ears, just for self. Let's quit this selfishness, and give ourselves to God. Let us say, "Oh God, here is this selfish hand of mine, all stained. Cleanse it, and help me to use it for thee. And take my feet, and use them for Thyself. Send me tonight on the road to some one who needs God. Take my eyes,

and make them thine. Teach them to see all the things that are thine. And my ears. Make them thine own, that they may hear the heart that is crying in the darkness to God. Take me, all of me, for Thyself." Let us give ourselves to God entirely. Let us quit this shamming, and hypocrisy, and let us give ourselves to God. Let us get clean and pure, as God can make us. Let us give ourselves unreservedly, without holding back a single thing, to God.

You all remember that story in the Old Testament of Elisha and the widow's son. All right. I won't need to tell it. But you remember when the child died, and the widow came to Elisha, he said to Gehazi, the servant, "Take my rod." A lot of people today are saying just like that, "Use my rod"—"God can use my contribution." But the child was still dead! "I made a contribution to the collection." But the child is still dead! Give yourselves! Elisha had to go himself before he could bring the child back from the dead. When he went, himself, there was a wonderful result—the child lived. Give yourselves. In the New Testament we are told: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." I beseech you, Christians, Brethren, to give God your bodies. Let's do it! Let's do it! What God needs in this country is consecrated flesh and blood and bone and muscle, consecrated absolutely and unconditionally to God. I tell you, men and women, as I have gone up and down over this country, I have been impressed by the fact that most of us who call ourselves Christians, are just playing with God, and the destinies of men. We are not doing as much to save souls as a good politician would do to win votes! That is right—do you realize it? Not doing as much to win souls as a politician to win votes! Let a man run for office, and there he is, on the job—out in the country every day for a month, trying to see a fellow. And when he meets his man, he stays by him, follows him home, stays to dinner, and goes out and looks at the cows, and the horses, and the pigs, and looks at the garden, and admires everything. Finally he says, "Say, I'm running for office—I'd like to have you support me." Oh, we preachers, deacons, elders, Sunday School teachers—if we would do so much to keep people from hell! But we are playing, playing, playing, when we ought to be on the job, working for God. One would think we did not believe that if people did not come to Christ they would be lost and go to hell. Believe? Oh, yes, believe—we say we believe. But the world thinks we are joking!

Some of you here tonight have loved ones at home, and the only thing between them and Heaven is a heart-beat. Thank God, between me and Heaven is Christ. Between me and Heaven is Christ, between you and Heaven is Christ—but we all have friends, who have nothing

between them and eternity but a heart-beat. Yet we go to sleep at night just as peacefully—and a man is drifting down the road without God, and going to ruin. If we believe it, let us act like we believe it! Let us have it as a burning, consuming fire within us, this passion for the saving of souls. This passion for the saving of souls is what our country needs today. Our country is not suffering from lack of energy—we have plenty of that, too much of that, sometimes. But it is suffering from a lack of passion. And I don't believe that what we lack is knowledge, either. What we need is passion. When we get the passion in our souls, we will know how to do it. Over here is a poor mother. She doesn't know anything about scientific feeding of the baby, she doesn't know anything about how many hours she should wait between feeding times, or anything like that. But she loves the baby, and she will feed it, though she herself may starve. She will warm it in her bosom, though her back be cold. And when you get this passion, this love, in your soul, you will find the way to reach out and meet the need of others, point them to the way of salvation. This world of ours is not suffering from head trouble, it is suffering from heart trouble! The trouble is in your heart, not your head. There is never very much trouble of any kind really coming out of human heads, it is always the heart. If the heart is all right, the head is pretty safe. The whole trouble with this world today is the trouble with the human heart. The trouble is down in our very souls. Now listen, if we believe a thing, let's act like it. Let's give ourselves to Him.

Did you know there are people in this country literally dying for someone to help them? Listen: There was an old man who died—an old miser. And you know nobody cares, when a miser dies. The world never cries over the coffin of a miser. I'd rather die in the poor house, and have all the people of the poor farm gather around, and shed tears because I wouldn't be there any more, and say "Bob Jones is dead," "He had a heart in his bosom, we will miss him"—than to be like the old miser up on the hill, nobody to care, nobody to shed tears, the only comment, "Well, the old miser is dead at last, and I'm glad of it." At the funeral of this old miser I'm talking about, there was only one woman, and she lived by the cemetery, and saw that they were burying someone. She did not know who was dead, but she gathered a few flowers and came over, and they were the only flowers there. I walked out of the cemetery with the only living loved-one—his son. "My friend," I said, "I had a father, and I know how to sympathize with you. I want to ask you to take Jesus." I saw a tear start in his eye, and then another; and I saw him swallow a great sob. "Mr. Jones," he said, "I am thirty years old, and I have lived in this country all my life; and nobody ever asked me to come to Jesus before." Just think of it—thirty years old! You remember

that Jesus went to the pool where the angel troubled the water once a year, and there he found a man who had not been able to walk for more than thirty years, and He asked him why he didn't get down to the pool, and be made whole. And the man answered that he didn't have anybody to help him in, and another got ahead of him. That is just the trouble today with thousands of people—there is nobody to help. There are drunkards, there are fallen women, there are boys and girls in the way of temptation, and going along the road to hell, there are men living in darkness without God—and there is nobody to help! "Oh, yes," you say, "Bob Jones, we have got preachers and that is just their business. We have them, and we pay them starvation wages, and they ought to get out and find all these folks who need this help." No, there isn't any preacher or anybody else who can do your work. My work is to do my dead level best for the Lord. If I don't do my work, it will never be done. If you don't do your work, your work will be undone. God has a certain part for you to do, and you must do it. You have in your pocket the key that will unlock some human heart, that will open some soul to God—just you, nobody else. You are to be some messenger to some soul. If you won't go, nobody else can go.

Now, our real business in life, if we are real Christians, is soul-winning—and we do not need to be too conservative about it, either! There was a very dignified preacher in a church, and a discussion came up about a revival, and the need of winning people to Christ. He arose and said, "My beloved brethren, I advise you to do this work, but be very careful, be very conservative about it." As I looked out over the audience, I thought, "There is no need to worry about that crowd—I'll guarantee that!" There is no danger of fanaticism in our churches. They are dying of dry-rot and formalism—going to ruin because we have not the passion—the real heart-passion for souls.

There is no time this evening to make suggestions as to methods of soul-winning. Let me just point you to the Scripture that I read this evening. The Lord said to Philip, "Go down this road," and Philip said, "All right, I am going." If Philip had stopped and argued with God for thirty minutes, the Ethiopian eunuch would have gone on by in his chariot, and he would have been too late. He just got there in the nick of time. And while you have stood and argued about the matter, chariots laden with immortal souls have gone by, and your opportunity is gone. And the Lord said to Philip, "Go on and get into this chariot," and Philip was there. He didn't stop to ask questions. He didn't say, "Lord, are you going to ask me to pray?" He didn't say, "All right, but I won't pray. I never could pray in public." That is what we preachers hear when we ask our church members to help us out. "No, I can't pray—I can't talk. I

never could do anything in public. I'm too timid, too reserved. You know, I'm peculiar, I'm different from other people." No, you are not! It is egotism for you to think God made you different from the whole human type. You are just like the rest of the crowd. When I was a young preacher, I had my first charges out in the country, and I thought I had to preach one kind of a sermon to one crowd, and another to another. When I was in the center of culture, I thought I had to use the "Beloved Brethren" style, and back in the woods, another style; but after being several years in the ministry, I found that was not true. The kind that appeals to the one, is the kind for the other. I have preached in twenty-six states, and I have been in big cities, and little cities, and in country towns, and in little villages —and they are all just the same. They all need Jesus, and they all want to know the love of Christ.

"Down this road, Philip." "Wait, Lord, just a moment, before I start. I want to ask another question. Are they going to take any collection? I don't go where any collection is taken." I met a man on the train not long ago. He said, "I am not going to give any more money to any cause for several years. I'm going to wait and catch up." "Catch up?" I said. "What with? What do you mean?" "Why," he said, "during the war, I gave, and gave, and gave—and now I'm going to wait and catch up a bit." "Well," I said, "how are you getting on financially?" "Oh, I'm just about holding my own." Holding his own! Can't give any more, because he gave, and gave, and gave, during war years—yet he is "holding his own." I know some folks who did not hold their own! I know one fellow who did not hold his arms—he left them on the battle-fields of France, and came back with only the stumps. I know one fellow who came crawling off the battle field of France, and left a leg over there. I know one poor fellow who did not hold his sight, and will have to be led down the roads all the rest of his life—went blind on the battle-field, and will live his life out in darkness. I know another who came off the battle-field a raving maniac, and he is in the mad-house for life. Oh, some folks did not "hold their own." I know one dear woman down south who kissed her manly son good-bye, and said to him, "I'll be praying for you to come back." They brought him home dead, not long ago, and he sleeps in the cemetery not far away. Some folks did not "hold their own." I know of another woman, who reached up to the car window, when the troop train was pulling out, and said, "Good-bye, Dear, I will take care of things. Don't worry about me and the baby" —and he is never coming back home. Oh, I know lots of folks who are not "holding their own." I saw a baby boy, who was lifted up in his mother's arms, to the car window, and he reached up and patted his daddy's cheek, and said "Good-bye" in his baby-talk. His daddy bit his lips, and tried hard to smile—but that little fellow did not hold

his father. His father died over in Europe. And yet here is a poor miserly soul, talking about "holding his own," when the world has been swept by suffering, and death, and ruin!

"Down this road, Philip." "All right, Lord, I'm going." Listen: You can travel any road God tells you to travel. I can travel any road God tells me to travel. He is not going to tell me to do anything without giving me grace to do it. I can do anything! Anything! Back of the commands of God, He puts His own omnipotence. When He tells you to do anything, "All right, Lord, I'll go. All right. If you say 'Go,' I go." Some have said that this is "sanctification." All right, if that is sanctification, if you have this kind of sanctification, God bless you. But if you have a meaningless, uneasy something, that you call "Sanctification," God pity you! The only definition I know for "Sanctification" is: "The supreme desire not to want to have my own way." And that is the very thing that is the matter with this world. There are too many folks who want to have their own way. It destroys our work, and keeps us from doing our best, this wanting to have our own way. The world is weary, but we want our own way! It stops the works of the church, and destroys the power of our Christian influence, and makes us powerless to help. I would say that this is the greatest of our shortcomings as Christian people—we want to have our own way. Oh, look up, and see the way of God. I look up, and see what His way is, and then I don't want to have my own way any more. I take the reins of my life, and put them in the hands of God, and let Him direct my way. Oh, give God a chance! Mothers, fathers, sons, daughters, give the reins of your lives over to God, let Him guide. Put God to the test. You have run things, and you have run them into the ground. You have tried to have your own way, and you have messed up all your former life, you have messed up your Christian service, all because you have said "my way" instead of "God's way." Now give God a chance, and see what He can make of your life. Let Him have His way.

How am I going to know what is God's way. Get down on your knees and pray about it, and then begin reading your Bible. Whenever a man gets in touch with God, by praying and reading God's word, whenever God has the right of way in anybody's life, something always happens—something for the Kingdom of God. I was talking along this line in Ohio not long ago. There were seventy-five ministers together, and we were talking about something happening for God. One dear old minister said that sometimes there were invisible results Oh, he was a dear old man, and he had a face of piety, and he was all right, and he said, "Sometimes there are invisible results." I said, "Yes, brother, but I've got to see something myself. I would not stay where there was not something going on." Jesus said an inescapable thing. He was talking to his disciples just before He

sent them out to preach and teach, and He told them that if any of them went to a place, and nothing happened, when they left the place they were to shake off the dust of their feet, for the place itself was unworthy. If a man is God's man, and goes out with God's message, and God's plan, and God's purpose in his life, something is bound to happen.

There is just one prayer that I have been praying every day since I've been in evangelistic work—one prayer, every day, every day, every day: "Oh, God, you shut the doors you don't want me to enter, and open the doors you want me to pass through." And, Oh, it is most wonderful, since I've put my life in His hands! The joy of knowing that God is running my life! I want God to take care of every hour, and every minute of my life—I want Him to have absolute control. Talk about saying, "Thy will be done." I would not know how to say anything else! You preachers who know anything about that, know about the joy of it, the glory of it, the wonderful assurance that God is planning everything for you, that He is ruling you. You who are feeling sorrow for sin, and want to know how to get rid of it: turn the thing over to God. Say to Him: "I am nobody, but you are all-powerful. You take this life of mine, and you run the thing. You have your way with me." And let me tell you something. I did that in my life. I said just that to God, I gave Him the whole control over my life, and turned it over absolutely to Him. And I have had a job from that day to this, and have never had to hunt it. either. God fixed everything for me. If God wants you to do something, and you turn yourself over to God absolutely, you and your job will meet, somewhere. You mark it, all right.

"Down that road, Philip." Yes, and the eunuch was ready. Down that road. You go down that road that God is pointing out to you, and you will find that God has already been working there. Pardon this personal reference. I was a young man, and I had a license to preach down in Alabama, and I went off to hold a meeting. It is wonderful what God can do. Yes, it is, just wonderful what God can do when we let Him work through us. We may go ahead and make a blundering mess of the whole thing, but He knows how to turn it to God's glory. I don't mean that God puts a premium on failure! But if you fail, when you are doing your very best for Him, then God will bless you, even though you fail, and He will bless His work. It is wonderful! And this time when I was a young preacher, and holding a meeting, God was with me. The meeting had been going on for a few days, when I heard about a Colonel—"Old Colonel So-and-So." They said he was an athiest, an agnostic, an infidel, and a skeptic. I did not know what all those things meant, but I did know one thing: that he was without God, and that he was going to hell. I had that much sense. And I said to the pastor of the church: "I'm going up

to see that old fellow." The pastor said to me: "He will eat you up! He's 'et' up half a dozen preachers. You can't catch him—he's a scientist, a philosopher. You won't do any good going up there to see him." But I went. I just knew that that was what God wanted me to do, and I told God that I would go if He would take care of me. So I went. It was a long ways, and I drove uphill and down hill, until at last I came to a magnificent old southern home, with wonderful pillars—you know, the real old colonial style. I got out and hitched my horse, and my hands shook so I could scarcely tie it. I opened the gate, and my hand trembled so it took a minute or two to get the latch open. I went up the front walk, and my knees trembled. And there on the front porch was the magnificent old southern Colonel, erect, great mass of white hair, wonderful figure. I said, "Excuse me, is this Colonel——, Colonel——, Excuse me, is this Colonel——?" He interrupted me and he said, "Who are you?" "Oh, yes," I said, "Jones is my name." "What Jones are you?" "I'm the fellow who is holding a meeting down there." "Oh, you are the preacher?" "Yes." "Well, come in, Brother Jones, I'm mighty glad to see you. I was just going to send for you to come and call on me. I've been thinking a lot here lately. I've called myself an atheist, and a skeptic, and an agnostic, but I reckon I'm just an old sinner, and I want you to tell me what to do to be saved. I know what the Bible says. I read it all day yesterday. But what am I to do?" And I said, "Why, God bless you, Colonel, get down and pray." And so we knelt down. The old colonel was so stiff it took him a long time to get down, but he finally did, and we began to pray to God. I saw him begin to weep, and I stayed until God wiped his tears away. I saw those white locks on his shoulder look like locks of glory, and his eyes shine, as he said, "I trust Him, I trust Him." And I went back to my horse, and drove down hill, and all the way, I was praying, "God forgive me for being so faithless. I might have known that if you sent me anywhere you would have the way ready."

Did God ever want to send you on an errand for Him, one day, and you did not go? And some poor miserable sinner died, and went to hell because you did not go! When you refuse to go on one of God's errands, someone always suffers, because when He sends you anywhere, He needs you just there. And when you do go, you find everywhere, everything, ready for you, for God is taking care of His work. And you won't have any trouble at all—that is so. You get out into the soul-winning business, and work for God, and something will happen. Folks will always go to a fire! One of the most interesting things that you read in the Bible about the life of Jesus, was the way people crowded around to see Jesus, and also to see Lazarus, whom He raised from the dead. You get busy on the work of the Lord, and raise up a Lazarus, and you will see things happen. "Say,

did you hear the news? The Presbyterian crowd down there are holding a meeting, and old Bill So-and-So has been converted. That old scoundrel! Say, boys, let's go down there tonight, and see how they do it!" "Look here, do you know what's happened? The Methodist folks are having a revival, and they have saved Tom So-and-So—that miserable old drunkard. Let's go over and watch them." Folks are always interested in miracles. So perform miracles in your own home church, and you will have the crowds watching. Why, Philip ran to the chariot. I don't imagine he walked. He would never have gotten there if they had walked as slow as some of you folks! Even some of you folks who are doing God's work! You know he ran! He did not go like some of you folks go when you are walking to church. Or like you go on the way to prayer-meeting! Look in at the prayer-meeting in your home church. There sits the preacher, and there an old sister and here an old brother, and over there an old sister. And the preacher stands up and says, "Let us sing 'Blest be the Tie that Binds'!" It would take some tie to bind that bunch together, I tell you! And the devil looks in and says, "I needn't worry about that crowd. They won't do any harm. I'll just go on and take a nap." Why, if all of you people had enough energy to run to prayer-meeting, the folks who live in your town would look up and see the crowd, and they would say, "Something is happening over there. Let's go." And things would happen! And they would talk about you and your church. And your church would be crowded for an average church service, and your prayer-meeting room would be crowded on the regular prayer-meeting night, and you would have to move into the main auditorium, and things would happen, and souls would be saved!

But some people think that things like that would not be conservative! They think it is more dignified to walk than to run. Well, how about your church services. Are you winning any souls? "No, not exactly," Well, what are you doing for the Lord? "Not anything just now!" That is just it. When you stop running and go to walking, you soon stop altogether. You know, when I first started out in the ministry, as a young man, it was my ideal to be a very dignified, conservative preacher. I went around and held meetings, and they wrote me up in the Advocate. They never called me "Bob" then. I was the Reverend Robert R. Jones, a very conservative minister. And so they wrote a notice in the "Advocate," and they said, "Rev. Robert R. Jones held a meeting in my church. He stayed ten days, and did no harm. I can recommend him to any crowd that wants dignity." And I said, "That's me! I am the Reverend Robert R. Jones. That's me! I'm it! The Reverend Robert R." That was my idea of religion! What we need in this country is a passion for souls—a passion in our hearts that will make us forget our conser-

vatism! Imagine, with me, a building on fire, with the flames shooting out the windows, and the firemen at work trying to put out the fire. Over here, at an upstairs window, suddenly appears the head of a child. And the house is on fire. And the stair-case has burned. And there is no entrance to the building. Then the father of the child steps up to the front, and says, "My dear child, please let me put up a ladder and rescue you from that window." You can't imagine such a thing! The father would rush up, slam up a ladder, and run up and grab the child out of the window. And all the people around would rush to help. They would lift the ladder, and hold it, and do all they could to help in the rescue But let a man, in danger from the eternal fires, be seen at the window, and we must all be very conservative, and very careful of what we say! Oh, when we get a passion for lost men, and when we get a passion for lost women, we will forget how we stand in the pulpit, we will forget how we sit in the pew, we will forget ourselves entirely. It is a great thing to forget yourself, to the glory of God. I told my wife, when we were married, that I didn't want her to tell me how I preached. I don't want anybody in the world to tell me how I stand in the pulpit. I don't want anybody to tell me how I use my hands. I'd rather make a thousand mistakes, I'd rather be blundering along all the time, and forget myself entirely, and trust God for the results. If I'm thinking about how I look, I'll be forgetting God's message. Adam didn't know he was naked until he had sinned. It wasn't until then that he became conscious of himself at all. When he became conscious of himself, then he lost his consciousness of God. It is better, much better, to have more consciousness of God, and less consciousness of ourselves.

Philip found an opportunity on wheels. The whole world is on wheels, all life is on wheels today. I've had more friends to die a sudden, a tragic, death this year than ever before in my life. Friends that are here today are gone tomorrow. How many can you recall who were here a year ago, and who are gone this year? There is our dear Dr. Dickey, and my good friend Nipper and his wife. Some months ago I was in my country home in Alabama where my sister lives, and I told her and the children good-bye, and her husband came to the train to see me off, and the first word I had from them, he was dead. A few weeks ago I was in Mississippi, where I was trying to rest for a week, and I sat down and talked for two hours to my wife's youngest brother—one of the loveliest young men I ever knew—and he expected to be married in November. When he left, I said, "Good-bye, Jack, I'll see you in a few days," but I'll never see him again this side of heaven. This year has been full of tragedies; friends and loved-ones have gone. And this year will mean the end for some of us, too. Some of us who are here in Winona this year are not coming back next summer, and 1921 will be the last for some of us.

Oh, we need to have a great burden for souls—we cannot waste life. God help us!

I dropped into a jewelry store one day in my home town, when I wanted to get my watch fixed. The jeweler said, "Good morning. Are you Bob Jones, the evangelist." He said, "Glad to see you," and we shook hands. "I just came to town," he said, "and I wanted to meet you." As I was leaving, I said to myself, "Why was he glad to meet me? Why? I'd better go back and ask him if he is a Christian." "No," I said, "I can ask him later. Maybe he is already a Christian anyway." "Well," I thought, "if he is a Christian, perhaps he is not a very active one. Perhaps he needs someone to speak to him, anyway. Perhaps I might speak to him about moving his church letter here." "Oh, well," I said,"I can ask him all about it in the morning. There is no use going back now." And I did not forget it. I made a note of it, to be sure and stop in there the next morning, and talk to him about his soul. But when the morning paper came out, there it was in headlines. That night that man was working at his desk, and he fell dead. Then I ran down town, and I saw a man, and asked him, "Was this man a Christian?" He did not know. And I don't know either. He may be in heaven now. I hope so. But I touched that life for a moment, and never again.

Oh, men and women, let us do what God wants us to do. If we love God, let us act like it. If you were to treat your wife like you treat God, she would not stay with you. If you were as cold to your husband as you are to God, he would say you did not love him at all. Oh, let us yield our lives to Him, and say, "Lord Jesus, we do love you, and you know we love you, but if our hearts were as big as the world we could not love you enough. Help us." And let us, tonight, right now, yield our hearts, our lives, unconditionally to Him.

# God's Answer to Man's Wisdom

By REV. J. C. MASSEE, D. D.

Text: I Cor. 1:18-23.

Bible Reading: Ecclesiastes 1 and 2.

"The world through its wisdom knew not God. It pleased God by the foolishness of the thing preached to save them that believe. We preach Christ crucified."

We have in Ecclesiastes an exposition of the text in I Cor. 1:18. In order to be perfectly fair in any exposure of the world's wisdom, we must take its finest example. One could not rightly judge the fruit of a tree by taking the scrawniest apple from the lowest bough. To be just he must take the finest, reddest, most luscious specimen from the topmost bough. So, not the poorest specimen of the world's wisdom, but its finest must be our illustration of the world's wisdom and its failure. Therefore, we take Solomon. None like him had arisen before him. His equal has not appeared since his day. Yet the wisdom of Solomon was futile and foolish when employed in the search for righteousness and happiness. His oft-repeated wail in the contemplation of his life structure is "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." He lands in a bog of materialism and finds the inevitable disappointment of all materialisms. He sinks deeper and deeper into the quicksand of despair, crying as he drowns, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

### The Monotony of Materialism

There is nothing so monotonous as materialism. The vain and empty and hopeless repetition of one day's duties and indulgences after another. Recently a man came into my study on a Monday morning at 9 o'clock. His greeting to me was, "I have come in for you to deliver me." When asked for his story, he said: "I am a working man. I arise at 6 in the morning, eat my bite of breakfast, smoke my pipe, go to work. Have an hour off for lunch, leave work at 5:30, home for supper at 6:30, smoke my after-supper pipe, go to a show, go back to a hall bedroom and go to sleep. That is my life six days

in the week, and on the seventh I have no hope, no interest, no other outlook than the memory of the six. I live and eat and work and sleep. That is all, and the monotony of it has become intolerable. Can you deliver me?" It was a sad experience which I might have duplicated 100,000 times within a week on the streets of my city. What an existence for an immortal being created in the image of God. But it is just what Solomon found. His picture of the monotonous repetition was, "One generation goeth, and another generation cometh * * * * the sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to its place where it ariseth. The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about toward the north; it turneth about continually in its course, and the wind returneth again to its circuits. All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place whither the rivers go, thither they go again. All things are full of weariness * * * * That which hath been is that which shall be," etc., ad infinitum ad nauseum. Think what it must mean to live with no outlook upon life except the grave.

"Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature?
* * * * * * *
Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow,
And these worth nothing more than the hand they make weary,
The heart they have saddened, the life they leave dreary."

In materialism there is no answer to that challenge. It takes a life with a different inspiration to supply.

"No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,
The army of martyrs who stand by the Throne
And gaze into the face that makes glorious their own,
Know this, surely, at last * * * * * *
Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the Spirit
Echo: He that overcometh shall all things inherit."

A distinguished minister was visiting a farmer in old Virginia. On a certain day at his host's bidding, he rode with him about his broad acres. They came at last to the summit of the hill from which his host as they sat upon their horses, pointed out below him and about him seven fields saying, "Do you see yonder field? That is mine. And the corn in it? That is my corn. And the swine pen? Those are my hogs." Finally the minister asked him, "What are you going to do with all that corn?" To which he replied, "Feed it to the hogs." "And what shall you do with the hogs?" "Sell them." "And what with the money?" "Buy more land to raise more corn,

to feed to more hogs to sell for more money to buy more land to raise more corn to make more hogs." Said my friend, "I listened to the man in amazement, for it was man and money and hogs, and hogs and corn and land, and the land and the money and the corn and the hogs were so involved that for the life of me I could hardly tell where the land and the hogs and the corn ended and the man began, or where the man ended and the hogs began.

I myself rode one afternoon in a great city with the President of a traction company in his splendid Packard car. At a sharp turn of the street, we met a street car loaded to the steps with a mob of people. I was full of thought of their immortal souls when my friend laid his hand on my hand and said, "There is a whole carload of nickles." Think of measuring men as nickles, and having no horizon in life bigger than the circumference of a five cent piece. That is the essence of earthiness; that is living in the earth and being earthy. There is but one cry that fits such an experience: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

### An Example of Wisdom

Now to revert to our example of wisdom. Solomon is proverbially the wisest of all the earth, yet is his wisdom limited. You will recall the story of his vision at Gibeon shortly after the inauguration of his reign. He had gone down to sacrifice to God and in the night, according to the custom of those days, God appeared to him in a vision and permitted him to ask what he would with the promise that it should be granted. With this open option of choice, Solomon immediately asked for wisdom to judge his people Israel. God was so pleased that He gave him not only the promise of wisdom but riches and honor in addition.

Now note carefully that Solomon asked only for wisdom to judge the nation, i. e., he desired wisdom for his task, his job, his work in the world. He wished to make good and he was assured by God that he should make good. He is thus an illustration and example of the men whose position and success in life are assured. He will need have no anxiety about the future. He can now devote himself according to his own inclination to the pursuit of earthly happiness. He seems to have asked himself immediately, as all men under like circumstances had asked themselves, this question: "Now since my success in life is assured, by what path shall I go to find the house of perfect happiness. What is the way to compass the heart's satisfaction? Wherein shall I find contentment and the assurance of God's favor? He tries out five paths, discarding each as he proves its failure, until he comes at length to cry over the graves of all disappointed hopes, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." There are but five paths which men try. These compass all their experience and

all their imagination. Let us glance at them for our own instruction and warning.

First, **THE PATH OF HUMAN WISDOM.**

The first thing Solomon tried was wisdom. Ecclesiastes 1:17 he writes, "And I applied my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly." These are the words of a debater, not of a preacher, as indicated in the first verse of the first chapter of Ecclesiastes—the hebrew word "Koheleth" is not preacher but debater. It would seem to correspond to the word in I Cor. 1:20 translated "disputer," "Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this age?" Here is a man then whose wisdom is not settled, who has no permanent basis of knowledge, who with a scientific mind raises at once the question, "What is truth?" He applies his heart to know. Here is a larger wisdom than that he asked for at Gibeon. Here is something more than mere knowledge; here is the search for discernment, for judgment, for moral perceptions, for intellectual values, for right understanding of life's problems, perplexities and values. He enters the realm of the intellect and searches by all that would make man wise in the wisdom of this world for a contented heart and a restful mind and a happy spirit. Solomon knew everything as nearly as mortal man could. He was a scientist and a philosopher. He was a moralist and a historian. He was a publicist and a poet. He had a mind trained to observe, to mediate. He had an imagination by which he interpreted the facts of history and built upon the premise of facts the deductions of science. He walked familiarly through the fields of botany. He brought forth the treasures of the mine. He interpreted the messages of the heavenly bodies. He sailed the seas. He wrote parables from the fields and forests. He gathered great wealth of gold and precious stones. He wrote and published books. He either made or collected 3000 proverbs. He interpreted human experience and philosophized about divine revelation. But with it all, he missed the one essential and found no rest for his heart. It is he, who after ranging through all the realms of thought and imagination, of wisdom and knowledge, cried, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

A friend of mine travelled a long way for an interveiw with a distinguished savant. When he came to his home and rang the door bell, the door was opened to him by a butler. He was ushered at once upon the presentation of his card, into the study of the great scholar. Here he was cordially greeted. Before seating himself he stopped to ask a question. Said he, "Doctor, I have come far to ask of you just one question. I observe that the walls of your room are filled with books. They are literally lined with them from ceiling to floor. I suppose you have read them all. I know you have written many yourself. You have travelled the world over, it has doubtless been

your privilege to hold intimate converse with the world's wisest men, its leaders of thought, its creators of opinion. Tell me, if you will, after the years you have spent in study, out of the things you have learned, what is the one thing most worth knowing?" The great man's face flushed with emotion. He put both of his hands over the hand of his caller and replied, "My dear Sir, out of all the things I have learned there are only two lessons worth knowing. The first of these is, I am a great sinner. The second is, Jesus Christ is a great Saviour. In the knowledge of those two facts as applied in my own personal experience lies all my happiness and all my hope." Alas! Solomon in keeping with many millions had never learned either of these two lessons. His was a wisdom altogether "under the sun" and the wisdom of Christ is a wisdom which comes down from above the sun, seeing that He came forth from the Father.

Second, **THE PATH OF WINE.**

Having tried the path of wisdom and failing to find the house of happiness, he next turns to wine. "Wine maketh the heart merry" and so we hear him saying in his heart, "Come now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure." He descended to the realm of the purely physical to cheer his flesh with wine. We cannot properly understand this to mean the sordidness of drunkenness. Doubtless, Solomon was never in the gutter. It was he who wrote, "Who hath woe? Who hath redness of eye? He that tarrieth long at the wine cup." He had discovered for himself and transmitted to future generations the bitterness of that experience which finds in the dregs of the sparkling cup the sting of the adder, the poison of the serpent. No, Solomon was not a drunkard, but he certainly recognized what, for want of a better term, I call "the wine realm of life." There is such a realm well defined. There is a distinct wine domination of certain social circles and customs, of certain business, men, institutions, and relations—and of certain political institutions, parties and governments. Perhaps no factor in American life has dealt with a more arrogant hand nor carried a mightier weight of influence in social, commercial and political life than the wine business. One of the strangest arguments against the abolishment of the legalized saloon by government was that the saloon was the poor man's social club. It is a well-known fact that the social drink is a menace in the liquor habit. Men are not concerned to drink alone until the habit has fastened itself upon them. The high mark of sociability is the offer and acceptance of the invitation to "have a drink." The "drink" involved in this invitation is never water—always wine. I have never understood why a man should not invite me or why he should take offence if I should invite him to have with me a social drink of castor oil. It does not taste any worse than the liquor and would have a far more remedial effect. But it just is not done in

society. To have a drink is to drink liquor, some form of alcoholic beverage.

There is a veritable wave of lawlessness sweeping across the continent in defiance of our national prohibition law. Men and women, prominent in society, who never before drank have now turned their cellars and garrets into factories for the making of "home brew." "Hooch" is a word to charm with, and tarrying long at the wine is the chief indoor sport of those who seek still to cheer their flesh at the expense of their souls.

In Brooklyn recently a woman giving a social function had her palatial home raided in mid-afternoon, she herself was arrested and taken with her sixteen guests to the police station with the ten gallons of liquor which she in violation of the law secured with which to regale her friends. The newspapers reported the arrest of a Harvard professor and the confiscation of a still erected in his garret. His only excuse was that "Everybody was doing it." Revenue agents report that hundreds of thousands of homes that otherwise are law abiding and decent are afflicted with a similar curse on the mistaken plea of the necessary stimulant of the social amenities.

Everybody knows the tremendous influence liquor has in business. Trades are made around the wine cup. Great enterprises are put over and financed by men whose courage, vision and congeniality are stimulated to the point of action by wine. This is to say nothing of the tremendous place the liquor business itself has in commerce—the labor employed, the capital invested, the real estate used, the support of banking and other financial institutions and the tangled skein of business interests involved in the liquor business.

The crime of American politics, the participation of the organized and entrenched liquor interests. Our great parties have been dominated in almost every ward in every city in the land from the backrooms of low saloons. No institution has been a greater curse in American politics than Tammany Hall, whose interests have been from time immemorial identified with the liquor interests. Mr. Bryan on the floor of the last Democratic Convention in San Francisco publicly declared that two men could put 10,000 to flight and gain the victory for sobriety and decency in American politics. He only waited there the coming of the second to stand with him. He found him not, and again the Democratic party sold its soul for the whisky vote.

This has been an age long process among men. And everywhere the wine realm of life has been a snare and delusion and a disappointment. It still brings woe and wounds and disaster for its money is blood money and its business is under the curse of God. "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

### 3. WEALTH.

Again he turns from the vanities of other experiences to seek the place of happiness along the path of wealth. He brought the gold of ophir, he gathered the tin from Cornwall, the silver from many nations, precious stones from all mines. He made silver and gold to flow in the streets of Jerusalem as water. Fortunes as presents poured in a continuous stream into his coffers, so that he was able to hire men singers and women singers, to build himself and his wives sumptuous palaces, to procure and enjoy all that the heart could desire and money could provide. He was able at any time to pay a king's ransom for a day's pleasure. He preserved his riches also to the end of his life. He never knew the pinch of poverty, nor anxiety about his daily bread. Secure in his nest of wealth, he yet cried in the full realization of the futility of their values, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." No man can buy a contented heart, nor restful soul. No man can pay the price in money for the hope of immortality, the assurance of God's favor or the realization of eternal salvation. Not even in this life does money guarantee health, nor hold friends, nor bring contentment. The wealthiest man in America, perhaps in the world, he has more millions than most men have hundreds, is reported to have offered a million dollars for a stomach. Any sane man would rather have a sound stomach without the Rockefeller millions than to have the millions without the stomach. For my own part, I have been ready for a long time to contribute to the monument to the man who invented three meals a day, though I have never had wealth and never anticipate having it.

The wealthiest man I have known personally, who provided the most sumptuous table, groaning with the most delicious viands starved himself to death in sight of his plenty. For months preceding his death, he was able to eat nothing save the white of an egg dissolved in water and the parched crumbs of a stale crust of bread. Surely riches are vanity and trust in riches is a disappointment to the soul. For even if they did not take to themselves wings and fly away they are powerless to procure the things that make for heart's ease, life satisfaction, and the approval of God and man.

### 4. THE PATH OF WORKS.

It is perfectly natural that having tried out wisdom, and wine, and wealth, that this man, who had a secure place in life, should turn his attention to great works. He must find something to challenge his attention, to engage his interests, to command his activities. And so he builded a palace of cedar for his Egyptian princes, a temple, which became one of the seven wonders of the world, for his God. This temple, built of cedar and costly stones, was ceiled throughout with gold and endowed with such a fortune as is unthinkable to our minds. Besides this, he laid out great public works, greatly increased

the size and magnificence of his city, transported forests and accomplished such things as multitudes have expected would provide satisfaction for life's labors and the permanency thereof. But when he had finished all his works, again he cried: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." Time corrodes, storms and fires and earthquakes destroy, disasters overtake even the mightiest of works. The path of human history is lined with wreckage: Great empires, great institutions, great buildings, mighty monuments of mighty men's prowess and achievements. There is in my city the highest building in the world. More than 700 feet it rears its stately form into the air. A man built it as a memorial to his own name, that with his fortune of $20,000,000 he might be remembered when he departed the earth. One may stand on the Bowery and look up to that great height and if his vision is keen enough, he will discern that before the breath of the south wind, the great Woolworth building swings seven inches out of its plumb. Some day the south wind will cease to blow softly, some day the tempests will rage and the furious storm will lay violent hands on that mighty pile of brick and mortar and it will go down to become a heap of debris and dust, perhaps burying thousands beneath the crash of its ruin, adding only one more to the long list of disappointed hopes and destroyed works of those who have labored in vain.

One is always inclined to put together a great prayer of the Old Testament and a great exhortation of the New Testament. Here only lies wisdom in labor. The prayer, in Ps. 90: "Establish thou the work of our hands. Yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it." The exhortation in I Cor. 15, "Wherefore, beloved, let your labors abound in the Lord forasmuch as ye know your labors are not in vain in the Lord." That was a secret that Solomon never learned. He labored not for God but for himself. And so with others who thus labor; he labored for time and not for eternity. Vanity! Vanity!! Vanity!!!

5. **WOMEN.**

When all other delights had failed, he turned to seek happiness with women. With every opportunity, with the power to command and to persuade, with the whole world from which to choose, he delighted his heart with women.

What has not woman meant to man. Synonym of all that is holy in relation, of all that is delightful in companionship, of all that is encouraging, soothing and stimulating in life's struggles, stress and sorrows! Oh, woman, fair, fond, frail, descendant of Mother Eve! How you bother us! How you puzzle us! Yet how we love you, with your dear fuzzy hair and impossible and extravagant headgear and general outlandish makeup! You go through the world with a strange awe and a strange respect, yet revered nevertheless. And as you

daintily trip along the flower-strewn path of youth with the warm sunlight of beauty falling like a benediction upon your perfect features, our hearts beat wildly and our eyes drink in the loveliness of God's fairest gift to man. What if age does come with its pencil of ice and trace deep furrows of care on your once rounded cheeks and plow deep paths of sorrow and service in your once dimpled hands, yet God pity the man who in the dark hour of his dissolution has no woman's hand to wipe the death damp from his brow or smooth his pillow, and no woman's voice to whisper sweet words of cheer and comfort into his fast-dulling ears.

Woman! Synonym of love and home, of wifehood, motherhood, sisterhood, daughterhood. All the gentleness and charm; all the winsomeness and heart ease, all the sacrificial service, the uncomplaining bearing of burdens, partner of pain and pleasure alike, keeper of the mysteries of life, fount of joy, confidant of weakness, of sorrow, sharer of tears and of laughter. She means to the race all that men's hearts have yearned for in rest from labor, in refuge from defeat, in comfort from sorrow, in understanding and encouragement of reproach, in cheer and encouragement in struggle.

Seven hundred times multiplied, Solomon proved all this and yet because he left God out and reckoned not with the laws of God in his relations with women, when he had tried out all the avenues of legitimate love, a disappointed soul he was constrained to cry, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." Having tried the delights of legitimate love, he then indulged himself with three hundred women in all the fancied pleasures of illegitimacy and excitation of unholy desire and indulgence of animal appetite, the pursuance of purely fleshly pleasure. Here too for his joy he reaped ashes and found that his honey turned to the bitterness of gall, delight faded into distaste, desire into despair, and again his soul is wrung with the cry which has saddened the centuries, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

You see that in all his pursuit, he had sought only "under the sun." Not faith, but desire had been his guide. Naturally and necessarily, therefore, only disappointment could attend his way.

### THE ONE HOPE.

"The world through its wisdom could not find out God." Poor Solomon! Type of all our wisdom, in the slough of despond, in the dark abysmal despair, crying in vain repetition his hopeless cry, "Vanity! Vanity! Vanity!" Suddenly there falls upon his darkened soul out of the sky of God's mercy the radiant beam of a star which pierces the deep darkness of his despair and he cries up through the darkness and out of his night one exultant shout of hope, "But God has written eternity in the heart of man." Ah! there it is. We were made in the image of God! Fellowship with Him, companionship, the ability to respond to the Spirit of the eternal as the deep calls unto

the deep. The marred image of God in man may be restored. The writing of His hand was an indelible writing. Neither time, nor sense, nor sin, nor suffering, nor shame can totally mar the image of God, or forbid the work of the Divine restorer. God is ever the God of a new chance. It is ever the province of His mercy to reverse the curse of sin.

You know the story of the palimpsest. Palimpsests are vellum copies of portions of the Scriptures. During the Renaissance of interest in the Bible, search was made everywhere for ancient manuscripts. One day some enterprising seeker discovered an old vellum or parchment sermon on which some ancient preacher had recorded his homily. Looking deep beneath the surface of the written text, he discovered that this sermon had been written over a deeper writing which had been previously inscribed on the same parchment. Then someone discovered that by the use of a pumice stone the sermon might be removed, and then was revealed the presence of very old copies of God's Word. Like many another, the ancient preachers had come to value their sermons more than their Bibles and had written over God's writings their own. So have men written over the image of God in their own souls, the futile follies of their own wisdom, desire, indulgence, sin. The very effort to find happiness by the paths of wisdom, of wine, of wealth, of works and of women is written in the lives of men; in the coarseness, the sensuousness, the unspirituality that is written deep and sadly mar the image of God within us. But the cross of Christ is God's pumice stone with which He would wipe out all our foolish writings and bring again to its perfection the image of God in us. Lay that cross to your heart this hour, embrace it that the cry of your despair may be turned into joy and the consciousness of your lost estate may be changed into the realization of eternal salvation.

Somewhere I have heard that once there was a village in Europe beyond the borders of which lay a bit of unparalleled beauty in scenery. The villagers were inordinately proud of this possession. So when stranger or visitor came he was led forth to view their beautiful scenery. But ever as they came toward the place where the mountains reared their splendid piles and opened their canyon for the rivers to find the way to the sea, where the fields in verdant beauty became homes for gardens of rarest and richest flowers, where field and forest alike became the home of birds, whose rich songs filled the air with melody to mingle with the humming of the bees, the lowing of cattle, the sounds of rural industry, creating an atmosphere as pregnant with peace as with fragrance, they invariably blindfolded the visitor, saying to him: "Between us and our wonderful scenery lies a great, rugged and unsightly boulder. You must be blind-folded until you pass it that your vision of the beauty may not

be marred by the unsightliness of the rock. But one day came a visitor who refused to be blind-folded. While they talked of the mountains, he looked at the boulder. While they spoke of the broad expanse of the fields, he surveyed the surface of the unsightly rock. Finally he drew away from them and returned to the village. When he came again, it was with a ladder and a kit of tools. He laid the ladder against the face of the rock and then with mallet and chisel climbing upon it, he began to cut away the ugly stone. Day after day he labored on until at last the blackness and dirt and ugliness of the long-offending boulder were all hewn away and in its place stood forth the outstretched wings of an angel in parian whiteness. From that day to this, it is said the villagers never ask, "Have you seen our scenery?" but "Have you seen our angel?"

So I say to you today that whatever of unsightliness of sin, whatever hardness and impenitence of heart, whatever uncouthness of spiritual experience in your life intervenes between what you are and what you would be, bring the Master to view it. Tell Him first not of your hopes and dreams of future glory, but turn His eyes with your own into the frankest confession of shame of the present disability, and I promise you now in His name that He will lay His hand upon the adamantine barrier and with a Divine love and eternal faithfulness chisel it all away—not to produce an angel, but, infinitely better, to make of you a veritable Son of God. And the work He begins this hour, He will continue to its full completion so that not only you but He Himself will be satisfied with the handiwork of God in your soul.

# The Spell That Jesus Casts on Men

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D. D.

**Preliminary Reading: Matthew XVI. 13-24, and Mark VIII. 34.**

"If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."—Matt. xvi:24.

I come to you this morning with this as text. It will be my text the following morning. We will thus take three mornings to consider these words.

I come to this Conference this year, I think as never before to any Conference, with a sense in my soul of the sinning, suffering, sobbing, sighing world, that lies out beyond us; that world from which we have gathered, ministers of the Word, teachers of the Word, Christian men and women. Our presence here is an indication of our desire to gather for a while upon the mountain top with the Lord, to hear the things He whispers in secret, so that, presently, we may go forth and proclaim them upon the housetop.

These words are central to the ministry of Jesus. We all realize that at Caesarea Philippi He came, in the course of His public ministry, to the parting of the ways. The question that He asked in that region—far up in the northeastern part of the territory of the Hebrew people, among its rocky fastnesses, and in the quiet seclusion that He had created for Himself and His disciples—was of supreme importance: "Who do men say that I am?" To that inquiry they gave their answers. Then, with His thought still upon the men beyond, upon the great multitude upon whom He ever looked with compassion, He narrowed His inquiry, and said to these men about Him—the men that He had chosen to be with Him, and to send forth in His name: "Who do you say that I am?" They made their answer in the confession of Peter. Then He disclosed to them the profound secret and mystery of the Church. Having done so, He disclosed also the profounder secret and mystery of the necessity for His Cross. Having done that, as Mark tells us, He called the multitude, and in the hearing of that multitude, He said to that group of disciples,—the word applying to the disciples, and to the multitude,—"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."

I am not proposing this morning to discuss in any detail the words of that saying. I am endeavoring to lead you, and to bring my own soul into the atmosphere of that great central word of Christ.

As, in that way, we ponder the old and familiar utterance, we observe first, that it supposes a constraint already felt by men, and created by the presence of Jesus. "If any man would come after Me." We observe in the second place that it imposes a condition. If the constraint be there, if any man desires to come after Him, what is he to do? "Let him deny himself." Finally, we observe that it proposes a career for the man who fulfills the condition, in response to the constraint, "Let him take up his cross and follow Me."

This morning we are concerned with the first of these matters, that namely of the constraint created in the soul of man by the Person of Jesus; in other words, the spell that Jesus casts upon the human soul.

No man has ever stood, for nineteen hundred and twenty-one years, in the presence of Jesus Christ without feeling that spell, the constraint of Christ upon his soul. Among the myriad marvels that merge in the mystery of the person of our Lord, none is more patent than the fact of His attractiveness to humanity. We take up our New Testament, and we look at Jesus. I am resolutely using that name, the human name, for the present meditation. I am not employing, except as I may do so incidentally, the great title Christ; or the supreme designation, Lord. Nothing is more patent, whether it be in the study of the records, or in the consideration of the influence produced upon those who do study the records, than the fact of the constraint of Jesus upon the human soul, of His attractiveness to humanity.

In this regard, the one supreme revelation of the records is that in the days of the public ministry of Jesus, He was irresistibly attractive to all sorts and conditions of life; and the measure in which a man is like Christ, is the measure in which little children and youths and maidens and men and women are always trying to get near to Him.

I am not saying that the multitudes crowned Him, I am not saying that the multitudes obeyed Him; I am not saying that men invariably yielded to the constraint. I am speaking merely of the fact that He attracted men and women. There is a very popular and widespread conception that Jesus, in the days of His flesh, and in the course of His public ministry, appealed to the people of one class. There are good people, Christian people, who speak and write as though the appeal of Jesus was made to the poor and to the illiterate, to those who lacked privilege. I deny it absolutely. I am talking of the Jesus of these Gospel narratives, and of the narratives that reveal Him. What is that you are quoting? "The common people heard

Him gladly"? Where do you find that? In Mark's Gospel. If you read the Gospel of Mark through, you will find this little phrase, "much people . . . much people . . . much people," constantly recurring. Once, our translators, King James' and the Revisers, took the Greek phrase which everywhere else they translated "much people," and rendered it "common people." It is exactly the same phrase. The much people heard Him gladly. Well, but, you say, were they wrong in so rendering it? Certainly not. We are wrong in our misinterpretation of the word common. When we read "the common people," we think of the people that lack privilege, the poor, and the illiterate. But "the common people" really means the all sorts and conditions of people, the crowds of all sorts; Pharisees, publicans, harlots, rich, poor, high, low, noble, ignoble; they all heard Him gladly. Wherever He went men felt the spell of His personality. There was something about Jesus, to summarize and dismiss, that made it impossible for men to let Him alone. They came after Him, they crowded after Him. That is the revelation of the narratives.

This has remained true for nineteen hundred and twenty years; and in this year of our Lord, 1921, in this month of August, the same thing is true. Jesus is the personality of supreme and overwhelming attractiveness to the human soul. It is perfectly true that if you veil Him behind your ecclesiastical organizations, if you dissipate Him in your scholastic discussions, if you harden Him into the formulae of your theological systems, He loses His attraction. But wherever we can bring Him from these pages of the New Testament, and men and women see and feel Him; and whenever we represent Him in our life and in our speech, men and women will go after Him; He casts His spell upon the soul of man. Not always are men saved by it; but they feel it.

Now I want to ask this question. In what did the spell of Jesus consist in the days of His flesh? What was it in Him, that attracted humanity? I am going to give a threefold answer to that enquiry. First, men felt that He lived. Secondly, men felt that He knew. Thirdly, men felt that He cared. That is all. I am speaking of the Man Jesus. I am not talking about the mystery of His Deity. I am not talking about the wonders of His eternal Being. As He travelled through all that region, talking to the crowds, or to the groups, or to individuals, men found in Him Someone Who lived, Someone Who knew, Someone Who cared. They found in Jesus a Man Who had discovered the secret of life, and was alive. They found in Him a Man Who knew, Who spoke with authority, an authority that was entirely different from anything they had ever known before. They found in Him a Man Who cared, Who entered into their lives, Who did not stand outside, examining, discussing, patronizing; but was

with them in the poignancy of their pain, in all the suffering of their life.

I say they found first of all in Him Someone Who lived. Now you may be inclined to say, "Do we not all live?" That is exactly the point. These men found, when they stood in His presence, that they were not living, but that He was.

Now take these Gospel narratives at your leisure, and going through them, listen to the speech of Jesus, and the speech of men to Him, and notice how often that word life occurs. One day a lawyer came to Him, and asked Him a question, as our Revised more aptly renders it, "making trial of Him": "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Now we must not read into that question its full evangelical value, if we are to understand what the man meant who asked it. He asked for the secret of eternal life; and his question was a tacit admission that however much he was opposed to His idealism, to His ethic, to His religious interpretation, at least he thought Jesus could tell him something about life.

The rich young ruler asked the same question, and once again we must eliminate from the question, when we are considering carefully, all the rich and spacious values that ultimately belong to it. He said, "Good Teacher, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?" When did he say that? Now I am not going to dogmatize, but I am going to suggest. Matthew, Mark and Luke all tell that story, and they all put that coming of the young ruler immediately following the hour in which Jesus had taken the children in His arms. This young ruler was probably watching; and when he saw that, he ran, and he said, Good Master, tell me, what shall I do to inherit life? He saw in Jesus Someone Who was living. He was alive. He felt that He had the secret of life.

There came a day when Jesus said, pathetically as it always seems to me, to His own disciples, "Will ye also go away?" Peter said, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

They all saw it; and the marvel of it all was that Jesus was living without any of the things that men usually suppose are necessary to fulness of life. He lacked wealth, He had no possession; He was devoid of all material advantages; but He lived. As men watched Him, they saw a Man Who was alive, a Man Who was living a full-orbed life, a Man Who moved through life, pulsating with energy, full of its verve and strength and beauty; touching it everywhere, and by His every touch revealing its splendor. Men said, Tell us the secret. We want to live. Virility always lays its constraint upon the human soul. There is nothing more admirable, nothing more splendid, than the man who is fit physically, mentally, spiritually; and as Jesus walked about, that is what impressed men. Here was

One Who had the secret of life, without the things that men thought made for life. Look at that rich young ruler again. At his girdle hung all the keys that men thought were necessary to unlock the highways of living . He had wealth, he had position, he had social standing, he had friends; he had a clean record; he had all the things which would make him the envy of his fellow men; and yet that man looked into the eyes of Jesus, and said: "Tell me the secret of life." The attractiveness of the personality of Jesus compelled men to the conviction that He had the secret of life.

That abides today. Once more confining myself to the literature, and remembering the literature becomes powerful as it is translated into life by the followers of Jesus, I say that in that way also He appeals to humanity; as a Man without any of the things that the world is depending upon to live; yet living, gladly, hilariously, joyfully, fully, magnificently living.

But again; He attracted men because He knew. Matthew records how, when He came down from the mountain after He had uttered His manifesto to the disciples, and again in the hearing of the crowds, "The multitudes were astonished at His teaching." Why? Because "He taught them as One having authority." That is not startling. But it becomes so when we complete the quotation: "He taught them as One having authority, **and not as their scribes.**" The scribes were the authoritative teachers. Moreover they were not self-appointed. Jesus Himself set the seal of His authority upon the teaching of the scribes. He said, "The scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat, therefore whatever they say unto you, do it." Do not forget that. Do not miss that. He said they are the authoritative teachers, and so far as they sit in Moses' seat, and interpret the law, you are to obey their teaching. But in His teaching the people found a difference. They said, "This man teaches with authority, and not as our scribes." What was the difference? What do you suppose created this sense of authority? What was it? Something in His manner? I think not. No official position, for He had none. He was neither in the priestly caste, nor in the prophetic office, as it was recognized. He was a Galilean peasant. What was it then? The note of authority was the authority of the thing He said, and that is what the people meant. In effect they said, "There is no escape from the accuracy of His ideals; what He says is so; we may not like it, our prejudice may be at war with it, our will may be in rebellion against it, we may invent a philosophy to show its futility, but it is so!" That is what they meant. There are some things amusing in your Bible, for those who have the sense of humor. You will find one such instance in the seventh chapter of John. Christ went up to the feast, and the rulers were very much troubled about His teaching, and they sent officers to arrest Him. Jesus was teaching, and at last the officers

came back to the rulers, and the rulers said, "Why did you not bring Him?" and they said, "Never man spake like this Man!" They did not arrest Him. He arrested them. How? By the authority of the things He said. The paralysis of their power to lay material hands on Him resulted from the fact that He laid moral constraint upon them. And that is what Peter meant when he said, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the sayings of eternal life." Not only do we see life in Thee, but Thy word interprets life. Humanity felt the authority of Jesus. He spoke as One Who knew. Sweep over the ground, on any plane you like—the plane of the Divine, the angelic plane, the human plane, the plane of demons—and notice His references to God, to angels, to men, to demons. There are some phrases which I have often used in preaching, and I shall have to use them again, which Jesus never used; such as, "It is reasonable to suppose"; "It is a fair inference"; "In all probability." Not a single sentence fell from His lips that had in it a touch of the speculative. I am told that dogmatism is out of fashion. If so, Jesus is out of fashion. His statements were the statements of pure dogma; and yet He did not offend, because when He spoke, men knew the thing he said was so.

That was 1920 years ago; and it is so still. Take these words of Jesus and quit discussing them; face them. I will tell you what the result will be intellectually. The only criticism that is honest and fair and well founded, will be that His ideals are impossible of realization. That is perfectly fair. That is permissible. That is true. No man can obey His teaching save in the power of the new life He bestows. But that is no argument against the authority of His teaching. His idealism is unquestioned by the human soul, however much that soul may hate it, or realize its inability to obey. The human soul coming into the presence of the teaching of Christ always says, Yes, He is right. It may say, I hate Him for being right, I won't obey Him; but it knows He is right. The proportion in which you and I represent Jesus to this age is the proportion in which the human soul is attracted by the irresistible and overwhelming authority of every word He utters.

Finally He attracted men, because men knew that He cared for them. His interest in humanity was neither academic nor artistic. There are men who have an academic interest in humanity. They study humanity in the mass, and in social relationships, and they are tremendously interested in humanity. That is academic interest. Jesus had no such interest. They are the media of expressing emotion, and they study humanity in order to be able to express it. That way lies the most damnable corruption of human nature, unless it be restrained. Oscar Wilde was the supreme interpretation of the artistic temperament; that desire to realize all the experiences of

humanity, in order that they might be expressed. Jesus had no such interest. His interest was poignant, personal. I will tell you the word on my lips. We use it so idly that we almost devitalize it. His interest was that of sympathy. That sounds poor, because we have thought so meanly of one of the greatest words in our language. Sympathy is feeling with, entering into the other man's experience, and living in it, absolutely realizing it. Do you know anything about it? Are you capable of it? I will tell you what sympathy is. It is the power that enables me to weep with those who weep, and to rejoice with those who rejoice. Jesus cared. When He saw that woman, muffled in the garments of her mourning, walking by the bier of her boy, her only son, and she a widow, He went right into that woman's soul, and all the pain she bore, He bore, actually and positively with her. Men knew this. They knew He cared; and that was the supreme secret of attraction. It drew them to Him, because He was drawn by them. If it be true that He was superlatively attractive to humanity, it was because humanity was superlatively attractive to Him. He could not leave the crowds alone, could not be away from them. There are some of you people who live in some city. You have gone to live in the suburbs, and so far you have been held by a splendid loyalty to the old Church down town, where the slum area has grown up. I hope you have. Tell me, which way do you go to Church now? How do you get there? Oh, well, we try and find the most pleasant way, and dodge the slums as much as we can! Do you? Well, I at least suggest to you that if Jesus wanted to get from the suburb to the center, He would always go through the slum! He would go that way because humanity was there suffering.

Jesus cast upon men a spell, because men found He lived, He knew, He cared; and they went after Him, from the villages, the hamlets, the cities; the rich, the poor, the high, the low, the learned, the illiterate, drawn irresistibly; and He said, "If any man would come after Me." He knew the constraint He created. There we leave our theme for this morning, recognizing the fact of the spell which Jesus casts on men.

# The Shock Which the Spell of Jesus Brings to the Soul

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D. D.

Preliminary Reading, Philippians II, 5-16.

"And He called unto Him the multitude with His disciples, and said unto them, If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me." (Mark viii, 34.)

The particular words in that great utterance of Jesus which are to occupy our attention this morning are the four lying at its heart, "Let him deny himself."

Yesterday we spoke of the constraint which Jesus creates within the human soul, of the spell which He casts upon men. This morning we are to consider the condition He lays down, immediately the soul is conscious of the constraint. "If any man would come after Me"; if any man has felt the constraint of My personality; if any man observing Me, has discovered that I live, that I know, that I care; that I have the secret of life, that I have the key of knowledge, that I move in the world, in closest sympathy with humanity, caring; and if the constraint of that ideal of life has fallen upon the soul, what then? If a man desire to come after Me, to ally himself with Me, to be enrolled beneath My banner, to be associated with Me, what then? The answer: "Let him deny himself," is clean-cut, definite, positive, not admitting of any mistake, unless we begin to persuade ourselves that it means something less than it says. This is the one, inclusive and exhaustive condition of following Jesus, "Let him deny himself."

When our Lord uttered these words, He simply expressed the consciousness which had already taken possession of the men who heard Him. The spell of Jesus was full of fascination, and yet it invariably produced the very shock that these words were intended to emphasize. Follow me now, as for a few moments I speak in the first person singular, as though I were speaking of an experience—and I am speaking of an experience, not a past one, but a present

one, and one that grows in intensity, in poignancy. I behold Jesus, and I see in Him One Who lives, has the secret of life that I lack; I find in Him One Who knows, Who speaks words that leave me without any possibility of argument against them; I see in Him One Who is full of sympathy, Who really cares. What happens? Before He says a word, the very beauty of the ideal presented, is the revelation of my own shortcoming and failure, and I am denying myself before I know it—not volitionally yet, it may be, but mentally. The approbation of Jesus is the reprobation of self. The moment I really approve the Man of God, I reprove the man I am in myself.

When we admire Him, we are admiring something that we have seen, full of beauty, full of power, full of glory in a human personality, which beauty, which power, which glory, we lack. We have heard a very great deal about Jesus, and of His brotherhood with the race. Jesus is Brother of no born man, until that man is born again. Jesus is of our very nature in a mystery transcending our final explanation, but in a way which makes us know His nearness to us. Yet, in the things of nearness, when He is carefully considered, we discover the unfathomable gulf of distance between us in every regard. There He is, in all the beauty of His idealism, that Man of life, of glorious life, of perfect poise; that Man of accurate knowledge; so that if He says anything, I have to agree, even though it make me angry and rebellious; that Man of the infinite and quick and sensitive and pulsating compassion. Oh the glory and beauty of that ideal. But as I behold, I know that all that is what I am not. I deny myself mentally, the moment I stand in His presence. Jesus, laying down the condition with that marvellous and matchless reasonableness that gets hold of the soul who will submit, says: If any man desire to come after Me, if any man has seen the glory of the ideal, what then? Let that man do the thing he already is doing. His admiration is his confession of failure, let him reinforce his intellectual apprehension with volitional action, "Let him deny himself."

What we have admired in Jesus, is the incarnation of the very thing He asks us to do? Let us examine this. If any man would come after Me, would come after Me because of that in Me which has captured his consent; the constraint laid upon him, is the constraint of the realization of what I am in Myself. Then if he would come after Me, let him be what I am, let him do what I do, let him deny himself. That is what Jesus did. That was the secret of His life, that was the secret of His knowing, that was the secret of His caring. Becoming a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient; that is the denial of self. Do you admire Me? says the Lord. Has your whole personality been laid under constraint by what you have seen in Me, and do you desire to come after Me? Then, come after Me, deny yourself, live by the principle, living by which, I am what

you admire. That Philippian passage, and this word at Caesarea Philippi, are always singing together to me; the infinite unfathomable fact of the eternal Christ, and the call of that Christ to my soul. "He emptied Himself"; "If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself."

In this word of Jesus then, there is inferentially revealed the malady of humanity; and in this word of Jesus there is revealed the one cure for that malady. In this word we find diagnosis and prognosis; a perfect diagnosis of humanity's malady; and a faultless prognosis of the method by which humanity can be cured of its malady.

If we would understand, and deal with the world's malady, we must resolve our consideration into the consideration of man, and that of the individual. But whereas it is true that the unit is the revelation of the unity, that the human soul is the microcosm of humanity; sometimes it is good to look at the mass in order to understand the individual. If one be the microcosm of the whole, that is, in one we see all the facts of the whole; it is also true that the whole is the macrocosm of the one; that is, in looking at the whole, we can see the facts of the one. For a moment or two then, let us look out upon the world. Something is the matter with it. I am not challenged at that point. Whatever your theology may be, whatever your philosophy may be, whatever your political economy may be, at any rate we are so far in agreement—something is the matter with the world, something is the matter with humanity. It is no use talking about the war, and saying let us forget it. We cannot forget it, we have no right to forget it, we dare not forget it. In those five years of bloody strain we saw things. Life got up and looked at us. As I look back over all that period, as I look around today at world conditions, it is beyond dispute that something is the matter with humanity. What is the matter with it?

Now I am going to submit to you that the intellect of humanity is not at fault, that the emotional nature of humanity is not at fault, that the volitional power of humanity is not at fault.

Intellectually, humanity is in full strength. Think of its investigations, think of its discoveries, think of the age in which we live, the chief marvel of which is that it has almost rendered us incapable of marvelling at anything. We have lost the power to marvel because of the marvellous age in which we live. Our intellect is not at fault. Look back over the five years of war. German intellect was not at fault, British intellect was not at fault, American intellect was not at fault; nothing broke down intellectually.

There is no failure in human emotion. This I need not stay to argue. Men love as they loved in the olden days; and thank God,

men hate with the very elements of the wrath of God against everything that is mean and dastardly.

Will power has not broken down. A little phrase has been made forever memorable and tragic through its use by that great and mighty people, the German people, **the will to power.** Yes, we are tempted to say, and we broke it! But did we? We did nothing of the sort! On November 11th, 1918, the armistice was signed. It so happened that on December 11th, one month to the day after the signing of the armistice, the British contingent crossed the Rhine. My third boy was an officer in that contingent, and he marched, with his men, over the bridge into Cologne one month after the signing of the armistice. Shall I tell you what they found in Cologne? They found Christmas cards, printed in English, ready to send home! What are you going to do with that? Have we broken the will of Germany? I want to tell you, we have not broken the will of Germany. And in an aside let me say that if you study history—mark this, I speak it with bated breath and almost with fear—it teaches you almost invariably that it is the nation defeated by war that comes into greatness presently; and not the nation that wins. That is one reason why I am thankful God did not allow the Allies anything in the nature of a smashing victory. Our greatest hope lies there.

What then is the matter with humanity? Is intellect at fault? Nay verily. Is emotional nature at fault? By no means. Its volitional power broken? Certainly not. Yet something is the matter. What is it? It is something, which makes humanity take those God-given and Godlike powers, and use them for destruction, instead of construction, for blasting instead of blessing. Look at the whole world today; intellect, and emotion, and volition; mighty, pulsating, forceful; and yet there is no peace, there is no joy, there is no righteousness in all the completeness of these great words. Humanity is breaking down. What is the malady of humanity?

Come back to our text. Behold, and listen to Jesus; God's second Man, the last Adam, the Head of the final race. He stood, surrounded by the representatives and descendants of the first man, the first Adam, the head of the fallen race. He stood confronting humanity with all its failure, its intellect and emotion and will full and powerful, and yet full of sorrow and tragedy and pain and agony and heart-break; and He said, Here is your ideal. You have seen it in Me; and you have admired it. If men would come after Me, let them deny themselves! That is the diagnosis of human malady. Humanity is attempting to manage its own affairs; humanity is attempting to govern itself; humanity is attempting to do without God; humanity thinks so meanly of itself, that it imagines it understands itself, and can arrange its own affairs. The Lord came into the world and He uttered a word that has come ringing down the

centuries, as He declared that if humanity would realize the ideal it admires in Him, it must deny itself.

That is the radical word of Jesus Christ to humanity. He Who uttered the word, was God's second Man, God's last Adam, the One from Whom the race fulfilling the Divine ideal, is ultimately to spring; and He Himself was living exactly by that principle and philosophy of life. He denied **Himself.** He emptied **Himself.** He lived the God-centered life, and that is what He is calling us to do.

When the war was on, Thomas Woodrow Wilson—for whose memory every Englishman will ever thank God—said that the war was to make the world safe for democracy. When that word first came to us from him, I said in my own pulpit in Westminster, London, that there was a bigger job on hand than to make the world safe for democracy, and I say so still. What is it? That of making democracy safe for the world. If we are merely going to have democracy, then we are going to have the most brutal, cold, soulless tyranny the world has ever seen. In my judgment the greatest Anglo-Saxon of the race was Abraham Lincoln, and he is constantly quoted as having said that the true ideal was "government of the people, by the people, for the people." Is that what he said? It would be a very rude thing for me to instruct an American audience on the teaching of Abraham Lincoln; and of course it is really a work of supererogation for me to remind you that these words were uttered in the speech at Gettysburg, than which, for volume and incisiveness and inclusiveness and exhaustiveness nothing greater is found in literature outside the Bible. This morning I took time to look up that Gettysburg speech, and I will give you its closing sentences:

"We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that this government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

When next you quote Lincoln, do not omit his phrase, **"under God."** "Government of the people, by the people, for the people" is futility; it will issue in tyranny; but government of the people under God, by the people under God, for the people under God; that is theocracy.

Therefore whether it be man, or nation, let him deny himself. The way for humanity to realize the ideals it admires is that of recognizing that it is too big to govern itself. It must be governed, said Jesus in effect, as I have been governed, by the control that comes from without, and that understands the human life. It must be governed not by self, but by God. Let him deny himself. Until the world comes there, there will be no joy, there will be no peace, there will be no righteousness.

Now let us get back from the large outlook to the individual, to the unit, the man. Said Jesus, "Let him deny himself." The condition is radical; it is revolutionary. It is radical in itself; and wherever it is obeyed, revolution follows. The word our Lord used here is an emphatic word. The word is denial, reinforced by a prefix that gives it its uttermost significance. Jesus said upon one occasion, "Whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father Who is in heaven." He did not use the same word there. That was the ordinary word for denial. In the New Testament this particular word is only used in such passages as this, about our responsibility; and suggestively enough, in the conversations with Peter, when He told him he was going to deny Him. To deny self is a great deal more than to practice self-denial. You can practice self-denial by refusing yourself this, and denying yourself that, and putting this out of your life; and you can go on doing that for years, and never deny self at all. It is possible for a person in the supposed interest of the culture of his own Christian life, to begin a process of self-denial; and he denies himself this, he puts that out of his life, and this out of his life, and yet never comes to the point where he denies himself. Indeed, I have known people who have done that for years, and eventually they are so conceited about the things they have given up, that they are the worst kind of people to live with. Here is a tree. Cutting branches off here and there will only strengthen its life. That is not self-denial. To deny self is to cut the tree down. That is radical. It is being at the uttermost end of self. That is the condition for the life that He lived, and the knowledge that He had, and the compassion that moved Him. That is the secret of the ideal beauty you have seen in Him, that has laid its constraint upon your heart.

Now, supposing for the sake of argument, that a man shall arrive there, self denied, what happens? God's first circle of society is the family; the next is the Church; and the third is the nation; and the last is the race. Now take that man. He denies self. Now look at the home that results. Think of what the Church would be if all who named the name of Christ fulfilled that condition. Think of the nation; think of the race, under such conditions, and you are thinking in the terms of the Kingdom of God that is yet to be. The denial of self is the act that makes room for the incoming of God. In the moment when self is denied, He takes up His abode within, through His Christ, and by His Spirit; and the motive of doing and speaking and acting is no longer self, but Christ formed in you, the hope of glory.

Is there any way by which I can get to the point where self is denied? There is only one way, and that is the way of coming to His Cross, His Cross, not mine. The next sentence to this, what is

it? Let that man that desires to follow Me, deny himself; and let that man take up his cross. What for? To be saved. Certainly not. The Cross that saves is not in this verse at all in statement. What He now offers, if self is denied, is a career of fellowship with Him in the Cross; you bearing your cross, not to save your soul, but to help Him to save the world. That is what the cross is for you. No man was ever saved by taking up his cross. We are not saved by our sacrificial service. Those of you who, in your passion for humanity, are shortening your lives to help souls; when at last your day's work is done, and you go Home, you won't go Home having won your Home by your cross-bearing. You will go, as I will go, when the moment comes, if He shall tarry, and I go by the way of falling on sleep; saying,

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling."

But if His Cross is not explicitly in the verse, it is implicit. "Let him deny himself," how? What had He said just before? "The Son of Man must go to Jerusalem and suffer and be killed and be raised," and in the moment when I come to that Cross, and I consent that passion and pride and prejudice shall be sunk, and I take my soul back as the gift of infinite grace, no power to buy it, no ability to save it; when I take my ransomed personality as the result of His blood shed, and the mystery of His Cross, then I deny myself; and in that act of absolute surrender to and trust in His Cross, in that act is the one act of the denial of self.

That is why the Cross is unpopular! That is why the Cross is unpopular in philosophy, and that is why the Cross is unpopular in a good deal of modern theology. The Cross is the end of man. It is the curse of God upon humanity that has missed its mark. But blessed be His name, it is the ransom of humanity from that curse. But I have to take that as a gift. All my pride gone, and all my prejudice. I take it now a pauper. I have failed, I can do nothing, I die as I take the gift of the cross. "Let him deny himself."

That is the way of national redemption. That is the way of racial reconstruction. Therefore your business, if you are a preacher and a teacher and a Christian worker, is more important in the highest interests of national and international affairs, than all the work of the economists and politicians. You and I are called to deal with humanity in the unit, and so to move forward towards the realization of these high purposes. The constraint of Jesus, yes; but it brings the shock, the shattering, staggering shock to the soul, of consciousness of failure. The Lord says: Yield to that, accept it, deny yourself; and in the doing of it, in His grace, in His love, He redeems us; and by the mystery of His lonely Cross He communicates to us the new life, and we become brothers of the Lord so, when we are born again.

# The Call of Jesus to the Man Who Denies Self

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D. D.

Preliminary Reading, Philippians iii, 7-14.

"And He called unto Him the multitudes with His disciples, and said unto them, If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me." (Mark viii, 34.)

Our thought this morning is to be occupied with the last line of suggestion in this great central word of Christ, that made by these concluding words, "let him * * * take up his cross, and follow Me."

These words of our Lord—uttered upon that historic occasion at Caesarea Philippi, immediately following the confession of Peter, and the disclosure of the two secrets, first of the Church, and then of the Cross—were words spoken to His disciples, and to the multitudes. We must keep the words now to be considered, in relation with those already examined in our previous studies. In effect He said, Have you seen Me, have you admired Me, have you seen the glory of My full life, have you heard the authority and restfulness of My definite teaching, have you felt the thrill of My compassion? Then remember that the ultimate in My life is the Cross. The necessary sequence of My teaching is the Cross. The full measure and expression of My compassion is the Cross.

He had declared that the condition of following Him is a great negative: "Let him deny himself." Now immediately He linked with that negative condition, the positive career. Having denied self, what then? "Let him take up his cross, and travel with Me." Christianity is not finally a negation, it is a position. Thus, our Lord puts His positive down by the side of His negative. Once in a great parable He illustrated the danger of the negative. He spoke of a house, inhabited by an evil spirit; and told how they drove out the evil spirit and garnished the house, but left it empty. With what result?

Seven other devils, worse than the one flung out, entered in. That is always so.

The first call to the man who would follow, is "let him deny himself." Is that all? Is Christ going to leave him there? If so the last state may be worse than the first. But He does not. He immediately says: Now I will give you a new program; you shall have a new purpose, you shall have a new passion, you shall have a new power. There is something for you to do, there is something for you to be. When you deny yourself, in answer to your admiration of Me, and when in that denial of self you have both repented and believed in Me, what then? "Let him take up his cross and travel with Me." That is the career to which Christ calls the man who denies himself.

Now it is important that we see the simplicity and the sublimity of that word of Jesus. He said, If any man will **come after Me,** let him deny himself and take up his cross and **follow Me.** There are two entirely separate ideas in this verse. The first word does mean to follow, to come after. If any man will follow Me; if any man will come after Me; if any man desires to take Me as his Leader, to drop in behind Me, to follow as a pilgrim follows a guide. If a man has that desire, let him deny himself. Then what? Then let him, not follow, not come after Me; but let him **travel with Me.** That is the exact meaning of the word which Jesus used. "Let him take up his cross, and accompany Me upon the way."

Thus, the sublime fact is that He calls the soul desiring to follow Him to the denial of self, a radical and revolutionary change of life; and when that condition is fulfilled, He confers upon that soul the fellowship of His own vocation. The ultimate in His vocation is the Cross, and He wants us to have fellowship with His suffering, and so to share the triumph.

But not only does He admit to the fellowship of His vocation; He admits to the fellowship of Himself, that we may enter into the fellowship of His vocation. Not to the Cross only; that surely; but to fellowship with Him in the Cross. There is a sense in which He went to the Cross alone. You and I never come to the cross alone. He calls us to come with Him; He is going with us.

What then did He mean when He called men to take up the cross? Let me answer my question bluntly and quickly lest argument darken the truth. He is not calling me to take up my cross in order to my salvation. He is calling me to take up my cross, when I have denied myself and He has saved me, in order to service in the interest of the salvation of other men. That is the place of the cross of the disciple in all the New Testament.

Let us speak about the cross for a few moments in an unusual way, perhaps in a way that is a little startling at first. What is the

meaning of the cross? Now I am going to ask you to read out of your mind for a moment, all those final and essential values which constitute the very heart of your faith. I am going to ask you to get behind Winona, and behind 1921, behind the nineteen centuries; stand with these men, listen as they listened when He talked about the Cross. What did they think He meant? The Cross! They certainly did not understand what you understand. He had not yet been to the Cross; there had been no mystery and marvel and majesty and might of resurrection; there had been no outpoured Spirit. These men to whom He spoke lived in Judaea or Galilee, under Roman rule. To them He talked about a Cross. What did it mean to them? To them the Cross was the mode of execution, it was the thing that stood, on the punitive side, for judgment and justice. It meant death. Death for the malefactor, the wrongdoer. It meant shame. It meant disgrace.

Once before Caesarea Philippi, He had used the word. We have the record in the tenth chapter of Matthew. In the charge He laid upon His apostles, in the last part, that has to do with the commission of the apostles and Church to the end of the age, He had said that a man must take up his cross, or else be not worthy of Him.

Do you wonder that Peter made his protest against the idea of Jesus going to the Cross? Do you wonder that these early disciples shrank from the idea that the way of following, and the career, the career of their discipleship, was to be the career of a cross. I hope you do not wonder. I hope you see the enigma of it, the puzzle of it, the mystery of it. I will go further, I dare to go further; I hope you see the foolishness of it, by human wisdom. Yet that is what He said: If any man is coming after Me, let him deny himself; and then I offer him a career, and the career is fellowship in My vocation, and My vocation is the vocation of the cross. I am going to the place of death. I am going to the place of death which is the issue of sin. I am going to the place of the proper shame and disgrace that falls upon sin. That is what made Peter angry. He, and his fellow disciples knew Him as a sinless One; they were convinced of His holiness, of His righteousness, of His purity; and that He should be going to the place of death resulting from sin, a proper and natural and inevitable place of disgrace, was to them utterly inexplicable.

And now He called them to go the same way. He said in effect: You are admiring My teaching, you are admiring My compassion; you feel as though you would like to join Me, as though you would like to become followers, and realize My ideals. Very well, if you are coming, first deny yourselves; and then, here is your career, Take up your cross, and travel with Me.

Thus I have resolutely gone back, and endeavored to put ourselves in the place of those men. What eventually happened? He

went to the Cross. They saw Him nailed to the Roman gibbet. They saw those hands that had been outstretched in blessing, transfixed. They saw those feet that had walked over the miles of Judaea and Galilee and Perea, always carrying Him in order that He might carry blessing; nailed to that cross. They saw His side pierced by the spear. They saw the tragedy, the horribleness, the damnableness of it all.

I am told today that the doctrine of the cross is vulgar. So it is with an awful vulgarity, with the vulgarity of the sin that made it necessary. It is wrong, it is out of harmony with everything in the mind of man that reflects the ideas of justice and equity. It is foolishness, it is a stumbling block.

But let us follow on. They took Him down from His Cross, and thank God, He never allowed an unkind hand to touch Him after He was dead. They were the hands of tender but disappointed men that took Him down, and wrapped Him in His grave-cloths; and laid Him in the garden tomb.

Do you see the tragedy of it? What next? "If Christ be not risen!" But they saw Him alive from the dead, and the resurrection demanded a reconsideration of that very fact of the Cross which had in it nothing but tragedy on the human level. Then came Pentecost, and the transfiguration of the Cross.

They at last saw that the Cross is the place where there is refusal to compromise with sin. Sin there is cursed. The Man on the Cross need not have gone to His Cross if He would have compromised with sin.

But they saw more. They found that He went to the Cross because while He would make no compromise with sin, He yet consented to take the consequences of sin in the place of others.

Therefore they came to understand that the Cross was the uttermost and ultimate expression of the compassion that had been evidenced in all the sympathy of the years. It was the last and the full activity of a compassion that is Divine.

Finally, the amazing truth became self-evident that the Cross, for that Man upon the Cross, was the place of all others, where He did most perfectly enter into fellowship with God. In that moment and mystery of the Cross He had entered into, and there was maintained a fellowship that was never broken. The cry of humanity, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" was God's cry, realizing humanity's hell; and the Man on the Cross in that moment when He uttered it, was in the deepest experience of fellowship with God.

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross." What then does that mean? It means that life is to be mastered by those principles, and life is to be the putting forth of

a power that moves toward the results secured by them. To take up the cross then, is to live so that there is no compromise with sin. To be crucified with Christ means to be willing, in the measure in which that thing is open to us in ineffable grace, to bear the consequences of sin committed by others. It means willingness to give up our rights by creation, and by redemption, it may be. "Who, being in the form of God"; that was the eternal and inherent right of the Son of God; but He did not count even that, something to be snatched and held for Himself; but emptied Himself of it. That is the principle of the Cross. Your minds are travelling, as I speak, to Paul's own words in the Roman letter, that passage which so many expositors have tried to explain away; that great passage in which he called God to witness that he was speaking the truth, when he said, "I could wish that I myself were anathema from Christ for my brethren's sake." Never were the tides of the Christ life surging, pulsating, beating through Paul more perfectly than when he said, I could wish that I were accursed. That is the Cross, that is the career open to the man who admires Jesus.

That means the ultimate in compassion; the pouring out of all that we have in the interest of His mighty work. And that means fellowship with God. We do not reach the realm of fellowship with God, when we are singing hymns about the heaven to be. Don't misunderstand me. I like to sing hymns about heaven when I am too tired to do anything else. I have heard a multitude of strong healthy Christians singing:

"My willing soul would stay,
In such a state as this,
And sit and sing itself away
To everlasting bliss!"

If you do that, you will more likely wake up in hell, than in everlasting bliss. It is in taking up the cross that we get into fellowship with God. That is the career of the Christian.

I would not dare, for my own soul's sake, have said the things I have tried to say so far, if there were not this other thing to be said. He not only calls me into the fellowship of His vocation; He calls me into fellowship with Himself, that I may share His vocation. He said, Come and travel with Me. When He went, He went alone; He trod the winepress alone. There was none to help; there was none who could help. Have you ever quietly sat down, for the culture of your own soul in loneliness, with your New Testament, to watch the loneliness of Jesus? From beginning to end He was lonely. His own mother never understood Him until after Pentecost. I am not speaking disrespectfully of the virgin mother. But she never understood Him.

The multitudes came after Him; they thronged, they pressed, they crowded, they jostled Him; they admired Him. Have you never yet learned that you may patronize someone, and break his heart, because in your patronage you are revealing such ignorance of His passion? That is the story of Jesus. If you follow Him through, I think there is nothing so tragic as this sentence: "They," Who? That very inner circle of men, His nearest, "They all forsook Him and fled." The last stretches of the via dolorosa, the sorrowful way, He went all alone. I can only stand on the margin of the sea of an unutterable sorrow. I can hear the wind sighing and sobbing and moaning across it; but He is out there in the storm alone. And it is because He was alone, that when I deny myself, I am cleansed with blood and reborn; and standing up I say: Yea, I have denied myself, and Thou has cleansed Me, and Thou hast given me life, what shall I do? He says: Take up your cross and come with Me; but you will never go alone, I will be with you. He gives us the comradeship of Himself, for the comradeship of His vocation.

Beloved, I am the last man in the world to advocate the starting of any new society; but I have sometimes thought I would like to see a new society started, a new selective agency amongst us. You ask me what I would call it. I do not know. I will tell you the sort of letters that keep glistening in front of me—S. C. C! The Society of the Comrades of the Cross!

That is exactly what Christ calls us all to be. Are we? I do not know. A Bible Conference is an occasion for finding out. How far do we know anything about this? Don't answer me; and you won't persuade me to confess these deepest things to you. Let the investigation come when we are in the inner chamber, and the door is shut, and we can look up and say, Oh Man of the Cross, Master Whom we love, we deny ourselves, we have verily now repented and believed. How far have we taken up the cross to follow Thee?

I am told that Jesus is not exerting today the same attractive power that He did. Listen, if that be true, it is because somehow He is hidden and veiled from the eyes of the world. They tell me today that the standard of Christian living is not as high as it was. If that be so, I will tell you why. We have lowered the standard of requirement of discipleship. They tell me today that Christ is not appealing to the high heroism of the massed young life of the world. I do not know; but if that is so, it is because we have been failing to appeal to them in the heroic terms of Christ's own call. To these matters I propose to come on subsequent mornings.

# How The Church Has Hidden Her Lord

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D. D.

Preliminary Reading Colossians 1:24-2-3, and John 20:11-18.

"They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." (John 20:13.)

Yesterday morning, in closing my address, I said that if it is so that in this age, the spell of Jesus is not felt, if in any measure Jesus Christ is not making to men the appeal that He made in the past, it is because men are not seeing Him. It is not that He has lost any of the beauty and the glory of His personality. It is not that humanity, in the essential facts, has changed in any wise. The measure in which our Lord seems today, not to be making the same appeal, is the measure in which somehow, He has been hidden from men. That is my general proposition this morning.

Now as to the words that I have read as text, I at once say that I am taking the text out of its context; and I am taking the text, not to preach upon it, but because of the suggestion it makes; and I do not think I could have taken any story, where the suggestion I want to deal with is more pertinently made than in that wonderful story of Mary of Magdala in the garden early on that resurrection morning.

"They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." It was the cry of a great sorrow. It was a cry out of the heart of a stricken woman. She was entirely wrong in her reading of the circumstances; but she was magnificent even in her wrongness. Just think of her loyalty. What was she looking for? A dead body; that was her conception; the dead body of Jesus. She peered wonderingly into the empty tomb, and the tragedy was that she had lost the dead body; and yet even when she only thought of Him in the terms of a dead One, she still called Him, "My Lord." "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." Was there ever a more radiant revelation of the power of His personality, of the spell He cast upon human souls, than that this woman,

who had seen Him done to death upon the Cross, had helped to wrap Him about for sepulture, had seen His dead body laid in the tomb, yet called Him "my Lord." Of course the ultimate value of this story is that the One she thought of as dead, was standing close to her at the moment, alive. Don't forget that. Are you inclined to say, in some agony of mind, perhaps with some difficulties in the Church confronting you, concerning our Lord, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him?" You may depend upon it He is more alive than He ever was.

But the thing that grips me in the text is the suggestion that lay in those words of this woman. If indeed they had taken away her Lord, so that not even His dead body remained to her, if that blank had been created, she felt as though everything had gone; and the horror of the situation as she felt it, is the matter that constitutes our standpoint. If He be taken away, if He be hidden, what then? Nothing! Nothing but a great hiatus, a great gap; the situation is incapable of being described! That is the ultimate of darkness and desolation.

So I fasten resolutely upon that suggestion. There can be no question that in some measure our Lord has been hidden from the eyes of men, and that is a matter to be considered, and seriously considered, as to the measure of the responsibility of the Church for that hiding. A hidden Lord does mean sooner or later, some blame attached, some faulty method adopted by the Church, which is His Body, the only business of which in the world, is the making of Him real to the consciousness of the world. The Church exists for nothing else. I am not going to discuss the hour, I am not going to discuss the present situation. I want the light of a wider consideration to fall upon it; and I look back over the whole history of the Christian Church, and I say that there have been two great movements hiding Jesus. I want us to consider them.

Whenever we speak of Christ with spiritual intelligence, we do so with a sense that we know Him; and side by side with that, there is always another sense, namely that we cannot finally and ultimately explain Him. That is to say, that whenever you and I really speak of Christ with spiritual intelligence, we realize the mystery of the One concerning Whom we are speaking. Directly we think we have accounted for Christ, and placed Him philosophically or theologically, we have really destroyed Him. He cannot be so accounted for. He cannot be so placed. That is why I prefaced the study of the morning by reading that Colossian passage, that great passage, in which the apostle, thinking of the Church of God, makes use of the word **mystery** three times over, moving back from a more general mystery, to a hidden secret of that mystery, and finally to the central mystery. He spoke first of the mystery of the Church; he then spoke of the

mystery that creates the Church, the mystery of Christ formed in you, the hope of glory; and running on, he spoke at last inclusively and exhaustively, when he said, the mystery of God, which is Christ. Take the phrases of Paul in the other order; the eternal mystery, Christ; the mystery of personal relationship, Christ formed in you, the hope of glory; the resultant mystery, the sacramental host of God, the Church, made up of all those in whom that Christ is formed.

Now we must remind ourselves that in Paul's use of the word mystery there is always the thought of revelation. A mystery apart from Christian revelation, is something that baffles you, and which you cannot understand. A mystery in the New Testament sense of the word, is always something that cannot be discovered by human intellect, but that can be disclosed to human intellect, and which human intellect can apprehend, when it is disclosed. Yet for evermore there is still the realm of the unfathomable, the unreachable, the infinite. When you and I talk about our Christ in the terms of Jesus only, and think merely in the realm of the human, we have lost entirely the accurate sense of the Christ of God, as He is revealed in the New Testament. There is always mystery. Touch Him where you will, you are still in the presence of that mystery.

Now, in the process of the history of the Church, its misapprehension of the fact of mystery has issued in the veiling and hiding of the Christ. That misapprehension has taken two forms; and the two forms have constituted the two movements to which I have referred. First, the over-emphasis on the mystery of Christ, resulting in His retirement behind media; that is Medievalism. Secondly, an attempt to account for Him by denying the mysterious altogether; that is Modernism. Medievalism was an over-emphasis of the mysterious, which made men, out of false reverence, retire our Lord behind media; and so men lost the vision of the Christ. Modernism has attempted to bring Him entirely outside the realm of mystery, and to express Him in the terms of ordinary and everyday human experience. By that attempt also He has been hidden.

I have spoken of medievalism as the first movement, and of modernism as the second. That is true in some senses, but it is also true that both principles have operated from the beginning of the Christian era. What we speak of as medievalism Paul fought with all the passion of his soul, when he wrote his letter to the Galatians. The principle was at work then. Some were attempting to put Christ behind the rites and ceremonies of the Hebrew faith; and he fought it. John, in his writing, was combating what we call modernism, the attempt to account for Jesus as human only, and to deny the deep mystery of His Person.

Take the first of these. What do we see? The retiring of Jesus behind media. That is the explanation of Mariolatry. The worship

of the virgin mother was due to reverence for Jesus. The sense of the mystic wonder and marvel of Christ created the passion for some way of introduction to Him. They retired Him behind His mother. It was wrong, radically wrong; but I want us to see what they really did. It was the action of a false method of reverence for Him. It was the sense of the mystery of His Person, that made them retire Him behind His mother.

Again, they retired Him behind the altar; and men were taught that they could only approach Him by the way of the altar. Because of this same false reverence for Him, at last they denied the cup to the laity. The underlying reason for the altar was the sense of the mystery and the glory of Christ, and they retired Him behind the altar.

That necessarily led on to the institution of an order of priesthood that served the altar; and men and women were told that there might be no approach to the altar, save through the priest; and no approach to Mary save by the altar, and no approach to Jesus save through Mary. Out of reverence they retired Him behind His mother, behind the altar, behind a priesthood.

With what result? They hid Him, they veiled Him, they put Him out of sight of humanity. Because every medium, supposed to be a mediating medium, was imperfect, the vision that men came to have of Him was a distorted vision; distorted by the priesthood, distorted by the altar, distorted by Mary herself; and humanity began to look at this Christ, not face to face, but through her, through it; and through them. So men lost the vision of Christ that cast its spell over the human soul.

Now it may be said to me that all this has nothing to do with us; because we are Protestants. But think again. The Reformation was never completed, never carried out to the logical issue. I take one splendid, glorious figure, the figure of Martin Luther; and I say that the Reformation which came through Martin Luther was never completely true to the thesis which he nailed upon the Church door.

Look out upon Protestanism today, and you will see this same principle at work everywhere. When the ordinances, the Divinely ordained ordinances of the Christian faith are made means by which we get into communion with the Lord, the same principle is at work. The proportion in which any Church is insisting upon any rite as necessary to communion with the Lord, that is the proportion in which that Church, passionately desiring to reveal the Lord, is veiling Him. It is equally true of all ecclesiastical organization, when men make ecclesiastical organization, of any kind, necessary to reach Jesus Christ.

Again, our theological formulae hide Him, whenever they suggest that they express the final truth concerning Him. I am saying nothing against what is known as systematic theology. But I confess to you, that if you put a book into my hand—I do not care whose book it is, and I will name no book—and that book consists of theological propositions and proof texts, I am afraid of it. It may be sincere and true in the measure in which the man who compiled it, saw the truth; and yet all the while the fact of Christ may be missed for me, by the phraseology of another man's description and interpretation.

The proportion in which the Church of God has been under bondage to ordinances, or ecclesiastical organizations, or any final formulae of theological systems, is the proportion in which at last there has been the danger of veiling the Christ, of hiding the Christ, of putting Him behind secondary things; and that is of the very spirit of medievalism.

The other method of dealing with Christ is that, which for lack of a better word, I term modernism. That which we call modernism today has been born of the protest of the human soul against the hiding of Jesus behind these veils; and the whole movement began in a determination to rediscover and rescue the Person of Christ from the false interpretation of medievalism. In this movement the whole emphasis has been laid upon the humanity of Jesus. And there are senses in which the restatement of the humanity of our Lord has been understandable and valuable. Art in those days that we call medieval, the dark ages, was influenced by theology. Look at the pictures of the great masters. They were wonderful pictures. I am not criticizing the mixing of the pigments, I am not criticizing the drawing of the artists. But their Art misrepresented the human Jesus, misrepresented the Christ of God. In an attempt to suggest the mystery of His Person they succeeded in hiding the fact of His nearness to human nature. Every halo painted round the brow of Jesus or round the brow of the saints by those great masters was a recognition of mystery, the offering of a reverent worship. Yet those very halos have misled men in their thinking for ages. They put Jesus into separation from the ordinary and everyday things of human life. An illustration of what I mean will occur to many of you. I refer to Ruskin's account of Raphael's famous cartoon of the Miraculous Draught of Fishes, in his "Sesame and Lilies." Ruskin points out that Raphael's landscape was not Judaean, it was Italian. Next he painted, standing round Jesus, twelve apostles. There were only seven there, and two of them were not apostles. Then, these apostles are all arrayed in the most marvellous ecclesiastical garments, notwithstanding the fact that they had been out all night, fishing! Thus Jesus and His apostles were represented as distanced from the ordinary things of human life. They painted Jesus, and in their very

painting of Him, they so emphasized His distance from humanity, that humanity lost its sense of His kinship with humanity.

Then there has come this movement, aimed at bringing back the sense of His humanity. Yes, but what has been done? As to His being, it denies the virgin birth, that is to say, it says that He was born of human parents, father and mother. As to His mission and His teaching, it declares that He was pure of spirit, but mentally child of his age, and therefore fallible in the realm of all matters, except the spiritual. As to the consummation of that life, it says there was no resurrection. What have they done. They have reduced Christ to the terms of ordinary human life. They have eliminated those things that are things of mystery, accounting for Him by the ordinary method of generation, making His teaching the clear utterance of a fallible soul, the child of His own age; denying His resurrection, and so making the Cross the tragedy of a human failure.

Now wherever that is done, what happens? Christ is not now merely retired behind veils; He is destroyed in the actual fact of Him, as He is revealed in the New Testamnt. Think of the things we spoke of as constituting the appeal of Christ to the soul; the beauty and the glory of His life, He lived; the sense of authority, He knew; the touch of infinite and profound sympathy, He cared. Now what happens, if you think of Him in these terms? As to His life, it was a failure. As to His teaching, it is absolutely unreliable. If you can persuade me that Jesus did not know within His own knowledge more about the first five books of the Old Testament than the cleverest modern critic; then, so help me God, I cannot trust Him at all. Someone recently said to me that Christ was absolutely infallible in the spiritual realm, but entirely fallible and ignorant and mistaken in the scientific realm. My reply is, therein is postulated a divorce between the spiritual and the scientific that I decline to admit. I declare to you no person can speak for me with absolute infallibility in the spiritual realm, who was fallible in the scientific.

The moment modernism thus attempts to account for the Lord, it robs Him of all attractiveness. Modernism has no Christ that attracts the massed multitude of men. It can make no appeal to the heart of men, with its sense of sin, and its surging and poignant agony. If you hide the Christ of the New Testament by accounting for Him along rationalistic lines, you will have left a personality that will appeal to certain types of intellectuality, and amuse them; but you have no Christ that you can take down into the Rescue Mission. You have no Christ with Whom you can meet humanity in its need; and know that as you present Him, cursed and blighted and stricken and besmirched and smitten and foul, humanity will crowd to Him.

These are the two great movements which have hidden the Lord. Take the historic outlook. They are in sequence. If you take the

principles contained in them, they have been perpetual. That mistaken reverence that retires Him, that passion for the merely human that robs Him of His mystic glory; by either of these methods this Christ is hidden. Whenever the Christ is so hidden, His appeal ceases, the spell is not felt, the constraint is not upon the heart of men. The Church's one business is to reveal the Christ; and her method must be that of the recognition of the mysterious, and the presentation of the actual.

# How The Church Is to Reveal Her Lord

## I. BY WORSHIP.

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D. D.

Preliminary Reading, Hebrews 10:19-25.

"Now when they beheld the boldness of Peter and John, and had perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus." (Acts 4:13.)

I have again selected words for the sake of the idea they suggest. "They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." These words record the impression made upon men outside the Christian experience, and who were indeed antagonistic to the Christian movement, by two witnesses of the risen Lord, and the two were Peter and John; Peter, the blunt, plain, magnificent man of affairs, the practical; John, the poet, the mystic, the dreamer. In the Acts of the Apostles we see these men in partnership; the practical man and the poet are welded by the Holy Ghost to fulfill a ministry. The words of my text, I repeat, chronicle the impression made by these men upon men outside the Christian experience, and indeed, upon men who were antagonistic to the Christian movement. The key word of the statement is the word boldness. It was the boldness of these two men that impressed the other men; and the thought of boldness is that of the completeness and confidence of their speech. It was speech proceeding out of experience. It was not the kind of speech these learned men would expect from unlearned and illiterate men. How did these high priests account for it? Quite simply, and quite accurately. They said they had been with Jesus. That was the opinion, not of other disciples, but of men antagonistic to the Christian fact.

Here we come face to face with a principle which is of far wider application than that of the immediate story. Christ is revealed to men, by men who have been with Him. In order to the revelation of Christ, in order to make men outside see Him, know Him, detect Him, we must have been with Christ.

Now once again, it is fundamental to our present consideration that we recognize and remember what the New Testament teaches concerning Christ. Finally and fundamentally the New Testament makes it perfectly clear that Christ is the mystery of God; that we can never hope to have a Christology that is a full and perfect and final interpretation of Him, which we can pass on to other men, or which will completely satisfy all our questionings concerning Him. The Word defies the interpretation of words.

Again, we must remind ourselves anew that a mystery in the New Testament is not something that cannot be apprehended. A mystery is that which human intellect cannot discover; but which can be disclosed to human intellect, and being disclosed, can be apprehended by it. Christ is the mystery of God, that means that in Him God is disclosed to men. Men cannot find God unto perfection, by searching, as said the old Hebrew philosopher in the book of Job. And even though all the fulness of the Godhead dwells in this Christ corporeally, and so is placed at our disposal, because we are finite and He is infinite, there is always the necessity for those exercises which will put us in the place of those who wait in the presence of the mystery, in order for its fuller unfolding. That is worship. Unless we know what that means experimentally, continuously, regularly, we are unable to represent Jesus Christ accurately when we go out to meet men. The proportion in which we know what it is to be with Him, in that sense, is the proportion in which we shall know what it is when we go out to speak in His name; to do it with such boldness that men shall say, these men have been with Jesus.

Two things then are necessary, if the Church is to reveal the Lord; first, the cultivation of the revelations that are in the mystery—that is worship; and secondly, the communication to other men of that revelation by the witness that we bear. Worship is the practice of being with Christ. Witness is the resulting testimony before the world, as we reveal Him.

Now as to the cultivation of the revelation, that is worship. What dc we mean by worship? All those activities of the soul in which it draws nigh to God. There is a double activity of the soul in worship. There is the activity of receiving from Him, and of giving to Him. Worship is offering to God, and it is receiving from Him. Worship is receiving from God, and in response, offering to God, and as a result, receiving again. That is worship. Paul opened his letter to the Ephesians with an illuminative doxology. "Blessed be the God

and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." That is worship, that is pure worship; but notice how it continues, "Who hath blessed us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenlies in Christ." That is also worship. The whole doxology reveals two activities, each of them an activity of blessing; the soul blessing God, because God has blessed the soul. There we are in the presence of one of the most amazing things in the relationship into which we are brought through our Lord Jesus Christ. We offer God gifts in the hour of worship, which are worth something to Him. In worship, we bring something to God. I know perfectly well what you feel. I know what I feel. It is inconceivable to me on the level of my own understanding of myself, that I can give Him anything that is worth while. But our Bible tells us that we can. In the Old Testament, we find this most remarkable word, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth God." The whole conception of worship is that of giving to God; and in that act of giving receiving from Him. Worship is the exercise of communion, of fellowship.

Now if we are so busy doing things for God that we have no time for that exercise of soul, we are robbing our doing of force and power. The other morning, I quoted that old hymn, that I used to hear sung when I was a boy:

"My willing soul would stay,
In such a state as this;
And sit and sing itself away,
To everlasting bliss."

I told you that no man had any right to sing that unless he was tired out; and no man has any right to sing that until he is over seventy; and you applauded. Now I am going to say something else. The man who never feels that, in the course of all his days, cannot go out and witness for God. I flung the hymn away for the purposes of the moment, and in certain senses I abide by what I then said. But I will take it right back now. One of the dangers of the age in which we are living, and through which we have been living, is that we have become so keen about witness, that we have robbed witness of power, in that we have not taken time for worship.

Now I did not ask for the singing of that sacred poem just now about the little Church in the wildwood. I love it, though I did not ask for it. You say, Why do you like that thing? You say, I do not like it! I like it simply because it takes me back to that little Chapel nestling among the Cotswold Hills; it takes Dr. McNeill here back to the little kirk somewhere in the Highlands of Scotland. The supreme impression left upon me, and lingering with me yet, of that little chapel or meeting room, is not the impression of things done there for Jesus, though they abide; it is rather the impression that is upon my soul of a company of men and women worshipping.

You are generous with me in this country. I always find you are; and so I am going to take my courage in my hands, and fling myself upon your generosity. I go north and south, east and west, and I hardly ever find a Church here where people are worshipping. Oh, you are busy, you are singing, and you are preaching, and you are working; but worship is rare. That is not peculiar to you. It is very largely true on the other side also. We have almost lost—I was going to say the art—I do not like the word—the essence; put the two ideas together, and say we have almost lost the ideal of pure worship.

What is pure worship? There is the worship of the assembly, and there is the worship in the cloister, or if you prefer, of the inner chamber. There is the worship of loneliness, and there is the worship of those who do not forsake the assembling of themselves together. The inter-relation of these two things is of the utmost importance. Our worship in public breaks down over and over again, because we do not come to it from worship in the secret place.

Now in order to the worship of the assembly, what is the first necessity? The realization of the assembly; and the realization of what the assembly really means; and that is the realization of the real Presence of the Lord. There again, we have one of the things to which everybody, every Christian man and woman in this assembly, will give intellectual assent in a moment. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." How often do we realize that? It is the realization of the deep spiritual significance of that, and the deep spiritual experience of it, that constitutes the real atmosphere for worship. Just think of your own services on Sunday morning, whether you preside, or whether you attend and listen. Is the consciousness that possesses us, as we gather together, professedly for worship, a consciousness that we are coming into the presence of the Lord? You say, Oh yes, certainly. Well, my masters, the way I see you come in, does not make me think so—the way people drift in late, for instance. Supposing you and I really believed, as we gather together for worship next Sunday morning, that we are going to meet the Lord, do you think we will be late? I have had one rule with my children from their babyhood up, which was my father's rule for me. If you cannot be in the House of God for worship on time, stay away. More than once, when I was a boy, I found I was a minute late, and I dared not go in. You say, That is rather severe. I know it; but I wish we could get back some of the severity of our fathers, and apply it to our present life. Don't you see what that really does? If we really believed the thing I have quoted, what an effect it would have! What are you going to do? Fix your attention upon an altar? Certainly not, if the Lord is there! Are you going to suffer the intrusion of a priest? No, you will say

to the priest what Diogenes said to Alexander: "I ask one thing of you only, that you get out of my sunlight."

In such an assembly what are the acts of worship? In every assembly for worship there should be the place for silence. I am not talking about the meeting for the preaching of the Gospel; I am talking about worship—the cultivation, in communion with each other, of our communion with our Lord. I would give some space in every such service for absolute stillness and quietness. Out of such silence the speech of worship would be powerful; and there are three activities of speech proper to worship, those of praise, prayer, and prophesying, or preaching. Don't imagine that worship ceases when the preaching begins. If it be worship to speak to God in praise and prayer, then surely worship is also to listen while God is speaking to us through His Word.

Of these activities of speech in worship the first and supreme should be that of praise. Do you know how difficult a thing it is to offer pure praise to God? Have you ever tried? Have any of you ministers ever called a meeting to praise God, and tried to lead it and conduct it and direct it? The other morning Mel Trotter said at the beginning of his meeting: "Let us have a meeting to praise, let us have praise, have you anything to thank God for?" And we all had, we were all ready for praise. And then he said, "Now somebody praise." Three people responded, and not one of them praised, they all prayed! Praise is giving something to God. Moreover there is a distinction between praise and thanksgiving. I thank God for what He gives me. That is not praise. Praise is the activity of adoring Him for what He is in Himself. Take up the hymn book, and go through it at your leisure, and pick out the hymns of pure praise. You will find very few. Hymns of thanksgiving, yes; hymns of prayer, yes; glorious hymns; but there are very few hymns of pure praise. This is a matter I commend to your consideration. It is very full of rebuking suggestiveness. I believe we are losing enormously because we are losing the high art of praise in worship.

But if we are to worship in the assembly, we must first have worshipped alone. We must come together, prepared by private fellowship with our Lord. There must be adoration in the secret place, if public worship is to be real. That always means the preparation that seeks for pardon, and cleansing, and purity. We cannot be alone with our Lord, really alone with Him, in that room, with the door locked, without there having to be reckoning between Him and ourselves; and out of that will come adoration and worship. When that is done, then come to Church, and join the assembly. Next Sunday morning in the little Church in the wildwood, or anywhere else, let there gather together two or three—units, tens, hundreds, thousands, I do not care—two or three, who have been in the secret place,

adoring, worshipping; and they will come with the light of it on their faces, and the lilt of it in their heart, and there will be worship.

Being with Jesus means a great deal more than that, but it means that; and no personal life is powerful for witness that does not know the inner chamber and the shut door; not merely to ask things from Jesus, but to give things to Him, the things of our adoring praise. No Church, whatever its organizations, however it multiplies them, however it may become institutional—to use that modern word that I do not think I like at all—is powerful for witness, that has not at the heart of its life, the place, the hour, the activity of real worship; when, the souls who name the Name, are gathered in the Name, and when in that holy communion, they are prepared for the contact with the world that is outside.

When men leave the churches where simplicity characterizes the worship, attracted by the altar, and the Mass, and the aesthetic splendor of other forms of worship, it is because they really fail to realize the things they profess to believe. I wonder if I am clear. I find everywhere young people are leaving the simpler churches, and are going to churches of a more ornate ritual. Why? Simply because in the simpler forms of worship, we have missed the glory of the ideal. Any man who tells you he needs the aesthetic splendor, the dim light, and burning incense and high altar, I can understand it; but I cannot understand it, if he is a man who has really known the meaning of the two or three gathered in the Name of the Lord. But that is the trouble with us today. We know so little of it—the realization of the Presence, and then the making real of our exercises, our singing, our reading of the Word of God.

Sometimes I am asked: "Will you take part in the service? We shall be glad if you will conduct the preliminaries!" The what? The preliminaries! What are preliminaries? Oh, the giving out of the hymns, or the reading of a lesson, or the invocation, or the prayer. Preliminaries! Preliminary to what? To the sermon. Listen! Whenever the early parts are thought of as preliminary by a preacher, his sermon ought never to be preached. He has not got a sermon. Let us anew realize the sublime glory of Christian men and women gathered about the living Lord, not to pray, though that also, but to worship.

He has made us a kingdom of priests, and the first function of Christian priesthood is not the function of intercession. The first function is the function of thanksgiving. Our priesthood is eucharistic. I use the word eucharistic resolutely: It is the Anglicizing of a Greek word. What is the Eucharist? It is the giving of thanks, it is the offering of the sacrice of praise. If I had my way I would never announce after the morning service, or the evening service, on the first Sunday in the month, that we are going to observe the Lord's

Supper. Neither would I personally describe it as a communion service. I would say, "On Sabbath next we shall observe the Eucharist." Oh, someone says, you are going over to the High Church party! I am not going over, I belong to the High Church party. I hold the highest of high church doctrines; and the Eucharist is the finest name for the Lord's Table, because the Lord's Table is the place of pure worship. You have no business to confess your sins at the Table of the Lord. You should confess them before you come. You have no business at the Table of the Lord to ask for anything. Why? You are there to remember He has given you everything. You are there to praise. I have a great and passionate longing to get every now and then, into some assembly which is worshipping, when the center of attraction is not the preacher, but the Lord.

It is in proportion as we know how to worship, that we shall go out with the radiance and the glory of the secret place upon our faces to witness.

"In the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide!
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side!
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low;
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the secret place I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring;
And my Saviour rests beside me, as we hold communion sweet;
If I tried, I could not utter what He says when thus we meet.

Only this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;
Oh, how patiently He listens! and my drooping soul He cheers;
Do you think He ne'er reproves me? what a false friend He would be,
If he never, never told me of the sins which He must see.

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow; this shall then be your reward;
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,
You must mind and bear the image of the Master in your face."

# How The Church Is to Reveal Her Lord

## II. BY WITNESS.

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D. D.

Preliminary Reading, Philippians 4:1-13.

"Now when they beheld the boldness of Peter and John, and had perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus." (Acts 4:13.)

Yesterday, in this sequence of considerations, I spoke on the first method by which the Church is to unveil her Lord, the method of worship. Taking this word of the Acts, "They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus," my suggestion was that, the being with Jesus, created the kind of life and witness that impressed the outside men. Moreover, I treated the being with Jesus, as covering the whole ground of the fact of worship, first in the cloister, and then in the assembly; first in loneliness, and then in the holy communion and fellowship of saints.

Now passing out into the world, from being with the Lord, first in the inner chamber alone, and then in the holy assembly of His people for worship, His witnesses will reveal Him; and will reveal Him in two ways. First they will do so by the life, which is the outward expression of the inward experience of the Lord; that inward experience that is created and maintained and sustained and deepened and strengthened by worship. The life which is an expression of experience, is the first line of witness. But then also, such persons will witness by their boldness of speech, the quality of it, the tone of it, the authenticity of it, the authority of it. That in it which carried conviction, was that which came out of the life of the men; nevertheless there was a boldness in their speech, an authentic freedom of utterance, by which the secrets of experience were explained.

Here then are the two lines of witness, by which we are called upon to unveil the Lord, to reveal the Lord to the world, those of life and testimony.

I begin then with the unveiling of the Lord in the life of His witnesses. Here I shall confine myself to those elements which created, as I have suggested to you in previous considerations, His personal attractiveness to men; those namely of His full-orbed life; His authentic knowledge; and His profound sympathy. These are the things which we, His witnesses, have to make real to the world; these are the things we are to reveal to men.

We are called upon first to reveal to men the fulness of the simple life. I used two words in that sentence, which I ask you to note, which seem contradictory—**fulness** and **simple.** I do not forget that I am charged by the New Testament not to depart from the simplicity that is in Christ; and I do not forget that in Him all the fulness of the Godhead dwelleth; and that I am made full in Him; and therefore I am content with my definition, and believe it is justified. We are called upon to reveal to the world the fulness of the life of simplicity. In our preliminary reading this morning from Paul's letter to the Philippians, we found these words: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content. I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound; in everything and in all things have I learned the secret both to be filled and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want. I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me." I cannot add anything to that. It is a perfect description of the fulness of the simple life. One is almost afraid to begin interpretation here, lest the blundering work of the interpreter shall spoil the glory of this actual experimental word. It means that the simple life of the Christian is a life independent of conditions and circumstances, and so forever mastering conditions, and mastering circumstances; never mastered by them. I know how to be abased; and the ideal of life suggested is that of high dignity in the hour of defeat. That is how Christ lived. That is how we are called upon to live. I know how to abound; that is the life of a rich and profound meekness and humility in the hour of abundance. Do I know how to be abased? I once heard W. L. Watkinson, a wonderful interpreter, illustrate: "I know how to be abased." In the old days in England, yet not so very long ago, in the early part of the Victorian era, one of the great sports, especially of the miners, was that of cock fighting. Watkinson told of a man, who had trained a bird for a great fight; but in the conflict his bird was killed. The man went and looked at the dead rooster, and picked him up, and held him in his arms, and walked away to the station, and walked up and down the station platform, carrying the dead bird. His friends were laughing at him, jeering at him, but he uttered no word. Presently the

train came in, and he got into one of the little carriages that we have, with the door at the side, and they crowded in with him, drinking and smoking, and chaffing him, and doing everything they could to make him angry. But he never spoke a word, and still carried the dead bird under his arm. When the train arrived at the station where he was to alight, he got out of the carriage and shut the door. Then he looked back at them, and just said, "Boys, I cannot train a bird to win, but I know how to carry a dead bird home!" That man in his measure knew how to be abased. He knew how to bear himself with dignity when he was defeated.

I know how to abound. That is the opposite. It is the ability to behave with meekness in the hour of victory, to be mastered with the passion for beneficence in circumstances of prosperity.

The idea of the fulness of the simple life was graphically set forth by Paul in his first letter to Timothy, where he said, "Godliness with contentment is great gain: for we brought nothing into the world, for neither can we carry anything out." Is not that magnificently fine disdain? Again, "But having food and covering," not raiment, that is a rather important change; the word Paul used there is not the word for clothing merely, but for covering. It is the only place in the New Testament where the Greek word occurs; and it includes raiment, and house. It is the word that means all necessary to cover you, the raiment you wear and the house you live in. "Having food and covering we shall be therewith content." That is life reduced in its terms, to the absolute minimum. That is the way the Christian soul lives, content with food and with covering.

Well, now then, where are we? Take this question of food. What does Christianity say to a man in regard to food? It makes him perfectly content, if he have that which is necessary for the sustenance of his physical life. What is necessary to sustain life from the standpoint of food? I will tell you exactly what is necessary, what God covenanted with His people to give them: "Your bread shall be given, and your water shall be sure." That is all we need; and whatever we had for breakfast this morning, more than that, was a luxury, and not a necessity. That is food. Does that mean we are not to have anything else? Certainly not; but all other things are to be received as privileges, and to be taken with restraint. Whatsoever you do, whether you eat or drink, to do all to the glory of God. The Christian man at a banquet—he is not to stay away from the banquet; but he will deport himself as a man, not depending upon anything, except the necessities of life.

What about covering? Let us begin with clothing. Does Christianity say anything about clothing? It is a very remarkable fact that the Hebrew religion had a great deal to say about clothing. For instance, they were not to wear any garment that was a mixture of

cotton and wool! I don't want to make you uncomfortable! Such command does not apply to you. I think it would, if you lived in that country, even yet. I quote it to show that God is interested in our clothing. The Christian man, the Christian woman, in that regard, will consider raiment as necessary, but secondary. Two principles are to govern you, the covering, and the comfort. What about color and elegance? Magnificent, but always to be conditioned by other considerations. I do not believe that it is necessary for all Christians, I do not think that is the ideal either, for all to wear the same color or style. I remember those days when the Friends, the Quakers, all dressed in one color; and believe me—if there are members of that society here they will agree with me—that over and over again there was more pride under that old Quaker bonnet than there was in many a girl whose head was bedecked with flowers. You can be conceited about your plainness of attire.

What about the Christian's home? Has my Christianity to have any exhibition in my home? I do not mean in my temper, or my conversation. I mean in my house, my furniture. It ought to have. Will you be very much shocked and startled if I ask you, when you get home, to turn back again to this fourth chapter of Philippians, and read verse eight; and while you are reading it, look round at your furniture? "Whatsoever things are true"—furniture! "Whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report"—furniture? Yes, and pictures; everything else in your home; test it there. You say, Paul did not mean that. Who said he did not? Paul was not thinking about furniture. Who said so? Paul was thinking about life, and life expresses itself in house, and furniture, and pictures.

Will you forgive my illustrations? I am growingly afraid of them. But will you get at the principle? You and I are to go out and live the life that is rich and full, independently of the accidents of circumstances. Jesus said: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." A man can live without things, and a man can so pile things round him that he blasts and blights and damns his soul. You and I are to live in the world, not abusing it. There are two ways of abusing the cosmos. One way is that of making yourself so replete with its dust that there is no room for Deity; and the other is that of treating it as though it in itself, were evil. A Christian man lives the full life. "I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound. I know how to suffer hunger, I know how to be filled."

But again, not merely in the fulness of life, and the richness of life; but in life that is based upon certainty, the assurance of the knowledge of God. Jesus spoke as One having authority. We are to reveal to men that type of life, the life that is not speculative, that

is not based upon speculations, the life that is based upon certainties. All the life of the Christ man and the Christ woman is based upon conviction. Questions, oh yes, we shall have them, but questions will never be the reason of conduct. We shall have doubts, but doubts will never be the inspiration of our deeds. We shall live by faith. Men and women who know God in Christ, and whose whole life is squared with that knowledge, are not speculative. We get into the realm of speculation sometimes, but we never act in that realm. "Whatsoever is not of faith, is sin. He that doubteth is condemned in the thing that he doeth." Make that cut two ways, for it does. That will settle all your questions about habits and amusements. If you are in doubt, quit. That is all. If you are not sure as to whether you ought to do this or that, go here and there, don't do it. Only do the things you are sure about.

That applies not merely to the things which some people condemn as being unchristian; it applies also to the highest things in Christian service. I have been asked over and over again in the course of my work, when addressing young men in churches or colleges, to urge them to enter the Christian ministry. So help me God, I will never do anything of the kind; I will not make that appeal. The call to the Christian ministry must come to the man himself. You cannot take up the Christian ministry as a profession, unless you have got the Divine call. A young man said years ago—and over and over again others have said the same thing—I am not sure, but I think I should like to become a Christian minister. I have always replied, For God's sake keep out of the ministry until you are sure. Whatsoever is not of faith, is sin. There is nothing the world is waiting for more today than the witness of authoritative and authentic and absolute conviction. Of course that applies to me as a preacher; it applies to every preacher; but it applies to the witnesses, all of them. We are to live by our convictions. We are not doubting, speculating, wondering. If we are, then we bear no witness for Jesus Christ. It is the life mastered by certain knowledge which witnesses. "This is the age-abiding life that they should know Thee, the only true God, and Him Whom thou didst send, even Jesus Christ." This reduces life to simplicity in many directions, but it gives it a very great spaciousness.

Finally, and while this to me is supreme, I can, and will dismiss it with the briefest reference. We are to go out, and reveal to the world the Christ Who cares, in that service which is the expression of a deep and profound sympathy. God-centered life is always love-mastered life; and to be a love-mastered man or woman, a man or woman in whom this Christ is dwelling, is to know the life of acute suffering, and to know the life of perpetual joy. And the world will know. Can the world see Jesus in me?

Now I am bound to say it again, because it is so in my soul; I cannot go out and reveal to the world a full-orbed life, and a life based upon certainty, and a life thrilling and rushing with compassion; unless I am constantly cultivating the secret place, where in the presence of the infinite mystery, I worship, and my soul is bowed and fed with the life and the compassion of my Lord. But if I do that, if I know worship, then I go out, and the world will see Jesus in me.

But there is also to be the unveiling of the Lord in the speech of His witnesses. Now a hundred things have been said about this, and will be said again. I will deal with it very briefly. Of course first by preaching, and that is the true place of Christian preaching. The true work of a Christian preacher is that of interpreting the life of the Church, that is the life of Christ, to the world. As the life of Christ is realized and revealed in the Church, the preacher is to explain to the man outside the thing the man has seen, and is attracted by, in the Church. I commit that to you for thought. I am told sometimes that there is a great deal of poor preaching going on. I do not know, I don't often hear it. I very seldom hear any preaching that does not help me. Now I want you people who do not preach, who sit in the pew, constituting the congregation, to think of this. The reason of poor preaching often is, that there is not much to explain. If you want the final commentary on all I am saying, read again the second chapter of the Acts, and do not stop too long with the first four verses. Worship is in the first four verses in its mystic glory; but go on. There you find the first Christian sermon in the full sense of the word Christian. Why did Peter preach? He preached in order to explain to an enquiring city, the mystery of the new life that had attracted that city. The Church was filled with the Holy Spirit, and was uttering ecstatic words of praise. Remember these people did not preach with tongues. The gift of tongues was never bestowed for preaching. It was always for praising. They were praising; there was light upon their faces, glory and power and fervor; and the crowds gathered, and they said, What is the matter with these people? Somebody tried to explain it. They said, They are drunk, they are filled with new wine. When the Church of God, by its life amazes the city, perplexes the city, makes the city ask what is the matter, then the preacher has got his chance. "These men are not drunken as you suppose." Then he told them how it all came to pass. That is the place of preaching. Did anyone ever think you were drunk, because of your Christianity? That is half the trouble with us today, we have become

> "Faultily faultless, icily regular,
> Splendidly null."

The Church of God is cursed by its respectability. No, I am not asking that you shall be shouting, when there is no reason for it.

But when the Lord has given us a deliverance, do let us dare to say, Hallelujah! Go and get your church right, and then your preacher will do better; that is what I mean; he will have something to explain. Put something in the shop window of the Church that makes the crowd come in, and say, What is this? Then your preacher gets his chance. Of course if he does not know how to explain it, get rid of him!

Not only by preaching, but by private conversation are we to witness in speech. That great flaming Methodist, who went home to God nearly 25 years ago, Hugh Price Hughes, one of the greatest personalities it was ever my lot to touch in the course of my life, said in a great convention a startling thing. He said, "The devil gained his biggest victory when he persuaded the Church of God that her symbol was the cross!" I stop there, in order that you may have the shock that came to me when I heard him say it. Continuing, he said the symbol of the Church is not the cross, it is the tongue of fire. He was right. He was not undervaluing the cross. He lived by it, he lived in relationship with it, so that he died, as men count dying, at 55; and when he had gone, that brilliant journalist, Dr Robertson Nicoll, wrote a leading article for his paper, headed "Aged fifty-five." I cut it out, and have kept it ever since. His was a life that burned itself out by the way of the cross. Yet he claimed that when the devil silenced the tongues of the rank and file of the Church, and made men believe that only a caste of men had any right to prophesy; he gained his biggest victory. So he did. Everybody must witness to this Jesus with life, but also with lip.

That does not mean everybody is to go out and do promiscuous buttonholing, asking impertinent questions at inopportune times. If I called a man into my house to do a job of plumbing, and he asked me if I was saved, I would show him the door straight away. I believe much harm is done by people asking that sort of question at the wrong time and in the wrong place. That is not being wise to win souls. But there should be readiness to buy up opportunities. Your Christian speech is that which will buy them up. One thing I cannot understand is that Christian men and women find it hard to talk about Jesus Christ. I am even told by fathers and mothers that they find it hard to talk to their own children about Jesus. I cannot understand it. That is all; I am going to leave it there with that negative statement. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh; and if in very deed all the heart and the life is filled with the indwelling of Christ, how can it be difficult to speak of Him? I know that there needs to be wisdom, to speak at the right moment, and in the right way. But how often we miss it. Some of us have known men and women who have had wonderful facilities, faculties, gifts for this work. There is one man in England, the Chaplain-

General, Bishop Taylor Smith. I don't think I should trouble to walk half a mile to hear him preach; but for winning souls by direct speech, I do not know his equal. May I give you a sort of almost ludicrous illustration. A story is told of how he was sitting in a railway carriage at Worcester station, on the way to some other city; and the door opened, and a man got into the carriage, lifting himself up with difficulty. When he sat down, Bishop Taylor Smith looked at him, and said, "I am sorry you are in some difficulty, you are suffering in some way." The man replied, "Oh, yes, I have a stiff back; it is terrible." The Bishop spoke sympathetically to him; and then with a twinkle in his eye, almost a look of mischief, he said: "It is bad to have a stiff back, but it is not half as bad as a stiff neck." Before they reached their destination, the Bishop and the man were on their knees, and the man was in the Kingdom of God.

I was once travelling in your country, and I came to a station, Berea. I remember it, because a man sat by me, Howard Pope, and he looked up at the conductor, and asked him, "What is the station we have just gone through?" The conductor said, "Berea." "Oh," said Pope, "good people used to live in a town of that name. I will show you the name of it in my New Testament, and with a smile he turned it up, 'And the Bereans were more noble than they of Thessalonica, because they searched the Scriptures'." The conductor smiled and went on. Within fifteen minutes, after we had passed the next station, the conductor came back, and said to Mr. Pope, "That was a very interesting thing you said to me." Then I got away, and left them together; and before the next station was reached, Howard Pope had won that man for Christ.

Now don't you go, asking the conductor where Berea is, or talking that way to a man with a stiff back! But watch for souls, and buy up your opportunities. I do not believe God ever meant us all to be preachers. I believe a great many men are not preaching, who ought to, and—you can finish that! But I believe God meant every witness to be ready to talk about the Lord; and hear me, I will speak for myself—I do not believe that you and I can cultivate our communion with Him in that inner chamber of secrecy and worship; and then in the assemblies of His people, when the mystery possesses us and masters us; without, when we get out in the world, having to speak for Him.

We are to unveil Him, we are to reveal Him by our worship; and by our witness; and so surely as we do, the measure in which we do it, is the measure in which in this twentieth century, with its changed conditions, and its much vaunted progress, we shall still find men and women are attracted to Him. He will through His true witnesses still cast His spell upon the human soul.

# The Standards of Church Membership

## I. RADICAL.

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D. D.

Preliminary Reading, Acts 2:1-13 and 37-42.

"And Peter said unto them, Repent ye and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." (Acts 2:38.)

In proportion as our Lord is revealed by the Church in her worship and by her witness, His spell will fall upon those who thus see Him; they will assuredly be attracted towards Him; perhaps only superficially, but none the less definitely, they will desire to follow Him. That desire may be nothing more than a consent of mind to the beauty of His ideal, and the inevitable inclining of the will towards the following of Him; but it will always express itself in enquiry concerning the secrets of the life that has created the attraction. The Church's witness through worship and through life, arouses questions concerning the secrets of her life. Then comes the opportunity for the witness of speech. That is the preacher's hour; and that is the hour for the individual witness to speak of the Lord. So surely as there be such witness and speech, growing out of the witness of life, people will now begin to say, not "What meaneth this?" but "What shall we do?" These were the questions of the crowds on the day of Pentecost, and they were asked in that order. A careful reading of the second chapter of the Acts will reveal the sequence. Trusting to your familiarity with that story and sequence, we are now to consider the answer given by the Church, through Peter its spokesman, to this second question.

The answer is found in these words: "Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit."

Now we are going to spend some moments with technical work, which I hope may not be tedious. It is of the utmost importance that we understand accurately this first Pentecostal apostolic answer to this enquiry, What shall we do?

I was once travelling with that great saint and most brilliant preacher of the Methodist Church, Bishop Fowler, and in the course of our conversation he said: "I am not interested in hearing a man talk about his Bible, when his occupation is that of chasing a pronoun round the tail of a comma." Well, I agree with the Bishop up to a point; but I am going to take some time this morning with a preposition.

In the answer of Peter: "Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you **in** the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins," I would resolutely change that word "**in**" to another; and I would render it, "Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you **upon** the name of Jesus Christ." This then is a question of a preposition. Why raise it? It is raised. Look at your Bible, at a great many of them, and you will see in the margin that the suggestion is made. All our translators have been faced with the fact, that in the manuscripts examined for translation, some had the Greek preposition **en**, which is **in**; and some of them had the Greek preposition **epi**, which is **upon**. The question naturally and properly arose as to which was right, for of course we have no original manuscripts. The translators, scholarly, saintly, devout men, had to consider the difference in the manuscripts, and come to decision, as to which really should be here of those two prepositions, whether **in** or **upon**, whether **en** or **epi**. I am stating the case thus technically, that you may see that there is a difference and a difficulty; and may understand how far I have any right to come to a decision, and how far you may come to a decision for yourselves. In a case like this the decision must be made in accordance with the meaning of the whole passage.

When we turn from the manuscripts to the great translators, we have a great difference of opinion manifested. Lachman, Tregelles, Westcott and Hort all accept **en, in.** Elzevir, Griesback, Tischendorf, Alford and Wordsworth all adopt **epi, upon.** I believe that **epi, upon,** is correct. Most of you are probably reading the Westcott and Hort text. If you are, you will find **en.** But if you have secured the last revision of Westcott and Hort, published in 1904, you will find **epi, upon,** instead of **en, in.**

Now it may be said: what difference does it make? I believe it makes all the difference to our understanding of this passage. Let us try it both ways. "Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you **in** the name of Jesus Christ." That links the name of Jesus Christ with baptism. Now do not be anxious. I am not going to take baptism out of the text. It is there, and no one must leave it out. But we

must get it in its right place. But supposing we employ **epi, upon,** instead of **en, in,** and read, "Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you upon the name of Jesus Christ"—what is meant? In order to answer this we must understand the real significance of this pronoun, **epi.** In his Greek Grammar of the New Testament, Professor Robertson says that the real significance of **epi** is **on,** not **over,** but **on, based on;** and he points out that when used figuratively, it means depending on. Now I can find no translator who has put that phrase in. I am going to dare to do it: "Repent ye, and be baptized, depending upon the name of Jesus Christ, unto the remission of yours sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

Now for a moment put back "in." The answer of Peter then was: "Repent ye and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of your sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Two things then are necessary to salvation: Repent and be baptized in the name. There is no mention or recognition of faith, save as faith may be involved in repentance. But now let epi have its full force, as I have suggested, and what do you get? What is the answer? "Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you, depending upon the name of Jesus Christ, unto the remission of your sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." I proceed at once upon the assumption that that is the answer, not, Be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ; but, Be baptized, depending upon the name of Jesus Christ.

When we turn to the baptismal formula, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost" in the commission recorded by Matthew, we have another preposition. There it is neither **en** nor **epi,** but **eis,** which means **into,** "baptizing them into the name"; and it is not the name of Jesus Christ, but the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Now let us examine the answer. In it two great blessings are promised: the remission of sins, and the gift of the Holy Ghost. These must not be separated into first and second blessings; they are the two things that make a man a Christian. Remission of sins, and the gift of the Holy Ghost, are simultaneous in their coming, synchronizing in their value; they are gifts of infinite and unfathomable grace.

Now on what condition can we have those blessings? "Repent and be baptized, depending upon the name of Jesus Christ." The preposition epi, meaning depending upon, shows that what follows must in experience precede baptism. Thus the order of experience is: Repent; Depend upon the name of Jesus Christ; Be baptized.

First, repent. Change your mind. I need not take time discussing here the difference between resipiscentia and poenitentia, that old dispute of the theologians that arose as to what is meant by repentance; the Roman Catholic theologians laid emphasis upon repentance

as sorrow for sin; the Reformers declared that the emphasis is not upon sorrow, but upon the change of mind. There is no need to urge it, because your New Testament is perfectly clear. There are two words, both rendered repentance, giving two ideas; but in every case where the condition for right relationship with God is declared, the word used is the word that means, not sorrow for sin, but a change of mind. I am not saying that there will be no sorrow. I have known men who have had sorrow for sin for five and twenty years, and they have never repented. I have known men repent completely, without any immediate sorrow. The sorrow over sins in the past inevitably followed, but it was not the condition necessary to the exercise of saving faith. To repent is to pass the sentence of condemnation on all our past ways of life, to say that our whole life has been wrong. That is the fundamental condition upon which we may have remission of sins, and the gift of the Holy Ghost. So said the apostle; so said our Lord in His public preaching; so said John the Baptist; and all the messengers. Repent, change your mind, condemn your past, declare that the life you have lived that has been self-centered, instead of God-centered, was wrong. Turn to God from idols. That is the first thing we have to say in answer to the enquiry —what must we do? Much evangelism today is in danger at that point. To answer a man enquiring by saying, Only believe, is false. Paul said to the jailor, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved"; but he was already repenting, he had changed his mind. The night before, with brutal barbarity, he had flung them, bleeding with the wounds, into the inner prison, and had put their feet fast in the stocks, and had gone to sleep. But in the morning when he said, What shall I do, he had changed his mind. Repentance was already there.

What next? Dependence upon the name of Jesus Christ. That is faith; and the Holy Spirit as the gift of God through Jesus Christ. Repentance means the giving up of all trying, the acknowledgment that the very best we can possibly do without Jesus Christ is, in the sight of God, of no avail. That won't save, but the moment we do it, Jesus Christ confronts us with perfect salvation, and to depend upon Him is the second condition.

Then, according to this first answer, there was to be a public confession of the break with the past, and the new relation with God through Christ. That is what baptism was; the outward and visible sign of the inward and invisible grace; a clear-cut, symbolic method of confessing, that the men who repented and believed, had broken with the world, and had entered into the new relationship. That was the place of it, and that was the value of it.

If these are the words that reveal the human responsibilities, never forget to keep close against them the words revealing the

Divine undertaking; the remission of sins, not through baptism, but by depending on the Lord Jesus Christ. Remission of sins, setting free from them, setting free from their pollution, and their power. You say, Why don't you also say from their penalty? Of course from their penalty, but that is of so little importance, compared with the other two! God forbid that I should be misunderstood. To be saved from hell, who shall ever know what it means? But saving from penalty is neither worth while, nor possible, unless there be salvation from the pollution and power of sin. What Jesus came to do was to save His people from their sins, and that is what comes to us, the remission of sins, the pollution washed away, the power broken.

And what else? The gift of the Spirit. That is the coming in of Jesus Christ by the Holy Ghost to live in us the life of purity, when we are cleansed from pollution; the life of power, when He breaks the power of cancelled sin.

That is Church membership. Those are the conditions of entering. No man can come into living fellowship with God save as he has remission of sins, and the gift of the Holy Ghost. No man or woman, youth or maiden, can obtain remission of sins by their own effort, but by the gift of the Holy Ghost.

These are surely radical conditions. They go to the very roots of life. The mental conceptions which inspire conduct, are to be completely changed. Life is to be begun by an act of faith, a surrender to complete dependence upon the name of Jesus Christ—which is dependence upon Himself. There is to be an act of open and definite avowal of repentance and faith, cutting the soul adrift from all outside influences. Men and women are never saved in masses. There were three thousand, but they came one by one. They were baptized one by one; they believed one by one; they repented one by one.

To lower that standard of requirement at any point is to paralyze the Church of God, and to rob Christ of His power. I believe today everywhere we need to return to a process that has in it the element of sifting. I know the love of God is broader than the measures of men's minds, and the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind. I know it, but I also know that "Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life." Until the Church of God is delivered by some burning fire of Pentecost from her unholy passion for statistics and figures, and counting heads, she is going to remain weak and powerless. In proportion as we get back and say to men, high and low, rich and poor, bond and free: Yes, there is plenteous redemption for you in the blood that has been shed; Christ has made possible the remission of your sins, and the gift for you of the Holy Ghost; but you cannot trifle with this. You cannot get to this thing easily. Repent, depend upon Him, and make the confession, that cuts you

off publicly, from union with the world, and avows your union with Christ.

My own conviction—hear it as such, and respect it, even if you differ from it—is that a work of God would blaze everywhere, if instead of this widespread attempt to lower the bars, and let down the gates, and make things easy; we went back to the apostolic answer, and declared to men that there is no entrance into this life, save by the way of repentance, and belief, and confession.

# The Standards of Church Membership

## II. REVOLUTIONARY.

By REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D. D.

Preliminary Reading, Acts 2:37-42.

"And they continued stedfastly in the apostles' teaching and fellowship, in the breaking of bread and the prayers." (Acts 2:42.)

The supreme note of this declaration is that of its revelation of an attitude. "They continued stedfastly." That is what Christianity meant at the beginning. The underlying passion of the community is revealed in that declaration that they who had received the Word, who had been baptized, who had received remission of sins, who had received the gift of the Holy Ghost; that community of men and women that were purified and empowered by the mystery of their living union with Christ, **continued stedfastly.** That is the description of an effect. The cause was that of the gifts they had received. Continued stedfastly, in the Greek, is one word. How shall we carry the meaning over to our minds? To continue stedfastly is to persist obstinately. To continue stedfastly is to refuse to allow anything in any way to interfere, whether opposition, or inclination, or difficulties. They continued stedfastly in the apostles' teaching, in fellowship, in the breaking of bread, and in prayers. In these things they did not permit any opposition to deflect them; they did not allow any inclination of their own souls to make them neglect them; they did not allow any difficulties to be excuses. "They continued stedfastly." In other words, they treated their entry of the Christian community as a serious matter, and as one which was bound to affect the whole of their habits of life. That is how they began. Then, if men joined the Church, it meant something. That little word, "they continued stedfastly" reveals an attitude towards their new relation. Opposition? They had any amount of it, but it made no difference. Inclination? Oh, I am quite sure there were days when they were

disinclined to attend to apostolic teaching, the practice of fellowship, to be there at the breaking of bread, to follow up the exercise of prayers; but they did not allow disinclination to interfere. There were days when there were difficulties; but they overcame them.

I suppose the most powerful comment on all this would be consideration of our own lives by way of contrast. In those days Christianity was not looked upon as some sort of addition to life. It was life. In those days they did not begin to think they could have a Church relation, and a social relation. Christianity was not put into a compartment. There was no conception in the minds of those early Christians that now they must add to the secular, the sacred. Christianity meant not something added; but everything in those early days. It was revolutionary.

In what then did they continue stedfastly? First, in the apostles' teaching. They put themselves under instruction, they realized their need, and they sought for direction. They did not imagine that they could live the life, which was within them, without instruction. Christ was formed in them the hope of glory, but they did not imagine they could live that life apart from the definite guidance of apostolic teaching. That teaching was undoubtedly that of the interpretation of Christian truth, and its application to the way of life. In the book of the Acts, we do not find any of the apostolic teaching given to those people. There is no record of an address given by the apostles to the Church in any fulness in the Acts, save Peter's report of his visit to Cornelius, and Paul's talk to the elders at Ephesus. All the speeches recorded, are addresses to the outside world. That is stamped upon the page of the Acts. So we have a whole subject dismissed in a phrase, "the apostles' teaching." But we are not left in any doubt as to what that means, for we have the apostolic teaching in the letters in the New Testament. It is upon the basis of that fact that I say that there is no question that the apostolic teaching consisted in the interpretation of Christian truth, and its application to the way of life. These are the two elements always found in the apostolic teaching preserved for us in the apostolic letters. We find doctrine and duty. We find truth, but always in order to triumph. We find creed; but never divorced from conduct. There is not an epistle written in order merely to give a systematic statement of Christian truth. Every letter was written to state truth; but in order that men might be sanctified by the truth, in all their conduct. In Paul's letters you will always find quite a number of "therefores," for his was a dialetical and logical mind; but you will always find a central therefore.

Two common mistakes are being made today. One is, that doctrine is everything; that if you hold the truth accurately, you are all right. The other is, that doctrine does not matter, that duty is

everything; that if you are doing what you ought, it does not much matter what you believe.

There are people who seem to think if you are orthodox—and that generally means that you agree with their view—nothing else matters much; that it is the supreme thing that you hold the truth. That is not so. No man can hold the truth, or better, be held by the truth, without having conduct that squares with the truth.

But on the other hand, there are those who say it does not much matter what you believe if you are doing right. I submit to you that no man can do right, except upon the basis of right thinking. I remember years ago on the Pacific Coast, hearing Dr. Lyman Abbott say a very remarkable thing. Distinguishing between theology and religion he said that religion is the life of God in the soul of a man; and theology is what a man thinks about the God Whose life is in his soul. Then Dr. Abbott made his deduction. He said that therefore the only thing that matters is religion, and you need not bother about theology. That is a false deduction. The life of God within the soul in order to be appreciated, apprehended, must be understood; and it does matter what you think about God. That is fundamental.

The apostles' teaching set truth in relation to conduct; and those first disciples, born again, baptized into living union with Christ, having all the things that make for a definite and positive and clear experience, nevertheless continued stedfastly in the apostles' teaching.

The apostles' teaching showed that everything was changed, because of the new life that had now come to these men and women. Their outlook from that moment was Christo-centric. Consequently all their habits of life had to be conditioned by that new outlook. That little band of men and women saw God as Christ saw Him, and knew Him. They saw their fellow-men as Christ saw them, and knew them. They saw the world as Jesus saw the world, and knew it. They had a new view, and they had to reconstruct all the habits of personal life in accordance with this new vision; and because the blaze of the glory was such that they could not immediately apprehend it, they continued stedfastly in the apostolic teaching and interpretation. No longer I; Christ liveth in me. That needed full interpretation and application. The family life, all earthly families must be modelled upon the heavenly. The relation between husband and wife became a new thing. The relation between masters and servants was transfigured. I can see that group of men and women in Jerusalem, and the apostles explaining, interpreting, applying.

That ought to be the perpetual condition of life inside the Church. Those who are in the Christian Church should continue stedfastly in the apostles' teaching. How much teaching is there in the ordinary Church of today? My brethren in the ministry, that is your work. Are you a pastor? Never say so again, unless, if not in your words,

at least in your thinking, you keep linked with the pastor, the New Testament word teacher, "pastors and teachers." Our business is not that of giving oratorical performances before our people. Our business is to teach them; and their business is to continue stedfastly in the apostolic teaching.

What is this second word? "They continued stedfastly in the fellowship." What am I going to say about that? What shall I say? What dare I say? Shall I say that the conception of Christian fellowship has nearly perished from the Christian Church? Fellowship, they continued stedfastly in it. That is, they let their new life act. They put the theory they received from their teachers into practice. They positively persisted in the practice of fellowship. Fellowship means the ending of individualism, and so the ending of all isolation. It means community of life realized, community of interest expressed, community of conversation practised, community of activity manifested. We might stop for a little elementary examination of the word. Many of you are thinking of it, the great and wonderful Greek word, koinonia. It is so rich that when you get to translation, you do not quite know how to render it; and if you go through the New Testament, you will find it is translated in all these different ways. It is translated communion, fellowship, contrition, distribution, partnership, partaker. Just the naming of these words helps us. Presently in this story we come upon the root word, that from which koinonia is derived: "Fear came upon every soul; and many wonders and signs were done through the apostles. And all that believed were together, and had all things common." All things common, koinonos; that is the word from which the other comes; that is fellowship, having all things in common. They continued stedfastly in the practice of the fact of their fellowship. The fact of their fellowship with each other was the result of their fellowship with God through Jesus Christ. God is faithful, said Paul in writing to the Corinthians, through Whom ye were brought into the fellowship of His Son Jesus Christ. Because we are brought into fellowship with Jesus Christ, we are brought into fellowship with God.

What does fellowship with Christ mean? What does fellowship with God mean? It means we are admitted into a relationship, in which we have all things in common with Christ and with God. All His resources are mine. They are at my disposal. How am I to finish that? I will finish it ideally. All my resources are at His disposal. I suppose that one has to say experimentally, all our resources ought to be at His disposal. What is the result among Christians? You and I have fellowship with the Son and the Father; therefore you and I have fellowship with each other. These first Christians practised it. The material manifestation of it was in the fact that they

sold their possessions and goods. The Greek word for possessions means landed property, or as you would say, real estate. The Greek word rendered goods means all moveable things. These people sold their landed property and they sold their movables. That was merely a manifestation. I know some expositors have told us that was the first mistake they made. I deny it absolutely. There was no mistake made. The thing was done in the power of fellowship. It was a mere incidental material manifestation of a great essential spiritual experience, that they were living one life with each other. Yes, they continued stedfastly, in the practice of fellowship.

How much do we really know about fellowship in the Christian Church today? Take your Church, I do not mean denominationally; take the individual Church. I would make it illegal—I do not like the word illegal in the Christian Church—I will drop it—I would make it impossible for there to be any church of more members than makes it possible for every member to know every other. I read in the papers, The largest Church membership in the world! God have mercy on you. That is no evidence of power. That is an evidence of weakness nine times out of ten. You say, Did you practise what you preach? No, never! I was never able; but that does not alter my conviction. I never was the minister of a very large Church; in my last we ran into the neighborhood of a thousand members; and they were all living members, for we revised our roll every month. It was altogether too large. How could I know them all? How could they know each other? When your membership is so large that you fail to realize fellowship, you had better do what the bees do; swarm, and start another center somewhere else.

How many of you here are Methodists? Do you all go to Class Meeting? John Wesley had a great deal more spiritual intelligence than the whole bench of your bishops today, if they are not insisting upon the Class Meeting. What was the Class Meeting? That greatest theologian and statesman that the Congregational Church has had in my judgment for a hundred years, Robert William Dale, talking with me in his own study in his own house in the last months of his life, said a very remarkable thing. We were talking about our own Church order, the Congregational Church order, that glorious rope of sand, that has no organization, but which is an organization. Dr. Dale said, "You know, Morgan, if I had my way, I would fasten upon our Congregational Church order, the Methodist Class Meeting; and I would make attendance upon it, rather than the Lord's Supper, compulsory for Church membership." Dale when he said that, was thinking of John Wesley's class meeting. I know the class meeting may degenerate. John Wesley's class meeting was the assembling together of Christian men and women, under the leadership of some anointed and appointed soul, man or woman, to talk together about the things

of God. We have almost lost the power to do that. Away back there in Wales, the Church Meeting on Sunday night at the close of the service was a great meeting for fellowship. We have almost lost it. There is a word in the Old Testament that I think perfectly describes the New Testament meeting for fellowship: "Then they that feared the Lord spake"—not often, that makes it spasmodic; it is regular—"they that feared the Lord spake one with another; and Jehovah hearkened and heard." Yes, they were praying, says someone. No, they were not; they were talking to each other about God, and the things of God—that was the practice of fellowship. We are losing enormously today because in the multiplied activities of our Church organizations, we shut out the place of that practice. Fellowship is a great deal more than that; but I believe that these early disciples met and talked together of the deepest things of their life.

Again: "They continued stedfastly . . . in the breaking of bread." What a wonderful phrase that is. If you read the whole story, you will see the first application. They did it at home. They did it from house to house. Every meal at first to these early Christians was, in the sense in which I use the word, sacramental. Christ's life and presence had separated into sanctity, the very act of breaking bread. I believe in those early days that at the family board, if the father took up a loaf and broke it, he saw the very hands of Jesus breaking the sacramental bread. But it is true that they came to observe that great rite on the first day of the week. When you turn over to the Corinthian letter, you will find Paul had to sternly rebuke the Christian people, because they were introducing to that service some of the frivolities that characterized the home meal; and he gave them special instruction as to the holy service. "I received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus in the night in which He was delivered up"—do not read "betrayed" there. The emphasis is not on what Judas did, but on what God did. You remember Peter in this very second chapter said, "Him, being delivered up by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye by the hand of lawless men did crucify and slay"; "In the night in which He was delivered up, took bread." Paul said he received that instruction from the Lord; and he interpreted the meaning of the breaking of bread in that sense, when He said, "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till He come." "They continued stedfastly . . . in the breaking of bread." They continued stedfastly in that one simple and sublime rite, which the Lord had enjoined, and in so doing, they proclaimed the Lord's death; but always in the light of the second advent, "till He come."

"And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite,
In one long chain of living rite,
Until He come."

I have a great deal of sympathy with my friends in the Anglican Church, who lay tremendous emphasis upon the Holy Communion. How often do you join with others in the breaking of bread; in the Eucharist, the praise offering; in the central proclamation of the death of Christ, in that feast of the wilderness, which must always be eaten with loins girt about, and feet sandalled, because you are eating a feast that proclaims your exodus, and declares the coming glory. Let us lift our thinking about that into its true place.

Finally, they continued stedfastly in prayers. Here we have a rich word, which includes every activity of prayer, and in itself suggests the fundamental attitude of prayer. "They continued stedfastly . . . . in prayers." The word means the forward desire of the life; that is ,the attitude of life, voluntarily out of desire, placed in relationship with God. Whether we are going to ask for something, or to offer praise, or whatever we are going to do, does not matter. This word covers all the ground. It is at once the simplest and fullest word for prayer in the New Testament. It means approach to God, with the whole nature open towards Him.

To begin to talk about the activities of that attitude would require another Conference, with let us say for the sake of example, exactly eight mornings. You say, Why eight mornings? Well, roughly and inclusively, there are eight distinct words for prayer in the New Testament. They group themselves into two groups. There are four words which refer to prayer as the expression of need. There are four words which do not refer to prayer as an expression of need; but rather as an expression of adoration.

There are four words expressing need. One of them is a simple word that means to wish for something, that is to wish for something in the presence of God. There is another word that marks another element, that of asking for something as a favor to be conferred, but on the basis of friendship. There is another word that means to beseech, as one in earnest and poignant need. This gives another element in prayer. There is yet another, which means quite literally, to demand something which is due. You say the shading in these words is very slight. Yes, it is; but when we test our prayer life by these wonderful words of the New Testament, we shall see how it covers all sorts of need; to wish for something, to ask for a favor, to beseech as one in earnest need, to demand what is due; that is prayer. There is the prayer which Montgomery so beautifully described in the words:

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The hidden motion of a fire,
That trembles in the breast."

There is the prayer that asks in fellowship, and yet the thing is asked as a favor conferred by a friend. There is the prayer that has in it a pulse and a passion of agony, to beseech. There is the prayer that demands something already promised, that which is due.

Then you will find four other words. There is a word which means to seek, to search for the hidden thing. That does not mean to ask anything, but is rather the activity of mind that goes into the profound and mysterious depths of life, and seeks and searches to find out, to know; that is prayer. All real Bible study is prayer, and if you forget that, you have lost your key to Bible study. There is a word for prayer that means to hold familiar conversation with a person. You are not asking, but you are talking backwards and forwards. Do you know anything about that? Some of you really do not, and with all kindness, I suggest that you find a place in your prayer life for talking with God backwards and forwards. There is another word meaning, to give thanks. There is yet another. Let me venture to give you the Greek word, eulogikos. I do so because it immediately suggests the word we have derived from it—eulogy. That word is used to describe prayer. One activity of prayer is that of pronouncing eulogies on God. Our eulogies of men are often untrue. But get the word away from its debased idea, and then remember that God is seeking the soul who comes into His presence, and speaks well of Him. That is exactly what the word means, to speak well of God to Him. That is the highest function of the Christian priest. In all these things, they continued stedfastly—as they continued stedfastly in the prayers.

That was the infant Church; passionately, persistently, obstinately, against all opposition, against all inclination, against all difficulty devoted to the apostles' teaching, to the practice of fellowship, to the breaking of bread, to prayers. Christianity meant something in those days.

I will tell you why we cannot do that kind of thing today. It is because we let down the bars when we let people in; we do not demand repentance, faith, a public break with the world. We let them in easily, and the promiscuous mob has no capacity for apostolic teaching, does not understand the fellowship, nor see the mystic marvel of the breaking of bread, nor know the wonder of prayers.

I shall begin to believe in revival, when I see it operating within the Church, and that by a sifting process rather than a growing process as to members. If that is a rough word, I hope you understand the spirit lying behind it. Quality is far more important than quantity in the Church of God.

# Bringing Back the Ark

By REV. JOHN McNEILL, D. D.

And David consulted with the captains of thousands and hundreds and with every leader.

And David said unto all the congregation of Israel, "If it seems good unto you, and that it be of our Lord God, let us send abroad unto our brethren everywhere that are left in all the land of Israel, and with them also the priests and Levites which are in their cities and suburbs, that they may gather themselves unto us:

And let us bring again the ark of our God to us; for we inquired not at it in the days of Saul."

And all the congregation said that they would do so; for the thing was right in the eyes of all the people.

David gathered all Israel together, from Shibor of Egypt even unto the entering of Jemath, to bring the ark of God from Kirjath-jearim.

And David went up, and all Israel, to Baalah, that is, to Kirjath-jearim, which belonged to Judah, to bring up thence the ark of God the Lord, that dwelleth between the cherubims, whose name is called on it.

And they carried the ark of God in a new cart out of the house of Abinadab; and Uzza and Ahio drove the cart.

And David and all Israel played before God with all their might, and with singing, and with harps and psalteries, and with timbrels, and with cymbals, and with trumpets.

And when they came unto the threshing floor of Chidon, Uzza put forth his hand to hold the ark, for the oxen stumbled.

And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzza, and he smote him because he put his hand to the ark; and there he died before the Lord.

And David was displeased, because the Lord had made a breach upon Uzza; wherefore that place is called Perez-Uzza to this day.

So David brought not the ark of God home to himself to the city of David, but carried it aside into the house of Obed-edom, the Gittite.

And the ark of God remained with the family of Obed-edom in his house three months. And the Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom and all that he had.—(I Chronicles, 13.)

That is a strange chapter and a strange happening—and the people did not understand it. David has said, "Let us bring the ark of our God again to us,"—and they thought it was good. There was much rejoicing—"for the thing was right in the eyes of all the people." And you know things came to a terrible end—you be watching for indications as to the terrible ending by and by. It was a fearful end. David was displeased. David did not say Hallelujah. There were no fervent hallelujahs in all that crowd. David was displeased. And David thought he knew something about God and His ways in Providence as well as His ways in grace. And now David was displeased, because the Lord made a breach—he did not stop to consider any just cause—David was displeased because the Lord had made a breach upon Uzza. And then David was afraid. Now here is a bit of psychoanalysis—before the analysts were invented! David was afraid of God because of this thing. First, he was angry — then frightened. Do we not come near to that feeling ourselves sometimes, if we would be honest? No cheap cheering, no formal religion, will do in certain crises, and there is no real harm done if we and our religion are brought to a test like that. We may be tested like that every now and again. And here is David—a testing time has come. First of all he is angry—then he is frightened, saying, "How shall I bring the ark of God home to me?" And remember another thing. That David usually had a deep insight into the things of God. But there is something wrong here, and David is first angry and then frightened.

"So David brought not the ark of God home to himself, but carried it aside into the house of Obed-edom." To anybody's house, anywhere, just to get rid of that frightful chest! Why, a man killed for touching it! Anybody, anywhere, just to get it off their hands, was a relief! A frightful chest! And so they carried it into the house of Obed-edom the Gittite. And the ark remained in the house of Obed-edom the Gittite and the Lord blessed him and all his family and all that he had three months! And it hurt nobody, and blessed everybody. For three months! That frightful chest! It remained in the family for three months, and the Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom and all that he had—wife, child, cattle, stuff, everything.

This is a strange chapter, isn't it? I am glad it is in the Book. The Bible is up to date, and our lives still fall, either in gladness or in tragedies, inside the Bible lines, and the Bible experience. My dear friends, no strange thing has happened to us that you will not find in the Bible. The Bible was before us all and it will be after us all. I often think that this chapter is just like the weather that we sometimes have, especially in our land. A lovely morning, a beauti-

ful morning, everything pretty, promising, smiling, bright and fair. And then on along about mid-day the skies get overcast, kind of ominous-feeling, an unnatural stillness. The birds cease to sing; if you are fishing the fish drop down to the bottom and cease to bite; the cattle cease grazing and huddle together under the trees. Instantly the roar of thunder and the tempest sets in, roaring, lashing, rolling, for an hour or two, or more. Then on along toward evening the storm ceases, the wind falls, the rain is over, the clouds break, and the sun sinks to rest in a blaze of tranquil glory. So my story:

A lovely morning—a lovely morning, and everybody, everybody, "all Israel"—everybody that was anybody, and the rest sorry they weren't there, too. All the big folks were there, all the big folks. The king was there, and the captains of thousands and of hundreds were there; the choir leader was there, and the trumpeter—and oh, you never heard such music! Beautiful music! And all was fitting, and all connected with a religious connection. It was no mere carnal mirth, no mere Godless levity, or Godless joy. All in connection with God, and the very heart of the things of God—carrying the ark, the symbol of the divine presence in the midst of His people—carrying the ark to the appointed place.

Suddenly there fell a clear bolt out of the blue. There was a dead man in the road. Everybody was jarred—everything was marred. The music ceased. And David is first of all angry—and then frightened. And the ark was hurried, huddled, into some quiet little house that stood at the roadside—and everybody was away from home—miserable! puzzled! jarred! With a kind of feeling that God was somehow connected with it—and why did he do it?

And then it finishes so sweetly. The clouds are gone, the anger gone, the jarring gone; and better than the music, better than the music, a nicer music—the feeling in the heart that you get of utter peace and tranquility and contentment. The ark remained in the house of Obed-edom the Gittite for three months,and the Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom and all that he had. One of those endings of a story, so simple, from the point of view of telling the story, that you have both in the Old Testament and the New, that make the Bible unique, even from the point of view of literature. There is nothing labored, no literary fireworks or pyrotechnics. just so simple! It lingers on your tongue like a sweet morsel. The ark remained in the house of Obed-edom the Gittite for three months, and the Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom and all that he had.

It is a dear old book ,the Bible. There is nothing like it on the literary side, as well as everything else. I love it more and more.

Now what do you make of this story? Pity me for having to explain it! Oh, you smile! But, if you were a preacher, and you went to the usual "helps," you know they don't help much on this passage.

Not much! You have to blaze your own trail. You know all about it, I know. I'm not standing as any authority. I'm doing my best, trusting to God, as I always do. There is a lack of commentations on this passage, and very little help. Everybody seems to feel that jar and that mar, and that the dead man is somehow connected with God. That dead man in the road! And they are frightened! As if God is a being they aren't sure of! And some of them try to show that He is one of the beings of whom you never can be sure. Just as I have said, I have blazed my own track. It is full of difficulty. I don't say I have solved it, but we must face it. We must not do like the old Scotch preacher who said, "Brethren, there is a difficulty in my text; we shall look it boldly in the face and pass on." Now I am glad to see you smile, and I am sure the Lord is, too. For life goes on—and isn't it a blessing that it goes on in the same old way? That is the thing that fills our days, and keeps us going—just the ordinary routine.

You remember what happened. Every Sunday School boy knows what happened. But I am set on finding out a reason for this happening. There is nothing very clever about that. It seems to be quite obvious. Remembering how this thing was all planned out, is there no hint of what was coming? Yes, there is—listen! It was all about the ark, and the ark was the symbol of the divine presence,—but it says that David consulted with the captains of thousands, and with the captains of hundreds, and with every leader. Oh, my! It begins to look like a sign here of what was to follow. David consulted with the captains of hundreds, and he consulted with every leader. And he was consulting with these men about handling the deep things of God—essentially the things of God. If you are going to consult with men about the deep things of God ,you had better look out! It is true about the little things, and is equally true about the bigger things, and don't you forget it! And here, David consulted with the captains of thousands, and the captains of hundreds, and with every leader. And he said to all the congregation of Israel, "If it seems good to you, and if it seems to be of the Lord our God." Why, here is God coming in, at last! You see, we are busy people, but we must say God somewhere. Oh, you say, you take us too far; aren't you going on suspicions? Well, look at it for yourself. Isn't it a long time before we get to God here? And all this from the first was about God as represented by the ark! And yet it was a long while. Everything, everybody else was put first, and then God. Oh, the pity of it! Instead of being filled with the Spirit of God, they were filled with their own notions and their own enthusiasms. God was ignored and despised in His tenderest spot. So we begin to see a reason for what is coming by and by.

David consulted with the captains of thousands, and with the captains of hundreds, and with all the leaders—oh, what a round-

about road to take, when the end was the symbol of God. But, you know, friends, we are always doing it. We are always believing in our own enthusiasms, and we consult our friends and find that all is unanimity, all is harmonious. But the Word of God? Here, regarding the bringing of the ark, the Word of God gives plain, explicit instructions of the thing to do with this ark. But it doesn't matter what the Bible says, as long as all is unanimity. What is the use of going on in that narrow, limited, decayed evangelism? Why stop and listen to those words, "Thus saith the Lord?" Why consider and ask the question, "What does the Bible say?" It doesn't matter what the Bible says. The leaders are all agreed, and the captains of hundreds agree with them, and the captains of thousands agree with the leaders, and with the captains of hundreds. All is unanimous, so we will proceed. There is a personal note there. You want to do something, and you want to do it very badly, and you really think it is for God's glory as well as for your own, and you go to your best friend, and you go to your biggest friend, and you go to your most influential friend, just like David went to these leaders, and captains of hundreds, and captains of thousands; and you tell these friends the cause, and that you wish it very badly, and they agree with you that really this thing that you are so hot about and want so badly, is a good thing, and they hope you will get it, and that it is not merely for your own good, but it is also for God's glory, as you persuade yourself. And after you have consulted with these friends, you go to God with it, in prayer. And no matter what you say in your prayer, you mean: "Oh, God, I want this thing, I am hot about this thing, I am enthusiastic about this thing; all my friends are enthusiastic about it, and they say it is for Thy glory as well as for my good. Seeing it is my will, make it Thy will." And we think that is prayer! We think that is really praying! And here they had a big meeting, and all the congregation of Israel was there, and they were all enthusiastic, and all agreed. Take care! You can't coerce God! You can't coerce God with unanimity, and with federation, and with enthusiasm, and with seeming harmonies, and with great gatherings. Take care! There is one point on which He is tremendously sensitive, and He is right. Don't ignore it! The right way to pray is to say: "Oh, God, here is a thing, and I'd like to get it. I would very much like to get it. I am very hot about it. And I have consulted with all my best friends, Christian people, about it. They think it will be good for me and for Thy glory. And oh, God, if you don't give it to me, I will be cross! I will be angry!" You might as well say it that way. That is what you mean. I knew a woman in Edinborough who wanted me to stay in Edinborough when I was called to London. She was going to help build a church, and put sixty thousand into it, and she wanted me to stay there and be the preacher, but I was called to London, and I went to London. And at first she declined to help at all in building the new church. Some

months later I was back in Edinborough and I went to see her. She was a dear old Christian lady and she was very wealthy. And she told me that it was all right now, and that she was going to help them build a new tabernacle and would put sixty thousand into it, as she had at first promised. She said very frankly, "John McNeill, when you left here I was very cross, and I went to bed, and lay and grumbled to God for a week." Oh, how I wish that folks would be honest. She did not quote texts, she just told God what she thought. You had better do it, for He knows what you are thinking anyway. You can't cheat God with glibly quoted texts. Come, come, now! I wish that people would be frank with God and tell Him just what they think. it would rejoice the heart. The right way to pray is to say: "Oh, God, here is a thing, and I'd like to get it. I would very much like to get it. I am very hot about it. And I have consulted with all my best friends about it, and they think it will be good for me, and for Thy glory. And oh, God, if you don't give it to me I will be cross! I will be angry! I will be very angry if I don't get it. But oh, God, never mind me! If it be not Thy will, head me off! Thwart me! Never mind me. Don't let me have it." That is how to pray. And half the people don't know how to pray! You know how He prayed. "Oh, God, here is a cup, the bitterest cup that ever was offered human lips to drink. Thou knowest I don't want it. But oh, my Heavenly Father, never mind me." It would take amazing grace, with dispositions like those we have today, to be in that mood of mind. God bestow it! "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

"Oh, God, don't mind me," said Jesus. "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." They could not hurt him after that. They might spit on him, kick him, lash him, crucify him. But he was more than conqueror. Obedience, utter and absolute, to His Father's will, although it went clean against flesh and blood, and all that was human in Him. Oh, men and women, it means something to be a true child of God, and truly to pray, and truly to say these words that often come far too glibly in a parrot-like fashion to our thoughtless tongue.

And all the congregation said—and as I have said, they were so unanimous, and so enthusiastic, that same word again—all the congregation said that they would do it. And the thing was right in the eyes of all the people. But was it right in the eyes of God? They were all agreed, they were all unanimous, they were all in harmony, and the thing was right in the eyes of all the people. I can tell you before I read it that trouble is coming. Never mistake enthusiasms, unanimities, federations, for the will of God, in the things of God that are vital. There is one of the great mistakes of today, though you will not find that statement among the modern critics. They never commented or preached on that passage—it would knock the bottom out of all their theories.

Now all the people went up, went up with great enthusiasm, and they carried the ark of the Lord in a new cart. And all the people played before God with all their might. They played on harps, and psalteries, and trumpets, and cymbals. Oh, what a day, what a day! Oh, the music that they made with their instruments — harps and psalteries, and trumpets, and cymbals! What a day it was! "All dressed up and no place to go." It was a religious holiday. Winona Lake at its best, and all the big fellows on the platform! Here we go!

Then on this new cart the sacred chest was shaken, and Uzza put forth his hand to steady the ark. A bolt out of the blue! A dead man! Everybody frightened, and shaken, and huddled away home! The ark placed in the house of Obed-edom. Where are we? Where are we? The dead man in the road! That is where we are. And we will learn here of some of the deepest things of God. Put your mind to it, and, guided by the Holy Spirit, the spirit of interpretation, consider it. Am I right? First of all, David was angry. For what? The dead man in the road. What is the very heart of our religion? The dead man in the road. The heart of our religion! The crux, in more senses than one! The crux of our religion! The crux of our religion is that dead Saviour. "Why should anybody be smitten?" said David, pulling down his royal brows. And today royal brows in literature, royal brows in science, in philosophy, in theology, are being pulled down in the same way. Angry! For what? The dead man at the heart of our religion. "Why should anybody be smitten?" Said a great London preacher the other day—no, that is not the word. He is not "great," even though in London. Said a near-great, a would-be-great London preacher the other day, in speaking of this matter, evidently with his brows down, in speaking of the disciples at the cross, and the words of Jesus, "I believe that God wants to forgive my sins. Why did He not forgive them, then, and be done with it?" "Why should anybody be smitten?" Was not that a rather up-to-date question for David to ask? Oh, I tell you, the Bible is always up to date. The dead man in the road troubled that preacher. What do you think about Him? I know it looks hard for God. Here were these people trying to do their best to honor Him. And the ark, too, God's throne. They were trying to do honor to the ark. Is God a person of whom you are never sure? Is He utterly uncertain, capricious, fickle? No, He is not. That is wrong. It is we who are uncertain, and there is no fathoming the depths of our contrariness, and the perfection of the Holy One of Israel.

These men thought they were pleasing God; but, men and women, I hold a brief for God here, and a very easy brief at that. If ever a box in this world was made to be carried on men's shoulders, the ark was that box — made to be carried on men's shoulders, and never carted. And here they carried the ark in a new cart. They carted

the ark, when they should have carried it upon the shoulders of the priests. Not only by construction, but by express instruction, in the books of Moses! Turn to Exodus and Numbers and remember that that is the part of the Old Testament that David had. If ever a box was made by construction and express instruction, chapter and verse, to be carried on the shoulders of the priests, the ark was that box. It was about the size of the trunk you carried when you moved to Chicago! And it had two poles by which it was to be carried; and it had been borne easily in processions for miles and miles. The Lord might well say to them, "I never was troublesome. Was I ever a burden to you? When you went in flapping tents, did I not go with you in the tents, and the symbol of my presence, was it not that chest?" It is simple and easy.

"Oh, how unlike the works of man
Is heaven's easy, artless plan!"

Nothing is so easy as pleasing God if the heart is right. Though all gold and cathedrals and rituals is but to provoke Him to anger, when you despise Him and ignore His Word. The ark was overlaid with gold, and above it were mysterious figures—the cherubim, with their faces turned inward. And in the ark were four rings, and through the rings, by express instruction, were two staves. They were run through the rings, drawn through about eighteen inches, deliberately, by express instruction. So anxious was God that they should not be handling Him in handling the ark. Eighteen inches. It rested upon the shoulders of the priests. The priests bore the ark, carrying it on their shoulders. After that, men and women, the marvel is, how this thing miscarried. And remember, David knew his Bible. He knew it and loved it. We are not dealing with the heresies of the unlearned and ignorant; we are dealing with the heresies of the orthodox—those people who say, "I believe the Bible from Genesis to Revelation." I have heard people talk like that. That isn't believing the Bible! Some of you are born with a wide throat. You swallow it whole, and don't digest any of it, and then suffer with dyspepsia!

David said he loved the Bible. He did. He said, "Oh, how I love Thy law"—the very place where these instructions are to be found. "Oh, how I love Thy law. It is my meditation all the day." He said it was more precious than gold. Well, well, David, with all your love for the Bible, you must not have been reading much in Exodus lately, or you would have known what the law was concerning the ark. David, you must not have been reading in Exodus, or in Numbers, or you would not have blundered and made such a bungle of following the ark! And all the people followed David. Certain big names and certain big men always draw a crowd after them. Not long after this, you will remember, the hearts of all the people followed after

Absalom. He was a very handsome man, and everybody was carried away with him. What was he? He was a handsome rascal, that's what he was. And they very soon got their fill of him. There is always a crowd to follow. And now they follow David. David should have known what he was doing. It was written down for him. I always feel the air blue with opposition when I take a subject like this. We get a kind of notion like that London preacher, that God is far too strict. When all are unanimous, when a thing is popular, and everybody does it, God should not be strict and tie us up in a rigid way. We get a kind of notion that God should be only too glad to see us romping into His house once a week. Think anything you like, do anything you like, believe anything you like, as long as it is popular. God tests everything by obedience to His Word. And we are to test everything by obedience to His Word. And these people did not follow His Word. With all their unanimities, their enthusiasms, their popularities, their majorities, I say it, and you may carry it away with the compliments of John McNeill—if God would not take it from His dear delightful David, do you think He will take it from you, John Smith of Smithville? Do you think He will take it from you, John Jones of Jonesville? If God would not take it from His dear delightful David, do you think He will take it from somebody from a seminary? No matter how fine a man he is, and how he pleases the people, and has all the idolatrous members of his congregation slobbering over him and praising him! God should be only too glad to see us contributing to His worship! Oh, yes, believe anything you like as long as it is popular; bring into the church anybody you like, as long as he is important; say anything you like, as long as it is up to date. Professing to honor God, and ignoring Him, setting Him aside in His own house, neglecting His revealed written Word. That is what made the trouble.

After all the fuss was over, you remember, the ark was huddled away into the house of Obed-edom. Then David got home and began to read in the Bible. David took up his Bible and began to read, and you remember he was the man who said, "Oh, how I love Thy law; it is my meditation all the day." Now he began to read it. After he had read it awhile he called them all back again. So they came back, they all came back. And when they had come back, David said unto them, "I have discovered why God made this breach upon us. I have been reading the Bible, and the Bible says that none are to carry the ark of God but the Levites; for them hath God chosen to carry the ark of God, and to minister unto Him forever." Then, we read, that David gathered again all Israel together to bring up the ark of the Lord to Jerusalem. And David gathered the Levites—trust David to do a thing when he is right! And he said unto them, "Because we did it not at the first, the Lord our God made a breach upon us, for

that we sought Him not after the due order." Ah! Now he knows why Uzza was smitten. Listen: "And the chidren of the Levites bare the ark of God upon their shoulders, with the staves thereon, as Moses commanded, according to the word of the Lord." Won't you ask your minister, some of you, to preach on that passage when you go home, and see what he says? It is one of the great passages in the Old Testament to show the value that God puts upon His own Word in regard to handling His things that are vital and necessary.

Now do you see the mercy in the midst of the judgment? It began to dawn upon David when he got over his first temper and consulted his Bible. The smiting of Uzza was one smitten for all the people. For this was a second Beth-shemesh, and there there were thousands smitten. What a picture of Jesus! "It was expedient that one man should perish." It was expedient that one should perish, and that all the people perish not. This was the tempering of God's mercy, in the midst of His seeming judgment, and whenever you come to this passage again, remember that the difficulty in the passage is not God. The difficulty and the trouble is how in the world did David and the whole lot of them contrive to go wrong with the ark, when God had done His best with construction and instruction to keep them right! And isn't it a pity, in the Lord's house, how many go astray! Not folks outside, but people on the inside. They can't find the divinity of Jesus in the New Testament! You might as well say that you cannot find Jesus Himself in the New Testament! They can't see that our salvation depends on the death of Christ. Why, it doesn't teach anything else! There is that dead man in the road, with all its jar and mar upon our sensibilities. What do you think, dear friends,? Not behind your hymn book, not behind your hymn book, or with any parrot-like creed. But what do you think of the dead, smitten Jesus? I know what I think:

He was wounded for my transgressions;
He was bruised for my iniquities.
The chastisement of my peace was upon Him;
And with His stripes I am healed.

His wounding healed me. I have got free of my sin, and I have got free from my misunderstandings, and I am healed. I am reconciled to God because of the dead, smitten Jesus, at the heart of our religion. And I tell you, it is only through that that we shall be reconciled, although we may have all sorts of processions of carnal enthusiasms, and all sorts of processions of formal worship, and processions of——praised be! At the cross of Christ there started another procession for us! May I be there to see, when it shall be completed. That great, true procession, a multitude which no man can number, reconciled to God at the cross of the smitten Jesus, and it groweth, and it groweth, and one day it shall sweep past the throne,

with great hallelujahs, thousands rejoicing in Him, from China, and from Africa, and from the islands of the sea, from Persia, and from Japan, from near lands, and from far lands, passing that great throne and shouting unto Him who healed us and saved us from our sins by the shedding of His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God, His Father. Unto Him be glory, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! As old Handel said, when first conducting the Hallelujah Chorus, "You're not singing loud. Sing louder, louder, louder!" Dear old Handel! What he had in the ear of his soul, no choir on earth could sing to make loud enough. In the ear of his soul he heard the chorus of the redeemed in Heaven, singing before the throne Hallelujah. "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." And we read that the lamb triumphed in the midst of the throne. Oh, it is a great passage! If my dim eyes could only see deeper into it, and my faltering tongue could bring the depth and sweetness of its message, and its wonderful promise.

Well, I have to hasten. They took the ark into the house of Obed-edom, and they went their way home, all crest-fallen. They had made a mistake, and their holiday had been spoiled. They had a kind of feeling, I repeat, that God is a person whom you can never understand. God help us! I can't get over it. How do we contrive to make the mistakes in doctrine and in worship that so many of us are making, when we have God's Word to guide us? We seem to have a sort of "penny-in-the-slot" religion, take whatever comes. Even of holy things—is it popular? Are the big leaders in favor of it? Then "thus saith the Lord" does not count. God help us!

Well, they took the ark into the house of Obed-edom, and I can just imagine Obed-edom and his wife, afraid to take it in. They had it to do, but they were afraid. I can see them putting it behind a screen, or curtain, and the wife warning the children. "There's a box there. A man was killed for touching it. Don't go behind that screen." And when they were bad, and she wanted to make them good, all she had to do was to point a finger toward that curtain—that was all she needed to do. They were quiet at once! And then, after a while, they discovered that they were scared for nothing. How many of us have made that discovery? We get in a terror at the presence of God, only to find that He is sweeter than the morning light, so tender, so dear, if we do not curse Him and insult Him.

I can see those people, about six weeks, say, after the ark came in. At the close of the day, Obed-edom and his wife are having a quiet little talk, as husband and wife used to do when they lived with each other. It is different now. The husband is out all the time, not often home for a meal. When he does come to supper, it is to eat it hastily, and off to the movies, home late, with a cross good-night, to bed. These were the good old days when there was time to talk at the close

of the day. No matter where the conversation began, it always came back to that box. Their thoughts centered in that box. One night Obed-edom said to his wife, "My dear, do you remember how scared we were to take in that box? Had it not been David himself who asked it, I would not have done it. Now six weeks have passed, and everything has been blessed. My health—you know I was a little sick, but now I am in good health. (You know the blessing of God meant the blessing in body as well as everywhere else. Study and see.) My cattle are prosperous, nothing has been lost. My crops never did so well. Our children, oh, our children. They have had measles, and chicken-pox, and all the delicacies of the nursery before—but now you can almost see those children grow!" Then, looking kindly into her dear face, "Wife, you know, wife, before that ark came in, I know we loved each other, but the cares of life were about to take the gilt off the gingerbread! Things were getting strained. If I said a sharp word, you would answer with a sharper. (You know, most wives get that way, and with some of them it don't take very long! They are just beginning to discuss that dismal question in the United States, 'Is Marriage a Failure?' Yes, sometimes it is.) Then that box came in, and we have had a blessing in our relation with each other. I notice that if I say a sharp word, instead of answering with a sharper, you either say nothing or give a soft answer. And you know, dear, that the words of the courtship often come to mind. You look sweeter every day. You know, I am more in love with you than ever." That is the way to talk. Say things like that to your wife. Don't wait until she is dead to blubber it over her coffin. Say it now and keep her out of the coffin. Say sweet things to her. She'll believe them—of course she will! Well, now, it isn't in the text, of course, but I can imagine Obed-edom and his wife talking there together, and Obed-edom's wife looking over at him with that deep gasp that a woman gives when she is going to say something big. (It comes clear from her shoestrings, it's so deep!) "Obed, O Obed. I will tell you something. One day when you were out, I was busy with the house duties, and so I left to himself the wee Benjy." (His name might have been Benjamin, you know.) "I missed him. Suddenly I remembered that chest behind the curtains! Suddenly I thought my heart would stand still! My heart was in my mouth!" But where will a mother not go after her child? You remember in later days when the high priest went into the Holiest of All, Eidersheim tells us, with the blood—that critical moment — would he be accepted? — he had a red cord around his ankle, so if he did not come out the people could pull it, and so bring him out without having to go inside. But the mother was not afraid when her child was in danger. I can hear her tell the story. "I dashed inside the curtain—I'll never forget what I saw!

There was Benjy, not only unhurt, but rapturous, with a heavenly look on his face, for from the middle of the lid there rose a Shape—a form of more than mortal beauty and loveliness—and I heard a Voice of more than mortal sweetness saying, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" Her prophetic ear was made to hear those words. Oh, my! I believe, friends, if we would only take God at His word, there would be no cursing; there would be no misunderstanding; He would bless everything and everybody, and hurt nothing and nobody. Even His strangest ways would be a blessing—a blessing full of glory, fruitful to all people. Out of all sorrows and all pains what a rich harvest He can bring!

Now, what is the ark? In the Bible we find much written of it. In the church we find its glory there. The ark to us is the Lord, Jesus Christ. He is the partaker of His Father's glory. He is the express image of His Father's person. And, as with the literal ark, God had put handles for carrying it. So God has put hands to Himself through Jesus Christ to prevent us from being lost in the mysterious, dead from taking wrong roads, turned aside by false beliefs. Two hands! Better than handles. Hands as human as His own, and as divine, with the print of the nail through them; the beginning, middle and end of our salvation; the nail-pierced hands of Christ. We find there strength for all our battles. If you want to get the blessing of God, take Jesus as He is revealed unto your heart. If I want to get the blessing of God, I take Jesus as He reveals Himself to me. Then blessed art thou, for the Lord's blessing is with thee always. Blessed art thou when thou goest out, and when thou comest in; blessed art thou when thou goest out no more; blessed! The bitter and the sweet. The shades of death are radiant as the morning when you take the Christ of God and enshrine Him in your heart. Good-bye, all false enthusiasms, false devotions. Blessed art thou in sorrow; blessed art thou in joy; blessed art thou in prosperity; blessed art thou in adversity. When the farm is gone and the health is gone, and money is gone, and everything gone, oh! that wonderful meal in the barrel! "The barrel of meal shall not waste, nor the cruise of oil fail until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth." Blessed art thou in sickness, in health, in prosperity, in adversity, in life, in death, in time and in eternity. Blessed, blessed, blessed! Blessed are all they who in child-like trust and obedience receive God and take Him by the hand and enter into the heart. Child-like faith and trust! What are you going to do with Him? You new theologians, get over your theology, and come back to God. David mentioned it. If you quote the meter version that is dear to me, in an old psalm, you will remember, about looking after the ark:

"I will not go within mine house,
Nor rest in bed at all,
Nor shall mine eyes take any sleep,
Nor eyelids slumber shall,
Till for the Lord a place I find,
Where He shall make abode—
A place of habitation meet
For Jacob's mighty God."

There he shows his intense devotion. Dear David! And our dear old Sankey had the same thought when he wrote "Come to my heart, Lord Jesus; there is room in my heart for Thee." Come in, O come, ye blessed of the Lord!

# What Think Ye of Christ? Whose Son Is He?

(Matthew 22:42)

By REV. J. C. O'HAIR.

This question was put to the Pharisees by Jesus of Nazareth. Their estimation of Him fell far short, as the reply indicates. "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God." "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Spirit."

"Jesus asked His disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I the Son of Man am?" (Matthew 16:13). Man's wisdom in that day, as well as the wisdom of this present generation, was insufficient for a proper estimate of the Man of Galilee. How significant His "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee," because of Simon's great confession of Him, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." The Saviour assured Peter that the revelation was from heaven, and not the wisdom of this world that always comes to naught; for "we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery . . . . which none of the princes of this world knew; for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." (I Cor. 2:6 to 8.)

Quite recently one of the foremost Jews of this country remarked that the time had come when every intelligent man must admit that Jesus of Nazareth was one of the greatest men of all ages, that even the Jew must admit that no better man ever lived. But is it not worse than folly to endeavor to explain this unique Man apart from His supernatural origin? Is it not akin to blasphemy to even compare Him with other men if the Bible record is to be considered? Did He fail to measure up to any prophecy in the Old Testament concerning His miraculous birth, His holy life, His supernatural power and the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth? Did His enemies overstate the fact when they said "Never man spake like this Man"? Because of His supernatural demonstrations was there

any wonder that the skeptical should ask, "When Messiah comes shall He do greater things than this Man hath done?"

If the Son of Man was not more than man then surely He made more than modest claims concerning Himself, for it is recorded that He began "at Moses and the prophets and expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning Himself." (Luke 24:27.) These scriptures covered a period of time from the creation of the world to the year 400 B. C. and in every detail were they fulfilled so far as the first advent of our Lord is concerned. "He is before all things, and by Him all things consist." (Colossians 1:17). "Who is the image of the invisible God." (verse 15). "Who being the effulgence of His glory, and the expression of God's substance." (Hebrews 1:3). No artist can picture this wonderful God-man; human language is inadequate to describe this sublime character; His biography cannot be written in words; eternity alone can fully reveal the Child born, the Son given, who is called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace (Isaiah 9:6). "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not" (John 1:10). "Hast thou not known me, Phillip? he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." Does the world know, or believe, or even suspicion that He who was led as a lamb to the slaughter and murdered without a cause on Calvary's cross was none other than the holy God, the only wise God, our Saviour: for in Christ dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily (Col. 2:9) . . . . God was in Christ . . . . . (2 Cor. 5:19).

"Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? he is antichrist, that denieth the Father and the Son" (1 John 2:22). Concerning the Son, the Father said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Matthew 3:17). The Son said, "The Father hath not left Me alone; for I do always those things that please Him" (John 8:29). And when the Son spoke of His unity with the Father it is very significant that He mentioned Himself first, "I and my Father are one" (John 10:30). Concerning their agreed testimony as to the deity of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son said, "I am one that bear witness of Myself, and the Father that sent me beareth witness of Me" (John 8:18). Surely Jesus of Nazareth is unworthy of our admiration, to say nothing of our adoration and worship, if He were naught but man; for who can admire an egotist? Consider carefully His boastful claims. If but a man was there ever such a mingling of humility and pride in one person; born of a peasant woman in a manger; declaring that He had no where to lay His head; toiling in a carpenter shop; washing the feet of men; visiting the outcasts; entering Jerusalem on the foal of an ass; deserted at last by His few earthly friends; and yet saying, "Search the scriptures, for they are they which testify of Me" (John 5:39). "It hath been said of old . . . .

but I say unto you" . . . . "My sheep hear My voice . . . and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." "I am the bread of life." "I am the light of the world." "I am the door, by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture" (John 10:9). "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John 14:6). "I am the true vine." "I am the resurrection and the life." "Before Abraham was, I am." "And now, O Father, glorify thou Me with thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was" (John 17:5). "A greater than the temple is here." "For this man (Christ) was counted worthy of more glory than Moses, inasmuch as He who hath builded the house hath more honour than the house" (Heb. 3:3). "The Son of man is Lord of the Sabbath day." "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." "Which one of you convinceth me of sin?" "All men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father" (John 5:32). "All that the Father giveth Me shall come unto Me; and him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37). "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." "This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

Is it any wonder that His enemies said that He spake as one having authority and not as the scribes. "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" (John 7:15). "These are not the words of him that hath a demon" (John 10:21). "Can a demon open the eyes of the blind?" "And they were all amazed, saying, What a word is this." Can any sensible man deny the supernatural origin of the sermon on the mount. What human intellect could present to the world such idealism, such a perfect standard of ethics, such sublime teaching. Neither learned nor religious men have been able to add to this masterpiece one jot or tittle; nor have they been able in any large degree to render unto God the obedience and righteousness therein set forth. Sin is a relative term, and necessarily suggests holiness as a standard. Humanity is devoid of holiness for it can be found in no fallen son of Adam. The holiness of God as revealed in His holy law, His holy Son, His holy Book, is the only true standard, in the light of which the true estimate of sin can be made. "The first man (Adam) is of the earth, earthy; the second man (Christ) is the Lord from heaven" (1 Cor. 15:47). Jesus repeatedly affirmed that He came down from heaven . . . "For I came down from heaven" (John 6:38).

Jesus Christ, who is the same yesterday, and today, and forever (Hebrews 13:8) is the theme of the Bible; He is the Ancient of Days; He is the One altogether lovely; He is the fairest among ten thousand; He is the rose of Sharon and the lilly of the valley; He is the King of kings, the Lord of lords; He is the only wise God our Saviour,

the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. His titles in the Bible are too numerous to mention; He is referred to more than 7000 times in the New Testament scriptures alone. He lives today in the life of every man who can say with Paul, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me" (Galatians 2:20). The very Christ who was born of Mary, who labored as a carpenter, who was nailed to the cross is the Man who is seated at the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in heaven this very moment. How long would the Bible have lived had the living Christ been removed from its pages. The very heart of the blessed Book is presented in the Philippian epistle: "Jesus Christ, Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: But made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name, etc." (2:5 to 11). God became a man; the man became a servant; the servant came to die the death of a criminal; the dead man is now the exalted Christ in heaven. To the unbeliever it is worse than fiction; but to the believer, the most glorious truth ever recorded. The architect and creator of the universe became a creature and toiled as a laboring man; the "Lord of Glory" and the "Man of Sorrows" in one unique person. "He was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death" (Hebrews 2:9). He came into the world to die and destroy, by His death, the power of Satan (Heb. 2:14). "For this cause came I unto this hour" (John 12:27). We testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world (1 John 4:15). Christ died not one moment before His appointed time; His death was not accidental; He was not the hapless victim of circumstances. The works that He did bore witness that the Father had sent Him for this great purpose (John 5:36).

Concerning His works, Jesus said, "If I do not the works of my Father, believe Me not. But if I do, though ye believe not Me, believe the works: that ye may know, and believe, that the Father is in Me, and I in Him" (John 10:37-38). Walking on the water was no more of a task for Jesus than walking on the earth; evil spirits and contrary winds were obedient unto His command; the fish of the sea filled the nets when He desired. He who created the first Man in His own image could straighten out a withered hand with or without His touch. He who commanded the light to shine out of darkness could say to the blind, "Receive thy sight," and it was so. The maimed received their limbs; the palsied took up their beds and walked; the dumb rejoiced to speak; the dead came forth to life when Jesus of Nazareth passed by. "Lazareth, come forth"; and he who

had been in death four days arose to dine with the Prince of Life. Five thousand hungry people were fed with the food created by the Man of Galilee, who was in the beginning with God, who was with God and who was God, and by whom all things were made; the few loaves and fishes were used, but not needed. If Jesus of Nazareth was not Immanuel, the very God incarnate, the Bible story concerning Him is worse than a silly fairy story and is hardly worth a place in our libraries; but to the sinner saved by grace He is elect and precious; that one who has experienced the transforming power of the Son of God in His own soul falls at His pierced feet to worship with Thomas, "My Lord and my God" (John 20:28). When God bringeth His only begotten into the world He said, "And let all the angels of God worship Him" (Hebrews 21:6).

The testimony of the whole world must agree with that of Pilate concerning this High Priest who was holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners, "I find no fault in Him"; with that of the dying thief, "He hath done nothing amiss"; with the centurion at the cross, "Truly this was the Son of God." The Saviour did not hesitate to daily make these claims for Himself, ever reiterating that He was equal with God and ever proving the fact. We must eliminate the possibility of his having been deceived, for His enemies testified that He spoke with authority and as never man spake; He was too wise and too convincing in the presence of the most intelligent men of His day to even hint that he was in any degree irrational. The closer He was watched, the less He was understood; the more carefully studied, the more perplexed the student. An attempt to account for Jesus Christ as an extraordinary member of the human family will invariably lead to an absolute denial of the only history of Him, that is, the Bible, and will produce skepticism and leave darkness instead of light. If His constant claim to equality with God was false, was He an impostor? Surely He was not self-deceived. No one would dare breath that He was selfish; that He was dishonest: but how could He have been honest, if His claims were false?

"But ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you: And killed the Prince of Life, whom God hath raised from the dead" (Acts 3:14). "Him being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken and by wicked hands have crucified and slain, Whom God hath raised up" (Acts 2:23). The greatest manifestation of the sinfulness of man is found in that choice between Christ and Barabbas, the life-giver and the life-taker, the holy God and the unholy criminal. After the creature had mocked his Creator and spit in His face, he asked for His death sentence, and liberty for a murderous criminal. In the hour of death that Creator made intercession for His murderers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." They knew they

were murdering an innocent man, but they did not recognize Him as the eternal God. "And though they found no cause of death in Him, yet desired they Pilate that He should be slain, And when they had fulfilled all that was written of Him, they took Him down from the tree, and laid Him in a sepulchre . . . . But God raised Him from the dead" (Acts 13:28 to 30). "Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures." In that dark hour on Calvary the just and holy God so dealt with sin that He can now extend mercy and pardon to every guilty sinner who will by faith appropriate that all sufficient sacrifice. "Where sin did abound, grace did much more abound." Dead for three days, but alive forever more. "Now is Christ risen from the dead."

No fact in the history of the first cenutry is as well established as the resurrection of the Son of God. He shewed Himself alive by many infallible proofs after His resurrection, having been seen by more than 500 brethren at one time (1 Cor. 15:6). Let the infidel gainsay it; the burden of proof is not upon the Christian who is conscious of resurrection life, and the indwelling presence of the Holy Ghost is the proof that Christ sits at the right hand of God in heaven, the glorified Saviour, the exalted Lord.

The Lord Jesus Christ has done more for the spiritual uplift of the race than all the men of the world combined.

"He is the author and finisher of our faith." "He is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, which is, and which was and which is to come, the Almighty." "He is the faithful witness, the prince of the kings of the earth." Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood." "To Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." "And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God, the Father" (Philippians 2:11).

Let us be very personal in asking the question before we close, "What think ye of Christ, whose son is He?" May the living God by His Holy Spirit bring you to confess that Jesus is Lord, your Lord and your Saviour.

# The Unity of the Scriptures

By REV. F. N. PALMER, D. D.

Himalaya's Heights and Dead Sea Depths, Sahara's sandy wastes and Mississippi Valley's fertile plains, Alaska's frozen ground and Amazon's burning areas, Ocean's billowy waves and land's immovable stretches, verdure and alkali, forest and prairie, island in sea and lake in land—is there oneness in God's natural world? Without hesitation comes a universal "Yes."

A Holy Library is bound in one Book, yea Bilios, "one little Book." Is it simply a unity of the binder's thread, the printer's ink, the christian's imagination? Or is the Book one? Of the Trinity we say: "The Lord thy God is one God." So we affirm of the 66 sacred writings: "The Bible thy Book is one Book."

Our Testament proceeds along three lines:

1. The Problem of Unity Stated.
2. The Fact of Unity Manifested.
3. The Problem of Unity Solved.

## I. THE PROBLEM OF UNITY STATED.

That we may appreciate the oneness of the Word let us recall the seeming diversities that are manifest. These diversities are as manifest as the peak of Everest piercing the sky at 29,000 feet and the trench of Jordan, plunging down 1300 feet beneath sea level. Note these:

(1) God has revealed His word in Two Dispensations that greatly differ.

In 39 books He reveals truth under the dispensation of works, in 27 under the dispensation of faith. These dispensations differ as the thunders of Sinai differ from the sacrifice of Calvary. Law is emphasized in the first, love in the second. The first says, "Do and thou shall live." The second says, "Believe and thou shalt live." The first touches largely the outer, the second touches largely the inner.

Is the Word of God in these dispensations one?

(2) God has revealed His Word in many ways that greatly differ.

The channels of God's revelation differ as greatly as Colorado's gorge and Missouri's wayward banks, as greatly as Congo's mighty **fall** and the geyser's **upward** shoot.

God revealed truth through the **dream.** A run-away son dreams on Bethel's stony pillow and the truth of the Divine presence is revealed. A proud Nebuchadnezzar dreams on a royal couch and God reveals his prophetic truth.

God revealed truth through **ceremony.** The scape goat carries away and leaves Israel's sin in the wilderness. "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

God has revealed truth through **Object Lesson.** Ezekiel, take a tile and portray Jerusalem upon it. Build a fort against it. Cast a mount against it. This shall be for a sign to Israel.

God has revealed truth through **oral transmission.** Doubtless much truth came to Moses thus.

God has revealed truth through **uninspired Manuscripts.** Luke collected many narratives of our Lord's life, written by eyewitnesses and ministers of the Word, using these as the data for his inspired gospel.

God has revealed truth through **messenger angels.** Thus came truth through Gabriel to Zacharias and to Mary. Thus came truth to the Bethlehem Shepherds.

God has revealed truth through **the prophet.** Thus Jonah brought truth of God to wicked Nineveh and Nathan to sinful David.

God has revealed His truth through **the preacher.** Thus Peter revealed on Jerusalem's streets and Paul in Antioch's synagogue.

God has revealed truth by **Direct Word.** Thus He revealed the task of a builder to Noah, the world wide blessing of his seed to Abraham, the deliverance of His enslaved people to Moses.

God has revealed His truth through the **Holy Spirit.** David says touching the psalms: "The Spirit of the Lord spake by me." Peter declares that the prophets spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

In this variety of revelations we press the question: Is the Word of God one?

(3) God has recorded his word through many centuries that greatly differ.

Most of the millions of books have been composed in the space of a decade. Not much chance for world wide changes during the composition of the average book.

From the Pentateuch of Moses, 1450 B. C. to the Revelation of John, 95 A. D., ten and a half cenutries have come and gone. Empires have risen, have fallen. Philosophies have held sway and lost their hold. ART has reached its zenith and decayed. The Lover of a lost world has suffered for its sins.

Written in the changes of the centuries, in the passing of civilizations, we repeat the question, Is the Volume of God a unit?

(4) God has recorded His Word through many writers that greatly differ.

About forty men wrote parts of the book. Possibly one thing may be said of them all: They were all Orientals. Possibly, you may add a second common likeness: They all believed in the true God. And yet one of this number flooded the Holy Temple with idols and with heathen altars.

But on the differences between these forty authors:

(a) They differ in their places of residence. Moses is reared in the palace of an Egyptian Pharaoh. John writes a book in exile on a stony isle of the Aegean sea. Paul writes four letters from a prison in the world's metropolis. Peter writes from the far east Babylon on the Euphrates. David pens some songs from a Jerusalem palace, some in a Judean desert. (b) They differ in nationality—the writer of the first gospel record is a Jew, that of the second, a Roman, that of the third, a Gentile. (c) They differ in their worldly position. Nehemiah and Daniel are slaves. David and Solomon are kings. Matthew is a despised publican, Samuel is a beloved prophet. (d) They differ greatly in their knowledge. Moses and Paul were schooled in the finest institutions of their day. Peter is unlearned. Luke bears the mark of a finished scholar. John has followed the nets. Solomon is the wisest of men. Amos is neither a prophet, nor the son of a prophet. (c) They differ greatly in their character. Solomon is essentially a man of the head, while David is pre-eminently a man of the heart. Paul is pre-eminently a logician, passing from premise to conclusion with resistless logic. Hosea just flings gems into a literary dish. Jeremiah is a natural weeper, Isaiah is a born singer. David has committed murder and adultery, Peter is profane and lies, while Samuel and Job stand forth in remarkable purity and devotion. (f) They differ in their occupations. Behold the variety of their earthly tasks: Moses and David, shepherds. Peter and John, fishermen. Amos, a gatherer of sycamore fruit. Luke, a physician. Ezra, a scribe. Paul, a tent maker. Joshua, a warrior. Nehemiah, a cupbearer. Daniel, a statesman. Samuel, a teacher. Matthew, a tax gatherer. Ezekiel, a priest. :

What a conglomerate company of authors. And again we ply the question: "Can their writings be One?"

(5) God had recorded His Word in many forms that greatly differ.

I will not attempt to be exhaustive here. Let me select the following:

(a) God has recorded divine truth in the genealogical tables. In the first one this great truth of human fellowship with the Divine: "Enoch walked with God." (b) In numberless pages of individual biography. Joseph is a captive in an Egyptian prison, the record says: "The Lord was with Joseph." So Joseph interprets dreams. God's presence with one makes him useful anywhere. (c) In many pictures of family life. Hannah takes the child Samuel while young to be reared by Eli the priest. Samuel grows into one of the purest of Bible characters. Thus is recorded the truth: "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." (d) In National Annals. The six books of Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, God's record of the doings of kings and of Israel, form one continuous comentary on the divine truth: "Righteousness exalteth a nation but sin is a curse to any people." (e) In one long list of fascinating stories. In the tale of a shepherd lad's rescuing a lamb from a lion's mouth, "God strengthen's the physical arm of the trusting one." In the story of Sinai's trembling and smoke and lightning and thunder, "Fear God and keep His commandments." (f) In Temple hymns. In Psalm 51 the repentant murderer sings, "Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned," and God teaches that murder is not merely a crime against man, it is a sin against God. (g) In terse pointed maxims. Here divine truth flashes out in every phrase. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." "A false balance is an abomination to the Lord." (h) In glowing appeals of fiery prophets. God's truths are by these fearless teachers shot forth in searching questions, piercing metaphors, blazing illustrations. "From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no soundness in it." "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone." "I will be as the dew unto Israel." "He that soweth to the wind shall reap the whirlwind." (j) In the appeals of soul searching epistles. "If we say we have not sinned, we deceive ourselves." "The wages of sin is death." "Grow in grace." "Pray without ceasing." Letters to individuals, to scattered christians, to individual churches, to groups of churches. Yea, how varied the forms in which God records truth. Beside these, parable, conundrum, riddle, conversation, lament, battle cry, sermon, paternal blessing, prayer.

God has seen fit to store the splendid fruits for physical man in a variety of forms, the green pod of the pea, the yellow rind of the lemon, the hard brown shell of the cocoanut, the varied colors of the apple paring, the prickly skin of the pineapple, the fuzzy coat of the peach, the smooth covering of the plum. So our God has placed his wondrous store of spiritual food in a variety of forms. And we press the question again: "Are the Scriptures a Unit?"

So much for the problem. We have tried to state it fairly, clearly, naturally. Now we approach the second part of our topic.

## II. THE FACT OF UNITY MANIFESTED.

Bear in mind that the allotted time does not permit any exhaustive presentation. Follow with me three lines of wondrous agreement of the Scriptures:

(1) The agreement of the Scriptures touching single facts. We take two examples from the real topic of the Scriptures, Redemption. We note the agreement touching this fact: (a) Fact One. Every creature a sinner. We read it in the first genealogical table of Moses, Gen. 5:3: "Adam begat a son in his own likeness, after his image"—and Adam was a sinner. We note this in the character description of the antediluvians, Gen. 6:5: "Every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart was only evil every day." We note it in the records of God's leaders: Abraham lies to Pharaoh. Moses disobeys at the rock. David slays Uriah. Peter denies his Lord. David sings in temple song, "in sin did my mother conceive me." Isaiah lifts high the universal fact: "All we like sheep have gone astray." Nehemiah records in his diary: "I and my father's house have sinned." Paul, towering giant of moral and spiritual strength, gives this personal testimony: "I know that in me, that is in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing." John, bosom friend of the Lord, writes in his letter: "If we say we have not sinned, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us." "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," reads the record of Romans. "There is none that doeth good, no not one," sings Israel's temple choir. Thus records the seer on Patmos, seeing God's redeemed, "These are they who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." And Jesus who knows us altogether teaches every disciple to lift this petition daily, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us."

(b) A second fact. Salvation through Faith. We are speaking now of the human part. Not by merit, not by works, not by offerings. How many have noted this statement touching salvation in the first home? Heb. 11:4: "By faith Abel obtained witness that he was righteous." 'Twas not his offering. 'Twas faith. So touching Abraham, Gen. 15:6: "And Abraham **believed God** and it was counted to him for righteousness." The Psalmist describes an O. T. change of heart and says: "Many shall see it and fear and **trust** in the Lord." The writer of the Proverbs makes this terse statement in 29:25: "Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe." "Isaiah opens his atonement chapter with the call, "Who hath **believed** our report?" The constant calls of the prophets for safety and salvation were these: "Not rivers of oil, not sacrifices else would I give them. Trust not

in princes, nor chariots, nor Egypt, nor Assyria, nor idols in whom is no strength." And Habakkuk clearly sees and tells the truth: "The just (or justified) shall live by faith." Nineveh is saved by faith: Jonah 3:5: "So the people of Nineveh believed God." And the New Testament writings? The narrative statement: Acts 16:30-31: "What must I do to be saved?" asked the Philippian jailer. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." The argumentative climax: Rom. 10:1: "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." The doctrinal statement, Eph. 2:8: "By grace are ye saved through faith." The Christ summary, John 3:16: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

(2) The agreement of the Scriptures touching twin facts.

It is interesting to note how truth in the Divine Word travels in parallel lines. It must needs be so, for this is the book of the Revelation of a Merciful God to a sinful creature. The two, since God loves tenaciously, can not be separated. Who can separate us from Christ?" And so truth travels through the sixty-six books by doubles. Note the constant agreement wherever you find them.

(a) Divine strength in human weakness. We see it in the biography. Moses is called upon to do a hard task—emancipate the Israelitish slaves. He knows Pharaoh's hardness and Israel's devotion to flesh pots. Thrice he speaks his weakness, "I can't, I can't, I can't." Then Jehovah says, "Certainly, I will be with thee." We see it in the story. David says to the unbelieving Saul, "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion and bear will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." We see it in song. The Psalm of Grace: 103. He knoweth our frame. He remembereth that we are dust. So for weak man the psalmist sings as a proof of grace: "The Lord hath prepared His throne in the heavens and His Kingdom ruleth over all." We see it in the prophetic utterance: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord." So cries Zechariah 4:6. We read it in the statements of the strong Paul: "When I am weak, then am I strong." "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." We read it in the statements of the weak Peter: "Ye new born (hence weak) as living stones coming unto Jesus, a chief corner stone, are built up a spiritual house." He, wavering as water was transformed into a rock by His Rock Master. Jesus, holding on to him petrified him. We know this in the great fact that ushered in the Acts of the Apostles, 120, weak against a world, that must usher in every act of every apostle: "Ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you." "My strength is perfected in your weakness."

(3) The Word of God is largely a Character book. True, parts of it deal with a nation, Israel. True, another part of it deals with specific churches. But this nation was formed to preserve the worship of the true God, and to furnish the Christ. And these churches were founded by Christ, built up by Christ and commissioned to preach Christ and make disciples to Christ. And so we affirm that the Bible is largely a character book. Genesis records the lives of six. Judges of thirteen, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, forty-four; Acts, the labors of Peter and Paul; Joshua, Ruth, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job, Daniel, one each. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, the climax, each describing the central figure, the Christ. Yea, it may be said of the writers of the thirty-nine Old Testament books, "They looking forward wrote of me." And of the writers of the twenty-three Old Testament books, "They looking backward wrote of me." And of the writers of the four gospels it may be said, "They looking upon me wrote of me."

Behold the types and symbols and analogies of the Old Testament, looking forward to Christ. The lamb slain for an Israelite's sin. The scapegoat bearing the nation's sins into the wilderness. So John Baptist connecting two dispensations says, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." The bitten Israelite looks to the brazen serpent and is healed. Book of Numbers. So Jesus says, "Even so must the Son of man be lifted up that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish." Paul writes the Hebrews to show that Christ is better than Jewish offerings. The Acts of Whom? "The former of all that Jesus began to do and to teach." This book is the continuance—The Acts of Christ. He is building His church. What is Romans?—Christ our Righteousness. Colossians?—Christ in us. The Philippians—Christ our Joy. The Thessalonians?—Christ is coming. John writes in his first letter what? "That which we have seen, heard, handled of the Word of Life." Peter writes two letters specifically the detailed prophecy of the Old Testament touching Christ, and its wondrous fulfillment in the gospel records. We trace this along two lines only:

(a) The fulfillment of prophecy along the line of genealogy.

You recall the line of descent by prophetic utterance. Note the frequency of the break from the first born—which was the Jewish law. God is sovereign and selects. The seed of the woman Seth, appointed in place of Abel. Three possibilities after the flood: "God shall dwell in the tents of Shem." Abraham—"In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." Of Isaac's seed not the first born but the second, Jacob. Of Jacob's twelve sons, the fourth born, Judah. Of Jesse's eight sons, the youngest, David. Then the promise to David: "His seed shall reign upon his throne, and His kingdom an everlasting kingdom."

To prove the descent as prophesied Matthew, writing to the Jews traces the table only from Abraham, the father of the Jewish race. Luke writing for the Gentiles traces the table back to Adam, the father of us all.

Is not Genesis from Chapters twelve to fifty meaningless as a Divine Revelation save it converges toward the God-man? Is not Leviticus with its Jewish offerings and ceremonies and feasts meaningless as a Divine Revelation to the world save as it is fulfilled in God's plan to make His Son an offering for the world's sin? Why Ruth is a Divine Revelation save as it furnishes a connecting link in Matthew's table? Why Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles in Divine Scriptures recording lives of sinful kings, battles of warring kings, save as they furnish their part of the genealogy of the King of Kings?

(b) The fulfillment of the prophecies touching detailed events in our Lord's life:

1. The Mother a Virgin. Is. 11—Matt. 1.
2. Birthplace: Bethlehem. MIC. 5—Matt. 2.
3. Return From Egypt. Hos. 11—Matt. 2.
4. Home: Nazareth. Is. 11—Matt. 2.
5. A Fore Runner. Is. 40—Matt. 3.
6. Place of Work. Is. 9—Matt. 4 (close to Gentiles, as was Capernaum).
7. He Would Heal Disease. Is. 53—Matt. 8.
8. He Would Preach to the Poor. Is. 61—Luke 4.
9. He Would speak in Parables. Ps. 78—Matt. 13.
10. His Entrance Into Jerusalem Upon the Colt of an Ass. Zach. 9—Matt. 2.
11. Method of Death. Is. 53—Matt. 26.
12. Silent at Trial. Is. 53—Luke 23:9.
13. Numbered With Transgressors. Is. 53—Mark 15.
14. Disposal of Clothing. Ps. 22—Matt. 27.
15. Made Intercession for Transgressors. Is. 53—Luke 23.
16. I Thirst. Ps. 69—John 19.
17. Not a Bone Broken. Ex. 12—John 19.
18. Pierced. Ps. 22—John 19.
19. Rich in His Death. Is. 53—John 19.
20. Sign of Prophet Jonah. Jonah 2—Matt. 12.

Now do you recall that strangely appropriate statement of Isaiah (34:16) "None shall want her mate?"

## III. THE PROBLEM OF UNITY SOLVED

We will not tarry here long. We advance no new thought. Human intellect accepts the reasoning as unanswerable. A great tunnel is cut through the Alps. They begin at both ends at the same time. Months are spent in cutting the hole. When they meet they

have not missed each other an inch. What must you conclude? Not that two men planned it apart. Nor that they pushed the bore at random. No, we must conclude two things:

(1) A single mind controlled. (2) The work was carried out by a single prearranged plan and specification.

In a watch factory there are gathered together case, dial, hands, spring, many wheels varied in size and shape, many little spindles and jewels and screws, etc. And behold **they all fit.** What **must** you conclude? Many planners working apart? Impossible. Three conclusions are necessary: (1) A single planner. (2) A single plan. (3) Many workmen carrying out, each of them, the part of the plan assigned. Only **thus** will there be harmony. Only thus will the parts make a **complete** whole.

So forty writers have composed sixty-six books. They have written their books during a period of 1600 years. three hundreds years later they are brought together and arranged. In this library the scholarship of the centuries has delved. The best linguists, the brainiest scientists, the most learned historians, the deepest theologians, the keenest critics, the brightest preachers, the most fervent evangelists—all these have searched and compared, and analyzed, and dissected, and annotated, and indexed, and tabulated. And behold—Unity. What **must** we conclude? **Three Things:**

1. **A single Director, and Divine.**

One mind directing all—from Moses to John. That mind Divine, for no human life spanned those sixteen centuries—"Every Scripture is unbreathed of God."

2. **A single plan.**

Not to write history, not to compose hymns, not to pen letters but in these to record the love of God in bringing salvation to a lost world through Jesus Christ. The Word of God is fruitful along many lines, but all its fruitfulness grows out of its single purpose. "They (scriptures) testify of me." "He (Moses) wrote of me" "He saw (Abraham) my day and was glad." (John 8:56.)

3. **Men directed by a single mind to record this single plan.**

The individualities of the forty authors intact, but sanctified to the single plan. "Holy men of God spake, moved by the Holy Ghost." 2nd Peter 1:20.

We close with this appropriate quotation:

"Whence but from heaven could men unskilled in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unasked their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price."

# How to Restore the Old Evangelistic Fervor in the New Age

By REV. CHARLES REIGN SCOVILLE, D. D.

No event that ever has, or perhaps that ever will happen, can so remarkably display the wisdom and power of the Great Jehovah as the glorious manner in which He brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel of His only Son. History, as it relates merely to human events, is a very pleasing and instructing subject. But that which relates to our moral, social, industrial and immortal interests—the paramount issues of life—should claim our deepest thought, our closest attention and our most serious regard. Truly, never was there such a moral phenomena exhibited upon this earth as the first establishment and progress of Christianity. The instruments by which it was established, the opposition with which it was met, the heaven-born zeal and consecration of its advocates, and the success which attended its career were all of the most extraordinary character.

Let us note briefly the wretched condition of the world and the more wretched condition of her peoples—politically, socially, economically and religiously—and at the period when Christianity was born. Their unthinkable ignorance, unspeakable vice, most miserable superstitions, lewd and base pagan idolatries and iron-clad despotisms were almost beyond human comprehension. Politically the world was reposing under the iron heel of the most august of all the Caesars. This world-domineering and dominating empire was itself the consummation of all the empires of the ancient world. Religiously, Polytheism with her myriads of temples and her myriads of priests, was triumphantly seated in the affections of a superstitious people, and her legislators, magistrates, philosophers, orators and poets, all combined to plead her cause and protect her from insult and from every injury. Rivers of sacrificial blood crimsoned all the rites of pagan worship and clouds of incense arose from every city, town and hamlet in honor of the gods of Roman superstition. God's chosen people, the Children of Israel, had permitted their God-given Heaven-directed religion to be corrupted by tradition and distracted

by faction and polluted by worldliness, and although venerated for its antiquity and admired for its divinity, it had drifted so far from its original purity, purpose and power as to be almost dead and buried in the dust of formal ceremonialism. Jesus compared it to an old garment and dried wineskins. The saddest thing to be said about its devotees is that they put the Saviour to death. He came not to destroy their law, but to fulfill it. He came not to annul, but to ratify. He came not to abrogate their law, but to bring it to completion. The most atrocious deed of the ages was committed by the highest Ecclesiastical Court of that day—the Jewish Sanhedrin. The world never had but one perfect Man and they turned Him over to pagan Rome and crucified Him between Roman pride and Jewish prejudice.

Born under such conditions, it is a marvel that Christianity ever lived, and living, that it ever got even a foothold; and then, taking trench by trench, it is literally conquering the world. Mr. Campbell said, "No King nor Priest ever smiled upon Christianity's path until, by its own inherent beauty, it won the day." By the excellency of its doctrine, purity of its morals, the rationality of its arguments and demonstration of the Holy Spirit, and the good example of its subjects, it triumphed upon the ruins of Judaism and Idolatry." This Christianity has existed in this world for about two thousand years. During the first periods, when its facts and doctrines were propagated in their native purity and simplicity, uncontaminated by pagan ceremonies or worldly maxims, or human opinions, or the philosophical doctrines of some poetical dreamer or dogmatic truth-dodger, its progress was rapid. In fact, as stated above, it was accompanied by most astounding and marvelous results. The Empire of the "Prince of Darkness" was shaken to its very center. The altars of Paganism were overturned and deserted. Pagan oracles were struck dumb and pagan worship was rejected and pagan priests were forsaken, their sacrifices unbought, their altars moulded and their temples were leveled to the ground. "The Word of God had free course and was glorified." Multitudes of men and women from both the highest and the lowest classes, who were formerly immersed in all the vice and abominations of Heathenism, were turned from darkness to light and from the power of Satan and the worship of idols to the worship and service of the true and living God. By the unwearied labors of the divinely inspired Apostles, and the faithful brethren who were their immediate successors, the knowledge of the true God and His Christ reached, convicted and converted thousands in "Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." It conquered many of the inhabitants of the Grecian Isles, large parts of Asia Minor, the northern coast of Africa, and the southern shores of Europe, and covered even the Roman Empire, thus

spreading from the Tiber to the Thames, from the Euphrates to the Ganges, from the Nile to the ends of the known World.

Do not overlook the fact, my brethren, that these marvelous victories were achieved in an age of darkness and in the lands and among the peoples where for untold ages the abominations of pagan idolatry had debased and demoralized the minds of men. "Darkness covered the earth and gross darkness covered the peoples," but began to vanish before the Son of Righteousness, who arose with healing in His wings. They were the salt of the earth. They were, through Him, the Light of the World. "Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." They believed then, as we should believe now, that the greatest need of every soul is Jesus. They taught, as the Scriptures teach, that Christ, the God-man, as truly God as though He never were man, and as truly man as though never God, had come to reveal to men the mind of God and to tell them, as Isaiah said, that "As the heavens are higher than the earth," so much higher are His ways for men than their ways for themselves, and as high as the heavens are higher than the earth, were His thoughts, purposes and plans for men than their thoughts, purposes and plans for themselves. Christ comes as an Apostle and High Priest—an Apostle to speak the mind of God to man, to interpret the thoughts of Heaven to earth, and to reveal His loving Fatherhood and providential care. He revealed a God who "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," rather than the mighty God and terrible. He taught us to say, "Our Father," and we have scarcely learned, even yet, to stand by "every kindred, tongue and tribe," to stand by the black man, the yellow man, the red man, and every white man, and say, "Our Father," and really mean just that and nothing else.

In all religions except the Christian religion we have a guilty man standing before a bloody altar offering an animal sacrifice in atonement to appease the wrath of an angry God. In the Christian religion we have a loving Father offering His divine, sinless Son to win and woo the hard heart of a guilty man. My brethren, there is no greater message on earth than that message, and no age ever needed it worse than this age to which we belong. Those first ministers, fire-brands of almightiness, practiced the spirit of fortitude and nonconformity to this world and became living epistles and examples to be known and read of men, and imitated, reproduced, through all succeeding ages. Through Holy Writ they still urge us not to be "conformed to this age, but to be transformed by the renewing of our minds," that we, too, may "prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." Faith begets fiber, doubt begets indifference, and uncertainty begets inability. When we, like them, "study to show ourselves approved unto God," till "the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts are acceptable in His sight," then the lusts of the eye and the

lusts of the flesh and the pride of life will be as unbecoming and as unworthy of us as it was of these who counted themselves as "strangers and pilgrims on earth," and counted themselves "blessed" when they were "persecuted for righteousness sake."

The history of the church from those first days of the Apostles has been a history of great spiritual revivals or upheavals. Doubtless it has been a history of much else. The church has been the scene, also, of human passions, human speculations, human errors. But traversing these, He, by whom the whole body of the church is governed and sanctified, has made His presence felt, not only in the faithful, perpetual proclamation and elucidation of truth, not only in the silent, never-ceasing sanctification of souls, but also in the great upheavals of spiritual life, by which the conscience of Christians has been quickened, or their hold upon truths of redemption and grace made more intelligent and serious, or their lives and practice restored to something like the ideal of the gospel. And thus the whole religious tone of the community, state or nation has been changed. Even in the Apostolic age it was necessary to warn Christians that it was high time to awaken out of sleep; that the night of life was far spent, and the day of Eternity was at hand. And ever since, from generation to generation, there has been a succession of efforts within the church to realize more worthily the truth of Christ—the Christian creed, or the ideal of the Christian life.

These great, historic revivals have been inspired or led by serious-minded, generally devout men, who have represented the highest conscience of Christendom in their day. They may be easily traced along the line of Christian history; the Spirit living in the Church has by them attested His presence and His will, and has recalled lukewarm generations, paralyzed by indifference, or degraded by indulgence, and honey-combed by worldliness, back to the true spirit and level of the Christian faith and life. Robert McCheyenne went to Dundee and Scotland was awakened. Richard Baxter went to Kiddeminster and England was awakened. They tell us that in Florence, Savonarola's chain-logic was changed to chain-lightning, and in starting a fire to burn the messenger they set the message afire, and that conflagration will never end. The nailing of the Theses on the door of Wittenberg by Luther was a revival. The Wesleys and George Whitfield came across the ocean and America was revived. The great revivals of Edwards, Bellamy and Finney, and the Old Cane Ridge revival, all are historic illustrations of what would come to pass if we would restore the old evangelistic fervor in this new age.

All that contemporaries know of such movements is "the sound thereof," the name with which they are associated, the controversies which they precipitate, the hostilities which they rouse or allay, as the case may be. Such knowledge is superficial enough. Of the pro-

found spiritual causes which really engender them, the direction which they are really moving, or of the influence they permanently exert upon souls, men know little or nothing. The accidental symptom is mistaken for the essential characteristic; the momentary expression of feeling is mistaken for the inalienable conviction of certain truth. With His vision, whose we are, and whom we serve, and with His Spirit indwelling, we will some day be able to see in their true relation, the practice and motive, the accident and substance, the lasting and the transient, in the economy of grace.

Pentecost was not only just such a great religious upheaval as we have described, but it was the first one in the history of the Christian Church. The influence of that God-given, Jesus-proclaimed, Holy-Spirit-inspired, directed and empowered day still lives, and never will end until the great and final day, when the dead, small and great, stand before God. Then, and not until then, will we know the real heights of its ideals, the depths of its convictions, the breadth of its influence, and the length of its activities and victories. A few days before Pentecost five thousand more surrendered to the "Sword of the Spirit," five thousand more men threw down the arms of paganism and surrendered to the Cross, and took up the "Sword of the Spirit" in the conflict of rightness against wrongness, truth against error, Christ against Satan, Heaven against Hell. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan rightly points out the fact that Pentecost was not made possible by the preaching of a great sermon. It was made possible by the great spiritual level attained or conditions reached by the Disciples of Christ. "They were of one accord in one place." A united, spirit-filled congregation "of one accord in one place" made possible the delivery of a great address and of gaining three thousand converts in a day. It is up to the members of the church to meet apostolic conditions if they want the evangelists and the pastors to obtain apostolic results.

Of course, such marvelously great and community stirring revivals did then just what they would do now—stirred up the hot-beds of crime, the plague-spots of iniquity, the cess-pools of sin and dives of infamy, and brought out the lewd fellows of the baser sort, and caused or engendered a fanatically envious spirit and deadly antagonism and persecution, but blessed be God, even the crucifixion of their Leader, the beheading of John the Baptist, and the beheading of James, and the stoning of Stephen, could not lessen the enthusiasm or dampen the ardor of those Heralds of Righteousness, those servants of the Most High. Though literally driven from Jerusalem, they went everywhere "preaching the Word." Philip went down to Samaria to preach to the social outcasts, the half-breeds, whom the "high-brows" called "the Dogs of Samaritans." "But when they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the Kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women." * * * * * * *

"And there was great joy in that city." Peter bursts the old wine-skins, breaks with their traditional provincialism and national narrowness, and boldly crosses the line into the Gentile ranks and preaches the gospel to Cornelius and his household, and baptizes them in the name of and by the authority of a crucified, risen and regnant Christ. Philip literally runs to catch the chariot of an African Ethiopian, stops his "Ford" along the highway, and "they both go down into the water," both Philip the Evangelist, and the Government Official, and he baptizes him. I imagine that posture and gesture, platitudes and relics, camphorated phrases, stereotyped messages, Prince Albert coats and white bow ties and assumed holy tones, had not yet embalmed the ministry nor anaesthetized the Church. In those days the Church did not have hired servants in the choirs whose only recommendations were the training of their voices rather than their religious virtues, who were hired for their sound rather than their soulfulness, who palmed off upon the Church second-class, denatured grand opera instead of "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." If we are to hear, like John, a "sound like unto the voice of many waters," we must remember that, like him, we must be "in the spirit on the Lord's day." "The mill will never grind with the water that is past," and the mill will never grind with the water that is frozen, nor with the water that is stagnant.

"Thou must be true to thyself
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
It takes the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech."

Their spiritual rivers ran bankful and even overflowed the thirsty land.

If we really want to see the Kingdoms of this world become the Kingdom of our Lord and His Christ; if we are genuinely sincere for the restoration of Apostolic Christianity, then we must restore the Apostolic spirituality by restoring Apostolic singing, praying and preaching, and Apostolic practice and zeal. We must not simply work for an apostolic form; we must have the Apostolic faith and life—nothing else will suffice. This is not just an ignorant world to be educated, but a lost world to be saved. The salvation of humanity cannot be trusted to education or civilization again. The Church possesses the only unbought-up plan and program for the salvation of the race. Lodges and clubs can talk about the "combinations of capital," the "combinations of labor" and "commission forms of government," and can organize Producers' Leagues and Consumers' Leagues, and while we admire their ingenuity, we lament their inability to see that there is just one "Balm in Gilead" for the salvation of society, and that is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Church must not simply hold services—it must solve problems. The greatest of all problems is

reaching men for Christ. The International Sunday School officials tell us that twenty-five per cent of the young people are reached through the Sunday School, and twenty-five per cent are reached after Sunday School age, and fifty per cent of the inhabitants of even the so-called Christian lands are not being reached at all. We must keep the prayer fires burning. In this great hour of the world's history we must make big plans for human redemption. "If God is to be your partner, make big plans for your life."

If you are tired of sinful harvest,
Then stop your sinful sowing;
If you want to go with God,
You must go the way God's going.

Time will not permit me to speak at length of the conversion of the Corinthians, Ananias baptizing Paul, and then followed by Paul's midnight prayer, song service and revival in the Phillipian jail, which was preceded by his reaching two lady converts—the peddler woman and the slave girl—nor following him on through his almost unthinkable persecutions, until he finally reaches the members of Caesar's household and reaches the block and the "Crown of Righteousness," which, he said, "Is not only laid up for me, but for all those who love His appearing." He looked upon every person as an object or possibility of God's converting grace. We must do nothing less. Accepting Christ changed our relation to the lost as thoroughly as it did toward Him. If our religion is true, we are bound to propagate it; if untrue, we are bound to change it. If your religion hasn't changed you, then change your religion.

The only way to restore the old Apostolic zeal for soul winning in this New Age is to feel about our Lord Jesus and His work as the Apostles did. They really got Christ's vision of lost men and low social and economic standards, and the world needs that vision today. If we would feel about men and nations as Christ feels about them, if we would get His view and value of things, even as the Apostles did, we, too, would have the mountain-moving power, and soon, because of our enthusiasm, would be also called "those who have turned the world upside down." Some might even finally say of us, "Much learning hath made thee mad," or "What will this babbler say?" Mobs of persecution would be started and the age would be ablaze with a veritable conflagration of righteousness. Dr. Dixon is right: "The Church Evangelical is the Church on ice; the Church Evangelistic is the Church on fire." Too many have altars and no fire; too many have a bound volume instead of a living Revelation; too many are preaching a dead creed instead of a Living Christ. We are dressed in swaddling bands when we should be robed in robes of righteousness; feeding on milk instead of meat; riding in baby-cabs when we ought to be riding in chariots of fire. "My Word shall not

return to me void." God has not promised to save by your word or my word, but by His Word. Don't try to say some brilliant thing—preach the Word. Sir Charles Hyland, the scientist, says that some of the birds of New England spend their winters in North Africa. They rise to higher stratas of air that sweep from the cold North Pole to the warm sands of Africa. The whole Church must be brought up to a similar high spiritual level. Then, and not until then, can we expect results commensurate with Apostolic days. A Swiss guide, leading a bunch of Alpine tourists, came to a height where he fastened all of them together saying, "From this up it is hand and knee work." We are at that point today in the history of our Christianity. Nothing but the Christian religion, and that at its best, can save humanity from taking the path of tragedy across the unknown sea of the future. From this on it is hand and knee work. This means the restoration of the old family altar, the bringing of the Christian religion into the individual home. Christianity in the Church, in the community, in the nation, will never rise above Christianity in the home. The mightiest thing next to God Himself is Motherhood. When Mother rocks the cradle, she rocks the world. Whatever else goes into bankruptcy, Christian Motherhood, Christian Fatherhood, and Christianity in the home must not fail. If we are to continue to have the sweet, true, pure, old-fashioned, God-fearing Christian Mother, instead of a bunch of French-heeled, kangaroo-shaped, fresco-faced, frizzle-headed sissies, with a cootie garage over each ear, if we are to continue to have the big-hearted, noble, devoted, consecrated fathers, instead of a bunch of scrub sires, there is only one way to do it:—Restore Apostolic Bible reading and family prayer in the home. The home is the hearthstone of the government, the citadel of our civilization and the throne room of religion. If you would bring your family to Christ, bring Christ to your home. You might as well try to hatch chickens in a cold nest, or to bloom roses at the North Pole, or put a new-born babe into a refrigerator and then spank it because it won't sweat, as to expect the evangelists and the ministers to have great religious upheavals and to win thousands of converts in the present cold, indifferent, unconcerned, ungodly condition of the home and church.

The question today is not simply what must the nation do to be saved, what must democracy do to be saved, what must society do to be saved, or what must the community do to be saved, but a man comes perilously near the truth when, with bleeding heart, he soulfully asks, "What must the Church do to be saved?" To this Jerusalem, too, Jesus is saying, "How often would I have gathered my children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" I am not simply thinking of narrowness and bigotry; I am not simply thinking of the self-conceit and "more

holy than thou" spirit of some, but I am speaking of the wretched conditions—socially, economically, industrially, politically, and even religiously—that confront us. What is the cause of this crime wave? To what have we drifted that the movie sex plays are so mighty popular? That, as I believe, a murderous Fatty Arbuckle, or a divorced Doug. Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are more popular and their words and deeds better known by many children of the kingdom than the names and deeds of the Apostles and Prophets and the "Holy Men of old who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost?" I know it is easy to be firebrands against dead issues and to put on the soft pedal and be mealy-mouthed and absolutely quiet on live issues. The facts are, the movies of today are the training camps of bandits; this is where they see how to hold up the pedestrians and the autos; this is where they see how to rob the bank and the mail train; to climb into the back window; to steal another man's wife or another woman's husband; to drag the garments of human dignity into unnamable mire; make the pure girl in the parlor become the soiled girl in the park; destroying not only the virtuous character that is, but the queenly wife, the Christian mother that might have been; making a human asset into an unmentionable liability. The joy-ride in many sections has almost proven to be a red-light district on wheels. Thousands of our families are spending more money in these wretched movies than they are in spiritual movements. They make their offering at the theatre instead of at the throne of grace. Their dimes and dollars go in the ticket office instead of the divine storehouse. These theatres must clean up or clean out, or Christians must stay out. The country villages and county-seat towns and cities are packed with vast throngs surging through the streets on Saturday night. Where, in the name of God I ask you, where are those crowds Sunday morning? We have gotten rid of Bill-Hell-M, the Kaiser of Pottsdam; blessed be God, we have gotten rid of another Kaiser, old John Barleycorn of America; we need to get rid of another Kaiser,—the European Sabbath, the Kaiser Sunday must be dethroned and exiled, and the old Apostolic Lord's day must be restored. As I said before, when we are in the Spirit, like John, on the Lord's day, things will be brought to pass, and this seething, boiling sea of sin will be no more.

One of the old Church fathers said to a young minister, "Do you know the disease?" and he answered, "Yes." "Then," said the old saint, "Do you know the cure " and the young man answered, "Yes." "Then," said the old servant of God, "my young brother, go, preach that and nothing else, for all else is talk." Too often the pulpit of today is manned by men who are not willing to say, as Nathan to David, "Thou art the man." My brethren, too many of us are unwilling to say to the political leaders and the social vamps of our day, as John said to Herod and his brother Philip's wife, "It is unlawful for

thee to have her," and every modern "Doug. and Mary" must be made to feel this. When we fear God, as John the Baptist did, more than we fear the block, and when we despise false statements more than we do stones and martyrdom, just as Stephen; when we prefer prison cells to pride and cushions; when we get where we can say, "For me to live is for Christ to live," and "The zeal of thine house has eaten me up," and "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ;" "I am not only ready to preach the gospel, I am not only ready to go to the city, but to die there for Christ;" then can we say, "I know whom I have believed;" our cold, formal faith will pass into a vital belief; this vital belief, which works through love, will pass into knowledge—acquaintance of the mind, heart and love of Christ; then we, too, will know Him whom we at first only believed. Then when we live a God-controlled and Jesus-touched and Holy-Spirit-filled and self-obliterated life, then we will become firebrands of almightiness, and a great spiritual tide will arise until a new flood shall envelop the earth, a flood of righteousness that shall save and not destroy the world, and "Righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

# Catching Fish to Catch Men

By REV. MELVIN E. TROTTER

I am going to talk to you this morning about catching fish, and catching men, or, catching fish to catch men, and I am going to read from the fifth chapter of Luke, the first eleven verses:

> And it came to pass, that, as the people pressed upon him to hear the word of God, He stood by the lake of Gennesaret.
>
> And saw two ships standing by the lake, but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing their nets.
>
> And He entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that the would thrust out a little from the land. And He sat down and taught the people out of the ship.
>
> Now when He had left speaking, He said unto Simon, launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught.
>
> And Simon answering said unto Him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net.
>
> And when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake.
>
> And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink.
>
> When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me for I am a sinful man, O Lord.
>
> For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes which they had taken:
>
> And so was also James, and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men.

The revised version has it "catch men alive"—live ones, real live men—oh boy—the real live kind! When I was a boy in Illinois, I used to think that religion was for old women and children—but not for men. I know different now—it takes a real live one to be a

Christian. Any dead fish can float down stream, but it takes a real live one to swim upstream, against the current.

The story we have before us is a great one, this story about fish. It is not a new one, but on the eve of our Bible Conference, I want to talk to you about it. I want you to take a good look at the picture. I always wished I was an artist. I could never draw anything but my breath, and very seldom my salary, because there was not much to draw. But here is the picture that I want you to see this morning. The multitude was pressing around Jesus to hear what He had to say. They knew it was the word of God, and that is what people always want to hear the word of God which never grows old. You have to change your films every day if you want to have a crowd—but they never get tired of the Word of God. It is as new as the morning. And the people who crowd around—do you know how to catch them? Catch them with the Word. Here were all these people crowding around to hear Jesus preach, there on the shore by the Lake of Gennesaret. They crowded near, and then nearer and nearer. He backed away from them a bit, but they crowded closer and closer to hear the Word of God. They got so close that it was uncomfortable, and there is a danger there. You cannot be a great preacher, you know, if your mind is on yourself, or away from your message. If your collar don't fit, or your shirt crawls up on your neck, and you know it, and your mind is on that thing—you cannot keep your mind on the message and do any business for the Lord. And so Christ wanted to get away from the crowd. He wanted them close, but not too close. (Like the boy and the girl on the sofa. You don't want him too close, or too far away either. Not too close, but just close enough. The whole thing might be lost if he gets too close. Maybe some of you folks here don't know that, but I'm telling you now. I'm older than you, and I know something about it, and I will tell you that you don't want them too close, but just close enough.)

There were two boats standing there, empty, and one of them happened to be Simon's. Now you know there is no happenstance with God. He knows the end from the beginning, and while He is going to catch fish, that is only bait to catch men alive. He is after Simon Peter, and of course, He gets into his boat. Peter was not in the boat, but was washing his nets. Believe me, they needed washing, because he had made what we call a "water haul." Those of you who know anything about fishing know what that means. He had seaweed, but no fish, the whole night before. They were attending to their business of washing nets, and not listening to Jesus. They were busy men, and the busy men are the easiest kind in the world to catch. You can't do anything with a man who is not busy. There are a lot of people who haven't a thing to do, and they are the curse

of the world. But these fellows had families, to take care of, and so they were washing their nets instead of hanging around. They were working—busy men. Oh, there are a lot of idle people. I spent one winter down in Florida, in a mighty nice little city. I have nothing against it. It was a pretty little city. Right in the center of it there was a very nice park, with a bandstand in it—and no band—and they had tables and everything, and the people were sitting around playing dominoes, and checkers. They had croquet grounds, and roque grounds, and places to pitch horseshoes. There were thousands of people sitting around there every day, people who had retired, and were too tired to do anything else. And I thought "My what a wonderful opportunity to preach the Gospel to a great throng of men." Did you every try it—where they just sit around? Where they sit without doing a thing. There is no way to get them, no way to get any hold on them, unless they are doing things. Let a town get a lot of retired farmers in it—I have nothing to say against the retired farmers, for they have worked hard, and they need to retire. They have an eight-hour day—they work eight hours before dinner, eight hours after dinner, and sometimes eight hours in the evening, and if they don't, their wives do. But when they have retired, and sit around the store in the little town, and talk "paved streets"—"We don't need no paved streets. These here streets were good enough for me when I was a boy and they're good enough for the town now. Electric lights? We don't need no electric lights. We go to bed with the chickens." There isn't much use for an idle man.

Now Jesus saw Peter, and He got into his boat, and told him to push away from the shore, and He preached to the crowd **out of the boat,** but He preached to Peter **in the boat.** Now I believe—some of you may not agree with me—I believe that Jesus was a stranger to Peter, and the Jew was always taught to be kind to strangers, for in doing so he might be entertaining angels unawares—and one greater than all the angels is here. The Jews were always taught this. And so here, at the present time, whenever you entertain strangers—Oh, this hotel business, with a room and bath, is spoiling things. You are missing a lot. How many of you have ever entertained preachers? Did you ever have anyone in your home who did not leave more than he took away? Many of them were angels unawares.

Peter was always kind and courteous to strangers, and when Jesus asked him to shove out from shore, he was glad to do it, and so they went out a ways, and Jesus sat down. All great preachers sit down—I never could. Tie my hands, and I could not talk. Jesus sat down and taught the multitude. It was the same in the sermon on the Mount. He sat down and taught the disciples—sat there on the hillside and taught them. All great teachers sit down, but as I

said, I never could, and that is probably why I'm not a great teacher. But you can't do much trotting if you sit down, and I'm a Trotter, and trotters never sit down. Somebody says, "He sat down to keep from rocking the boat." Well, that is all right too—you sit down, or you might rock the boat. I do not know what Jesus said in that sermon. It does not give His words, and so I do not know just what he said. But I do know this much. I know that He preached the Gospel. I do not know how he worked around to it, but I do know that He did tell them that He was the Son of God, and that God so loved the world, and they must repent and be born again. I know He told them all these great truths. How do I know it? Because He always preached them, in every sermon we know about.

And so He preached to the people from the boat, but He preached to Peter in the boat. He could not feel the least emotion, but Peter felt it, in the boat. He never addressed Himself to Peter, but you just watch Him. He got Peter without addressing him. The same way that Nathan got David. Nathan did not go up to him and say "Here, David, you have done a dreadful thing." No, no, no. He talked sheep talked about the man, and his one sheep, and when David became indignant, and said he must die, Nathan turned and said to him "Thou art the man." And David was touched and said "I have sinned against God." When Jesus got Peter he did the same thing. How many people in a meeting like this are always passing the buck? I know a man who said to me, "I wish I could sit on the platform tonight. I would like to watch the crowd, and see the effect on them. Just see what they are going to do, for the preacher is going to skin them alive tonight." And that fellow needed the skinning more than the rest of the crowd. Always passing the buck.

Jesus went on and said the things he had to say to the people before him, and when He had finished His message, He turned around to repay Peter for his kindness. 'Launch out into the deep," he said, and "Let down your nets." Peter had been fishing—had been fishing all night long. He wasn't fishing for his health either—he was healthy enough. He wasn't fishing for beefsteak and onions, but for fish. Fish was what he needed. "Peter, launch out into deep—go where they are—and let down your nets for a draught." Not to wash them, this time. They had already been washed, but for the purpose of a draught. If you know anything about a land-lubber telling a fisherman how to fish—I can imagine what the other fishermen were saying, those people on the shore who were watching—and it doesn't require much imagination either. "I wonder if Peter is going to fall for that." "He's got him going, will he try to fish now?" "That fellow can preach, but he sure can't fish. He comes from a little town, where there are a lot of rubes, and did carpenter work for his daddy." But how did Peter take it? Well, you know, Peter heard

that sermon, and that sermon went to his heart. But watch him. His "experience" began to talk. He said, "Master, we have toiled all night." His experience had something to say—"We have toiled all night and taken nothing." Well, if they had caught nothing, they wouldn't be hard to clean. That is always what I think when I go fishing and catch nothing—I don't have to clean them. I have been fishing, caught nothing, and come away thinking it has been a waste of time, but then I think "Well, I don't have to clean them," and I always brighten up. "Thank God, I don't have to clean 'em." It is a great comfort when I don't catch them.

Now experience had taught Peter, and he said to Jesus, "We have toiled all night, and have taken nothing." Lots of us are the same way today. Think what experience will tell you. "I have toiled all night, and taken nothing—I know what it means to work. I have worked I have tried; I have fought and struggled, and I have taken nothing. I was reading this passage some time ago, and I got hold of that one thought—nothing ever hit me quite so hard. When you trust, you don't toil. When you toil, you don't trust.

I am looking at a lot of people here today—and I don't know anything about you at all—who have tried, and failed, have toiled, probably all night, tried your very hardest, done your very best, toiled all night, and have taken nothing. Why go out into the deep? There are no fish there. So Peter said. "We know, we have tried all night. Why do it?" A lot of you folks have toiled all night against some secret sin of yours, and called in the preacher, and the evangelist, and say from experience—"I have toiled all night, and have taken nothing. I wish I was dead. I have fallen in that sin, and I have tried, and struggled, and worked and toiled, and don't find peace. I have tried everything a man can try. Oh, I'm looking forward to the Bible Conference, and I hope to get something out of it, but ———." Listen, if you have toiled all night, and have gotten nothing, experience will tell you there is no victory in Christ. Experience will tell you that the Church is preaching everything but victory through Christ, and they say "Look out for that theology that preaches victory——there is danger of you getting to be a "crank." But you know, it takes a crank to turn things. I saw a dog last night, running faster than any dog I ever saw before, and getting nowhere. There are lots of Christians like that. I used to know a farmer named Hunter, and he churned butter with a treadmill. He had a large shepherd dog that he would put to work in there. He churned butter on Tuesdays and Fridays—and how that dog did hate to churn. He knew Tuesdays and Fridays. He would put him in that treadmill. and the dog would walk and walk, and never get anywhere. They had some kind of a stick back of him with some little points in it, and if he got tired and did not want to walk, he got the point, and

walked on again. The dog would turn his head to see if the butter was coming, and it just seemed as though he never would get through walking. They had a cider mill that worked the same way. They would use two horses there, and they would walk and walk and get nowhere. There are a lot of people the same way. They work, and toil, and struggle—all night sometimes—and get nowhere.

But Peter did not stop there. He said: "Nevertheless"—and when you get a "nevertheless"—Oh, the victory that overcometh the world! Your faith, and yet not your faith, but the Person whom you have faith in. And so Peter—that sermon had done something. And the victory! I know some of you want to ask me: "Have you some theory on victory?" "Have you some theory on the overcoming life?" "Have you some theory on Baptism?" My only theory is this—Get out of the road, and let Jesus Christ win! "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." Not a thing—not a system—not a theory—a PERSON. Jesus Christ gives victory from sin, every sin, all sin, from known sin—absolutely.

"Nevertheless," he said, "at thy word." "Experience, you keep still. You can only tell of past failures. Caught nothing." 'Nevertheless—the revised version has it "upon thy word," and there is a difference. I am standing at this desk, but not upon it. I could get upon this desk, and it would hold me, for it is a strong one. It was made for Billy Sunday. There is all the difference between being upon it, and at it. "Nevertheless, upon thy word as a basis, I will let down my net." There are no fish in the sea, but at thy command—if there was anything to be gotten, it would have to be out of the command, and not out of the sea. Jesus always puts fish in all his commands. God's promises and commands always have the goods with them. He never told them, promised them or commanded them a thing in the world, if He did not have the goods with it. Haven't you a promise to get upon, and bring the fish into your hand? What shall it be? Take anything. Take John 1-3. "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." All right, if God created the fish, and made the fish, He can control them. "Let down your net for a draught." They had toiled through the whole night, and had taken nothing, and now it was day, and day was not a good time for fishing, and they realized it. They were not far from shore, and not in the best fishing grounds, but—"Nevertheless" He let down the net. The Lord made the fish, and the Lord can control the fish. "Come on here, pickerel, come on here bass, come on here old trout, come on, all you fish, get in here"—and the net was full. It was so full it began to snap. Let down the net on the Word, and the Lord will fill, and fill, and fill. Get out on the Word. It is just the same today. Short skirts don't change the Word of God. You say the times are different. They aren't either. "Jesus

Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever." Faith may waver, but the Rock stands firm. Get on the Rock, rest on the Rock—and you'll get fish. Are you going to trust in the net? In the sea? No, no, no, no. "Experience" may tell you there is nothing there, but let down the net on the Word. Trust in the Lord, and He will fill your net. That is what this Bible Conference is for: that is what it stands for—the Word of God. Get out on the Word of God, read the Word, study the Word.

"Experience"—say if the devil could get me to take a drink—but he can't do that, because when I was converted all taste for the stuff was taken away, so the devil can't get me there. I was converted on the 19th day of January, 1897, ten minutes past nine, standard time, and I was right there when it happened. Since that day the devil never could get me to even want a drink, or anything of that kind. But he did get hold of me and got me to worrying. "The Lord will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." Oh, what a multitude of fish there. Instead of trusting that, I was planning, and struggling, and toiling and scheming. I was going to put this thing through, and get the thing done, and I was toiling all the night. And it was hard work. I lost my joy, and I was in trouble. I was reading this passage here, when I got over to this part "upon thy Word." "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." I got to the place where I said to myself: "Here you have been struggling all alone. Why don't you trust Him? Why don't you rest on Him?" Some of you are toiling in this same way, and need to get to that place. I was ready to admit it, and turn to God for rest. And some of you—are you ready to admit it? Something will happen if you come down. I'd rather come down with Jesus Christ, than stay up without Him. The folks said to me, "Your reputation." My reputation—what was that? Anyway, it is written: "He will bring forth thy righteousness as thy light, and thy judgment as the noonday." There are two passages in the Bible about your reputation. "Be sure your sin will find you out," "He will bring forth thy righteousness as the noonday." If you are right, God will show forth the right. If you are wrong, your sin will bring that out. I let my net down on that thing, on His Word, and went to sleep, and I have never worried since. I am so happy, I am ashamed of myself. "Happy in a world of trouble?" Yes, yes. "Where there is suffering?" Yes, God will take care of that. "Don't you ever have anxious thoughts? Not one. "Well, you had better look out." No, look up. Let the net down.

Peter let down his net, and it became so full of fish that it began to snap. The Greek has it—"it kept snapping." Peter was scared stiff. I was too. If you have been trying all your life to get rid of that jealous streak of that awful temper, and have been strug-

gling all night, and have taken nothing if all your life you have been toiling over a secret sin, and can't win—give up your toiling and struggling, and let down on the Word, and your net will be full, and will begin to snap, and snap, with the great multitude of fishes. "Struggling on far into the night"—no, no, no—get on the Word. Let your self down. And your net will begin to snap with fishes—with blessings. What Peter needed was fishes. That is what he was after. He got the fishes—and he got the blessing also. See what happened. The net was full of fishes. He let down on the Word, and the net began to snap, but the fishes could not get away. Peter was scared, his heart jumped into his mouth. He called his partners, and they came, and filled the two boats with the fishes, filled them until they began to sink, but they did not sink. They got them to shore safely, and then Peter did not have his mind on the fishes any more. He fell down at the feet of Jesus and said, "I am unworthy of this great blessing." Peter saw himself as unclean and unworthy, and full of sin, and he did exactly what you might do, if you saw Jesus in all His beauty. He said, "Depart from me." He saw himself as he was—unclean, wholly selfish, unworthy, and he wanted the Lord to depart. But Jesus did not go. He never goes when He finds that we realize our unworthiness. He always stays by, and has a blessing for us. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Jesus did not go away. He never does. He never gets away from a man who sees his sin. "A broken and a contrite heart, oh God, thou wilt not despise."

But what about Peter's fish. There is a bigger business now than fishing. He must get right with God. But Jesus stills his fears and says, "Fear not, fear not." Whenever you get to the place where you confess your sin, these are the words you will hear. "Fear not—go out now and catch men—alive."

But notice this too. The partners were blessed, as well as Peter. You will always find this to be the case. God is after a certain man. What happens? As a result of this one man, the others are blessed too. You who are here, go home, and rest on the Word of God, and let Him keep you in this present world, and He will give you a complete victory through Jesus Christ. Go home, and what will happen. Your family will see it. They will notice how you have changed; how little things do not worry you. They will have their suspicions at first, but before you know it, the blessing will come to them also. James and John, the sons of Zebedee, who were the partners of Peter, got a blessing. They dropped everything and followed Jesus—after Simon Peter. When Peter was blessed, they were all blessed. I believe that all the crowd there was blessed also. I believe everyone there got a fish to take home. There was enough for everyone. And

Peter began to go fishing from that time. Not for fish, but for men alive. His next big draught was when he brought in three thousand souls at Pentecost—catching them alive.

Today we should be catching them for God, through Jesus Christ. We are not fishing for fish, but fishing for men, and you can do things you never did before, if you will come out on the Word. I am not going to tell you that if you give your heart to Christ you will catch men—you know you will! If you do not, you are going out upon your "experience" and not upon His Word.

Up in Michigan, between Friday and today, there were four camp meetings started. I called to my neighbor, the morning I left for Winona, a dear old man named Collins, the greatest Christian I ever saw, and I said to him," Will you pray for me, down at the Bible Conference at Winona?" He told me he was going to Hopkins, to a Holiness Camp Meeting. Over at Eaton Rapids there is another camp meeting—all along the line folks gathered together who you could call "cranks." Do you want me to go there. No, I have a job down here, working for the Lord. I'd like to be there, but my work is here. Everywhere there are Christian men and women, waiting before God, weeping before God, and having no victory in their souls. They come to me and say: "Mr. Trotter, isn't there any way?" Can't you show me a better way than this?" They don't get out on the Word, and simply trust Him.

I have a friend who was converted, and tried to follow Christ, but the taste for whiskey never left him. He had a hard time getting by the saloon. It was a constant temptation, and finally got the best of him. His friends became disgusted with him, but I went to him and said: "Charlie, there is something better than that for you. Something better than you have ever known. God can give you such victory, that you won't want the stuff." He looked at me and said, "You don't mean to tell me that." "Yes, I do. Throw yourself on the Word of God, and He will cleanse you from all sin." He had failed utterly, even though he had struggled, but God could do a greater thing for him. "Let him," I said. He looked at me again and with the most heart-breaking voice he said: "Oh, I want Him to. I'd rather be in hell than here, struggling against a taste that I cannot conquer." He cried to God, and got upon His Word, and God gave him the victory.

You Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, who have members of your congregations who go to Holiness Camp Meetings, what are they hearing? Hearing things that are not strict theology? Yes, perhaps. But you know "The prayer of faith will heal the sick—and it is Christ who Heals, and Christ who gives the victory. Give them something at home—don't blame the Holiness Camp. I'd rather have my mother's cooking than any picnic lunch you ever saw. She

makes the best fried round steak, and gravy and home-made bread to go with it, you ever tasted. She is staying with me this summer, and the way she cooks round steak and gravy, beats all the chicken dinners you ever talked about. Just fried round steak and brown gravy, and home-made bread that mother makes. It's good. It just suits me. And when you put me in a church, give me what I want—something that satisfies, what I need, and I'll stay there. I won't have to run around to camp meetings.

Not long ago a minister came to see me, and when I took him into my study, he locked the door behind himself. He sat down close to me and said: "I know I stand pretty well in this city and with my people, nobody knows a thing about it." I agreed with him, and he went on to tell me a most awful story. I thought he would tell me something about not having results from his preaching, nor much fire in his Gospel message, because of the school he attended etc. But he went on with the most terrible tale. I just sat still and listened, and prayed that God would help him unburden his soul. He told me his story between sobs. "Brother, he said, I have promised myself, and I have claimed the promises of God, and have said I would die before I see her again, but I fail every time. There is nothing I can do that will save me from that sin. I stand before my congregation on Sundays and proclaim the Word of God, and see myself a fallen, unworthy man, unable to bear the truth. Nothing I have can save me. You claim to have something." I said to him: "I have a Person. What you need is to be born again. You don't know Christ. You cannot be happy without Him. Take Jesus." Then just as I would bring a drunken bum to Christ, I took that preacher who had a D.D. and an LL.D.D.O.G., and all the rest tacked onto his name. He got up and as he walked out, he said, "All else has failed; I don't understand this that you are saying, but I will trust Him." Later I met him at the club. He took me to one side and putting his arms around me, he said, "It works, it works." "Bless you," I said, "of course it works." AMEN.

And so here at Winona the beautiful. Tired hearts come in and may they find rest. Preachers are here who are powerless—may they go out with such power that men and women and children will be comforted and blessed by their ministry. And just by the Spirit of God taking the things of Christ, and revealing them unto us. Not the Holy Spirit, but JESUS, revealed to us by the Holy Spirit; a Person, an ever-present, loving Person; a nail-scarred Person, tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin," and "in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted."

He saves, and saves to the uttermost. Let us get out upon His word. "Nevertheless"—"Nevertheless"—won't you go that far this morning?

# "The Christian's Marathon"

By REV. HARRY VOM BRUCH

I want to base a few remarks this afternoon on the 12th Chapter of Hebrews, a chapter that I like to call "The Christian's Marathon."

You have noticed, no doubt, that Jesus always spoke in a language that could be understood. When He talked to the business man He spoke of profit and loss, saying, "What shall it profit you if ye gain the whole world and lose your own soul"; to the sower He spoke of sowing and reaping; to the diver He spoke of the pearl of great price; to the gardener, of the vine and branches; addressing carpenters, He said, "Take heed how ye build"; to the fishermen He said, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." They understood His language. Evangelists have often been criticised for using slang or vernacular of the day, but you must acknowledge that no one ever went to hear Mr. Sunday and came away not knowing what he talked about. He speaks in a language that can be understood. As John McNeil says, "I sometimes use slang to drop to the level of some folk's literature. It seems as though Paul has got the spirit of the Master. Paul said, "Put on the whole armour of God that ye may be able to withstand against the wiles of the devil." You cannot make me believe Paul was addressing the Ladies' Aid Society when he spoke about armour. What would they know about a breast plate, a helmet and a sword?

When we come to the 12th Chapter of Hebrews, Paul draws his lessons from the Marathon. Now notice first, he calls our attention to the throng whose eyes are focused upon the runners. "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." You let a man take a clean cut stand for Jesus Christ and in a short time the whole community knows about it. Why? We are surrounded by witnesses.

The second thing he draws our attention to is the preparation of the runner. When I went to school in the East, Mt. Hermon, Massachusetts, they gave what was called an annual cross country run; six hundred students taking part. When the race started some

of the boys who had come in off the farms in the surrounding community, thought they would like to run a ways too, but they did not run far. They found that while boots and shoes were made to follow the plow, they were not made for running in a race. A racer, or runner rather, must strip. He must lay aside that which is bulk so that he may be free. Paul says in stripping we are to lay aside two things. The sin that doth so easily beset us and the weight. To be a Christian means to be saved from the sin business. You must be through wth sin in order to be a son. That's settled. But there is something else we are to lay aside and that is every weight. Now a weight is something that will impede your spiritual progress. The weight in your Christian life might be that thing that God has been dealing with you about for some time. It has caused you more heartache, more sorrow, more remorse than anything else. You felt you would like to forsake it and yet you have clung to it. Every time you pray it comes up before you. Oh! do you want me to name it for you—why that is it; you have your mind on it now, it is that thing you are thinking about. Lay it aside. If you are going to run this race and reach the goal and win the prize, this is important.

Now the next thing set forth is the gait of the runner. Let us run with patience. I promised God in the beginning of my ministry that I would never preach on anything that I did not practice, so I will be brief on the subject of patience. Patience, that virtue which so many Christians lack. Oh how it is needed today, in pulpits and in pews.

Here is a preacher who gets a call to a large church in a large city where he will minister to a large congregation. At the same time he is called to a smaller field than the one in which he now labors. "What shall I do, where shall I go?" What does he need? Patience.

Here is an evangelist called to the large city and also to the neglected place. To which field shall he go? The large field means a large crowd, a greater enthusiasm and better remuneration; the smaller field means isolation and perhaps little appreciation. He asks himself the question, "What shall I do?" and makes his choice. Oh how we need patience to wait upon the Lord and know what He wants us to do.

Here is a girl admired by two young men; both have popped the question. She says to herself, "I like Bill, he is a good boy, he is a Christian, he hasn't much wealth nor culture nor education nor position. Oh I suppose he could provide my food, raiment and shelter but that is about all. But he loves the Lord, the church and is interested in Christian things. Now there is Dick, he loves me too, he has lots of money, whether he came by it honestly or dishonestly he has it and he spends it too. Why every time he calls on me he

drives up in a great big Prince Albert or rather Pierce Arrow. The only trouble with Dick is he is not a Christian. I know he would supply all my temporal needs but he is not interested in eternal things. Would he enjoy going to church with me; would he enjoy the same order of service that I enjoy? I am afraid he would not. What shall I do; which shall I choose?" What does she need? She needs Patience.

Oh! Brother, Sister, Friend, when standing at the fork of the road knowing not whether to turn to the right or the left, wait patiently upon the Lord. Jesus said, "Acknowledge me in all thy ways and I shall direct thy path." WAIT FOR HIS DIRECTION.

People often ask, "How do you account for so much fanaticism today?" We know, of course, there are a great many people in the church that are lagging far behind the Lord; they seem content with dry, dead formalism. Saved, but not satisfied, for God has called them into a rich experience to which they will not go. On the other hand, there are some folks in the church that want all God has for them and when God calls them into the place of consecration, which is separation from the world and dedication unto God, the devil does his best to hold them back, saying, "You are good enough now," but if he sees their determination to enter into this consecration, knowing that he cannot hold them back, he goes behind them, giving them a shove, he says, "If you are going to go, GO," and he pushes them clean past their destination and the first thing you know they are talking in fifty-nine different tongues. They have Heinz beaten by two varieties. That's fanaticism.

I believe in every doctrine of the scripture, but any sect that will exhibit any doctrine above the gospel of Jesus Christ will sooner or later become fanatical and following that, in all probability will go rotten at the heart. How are we going to find our place? How are we going to know when He leads? When to go, when to stop? It will be through Patience. Looking unto Jesus, that is the position for the runner's eyes. I saw Barney Oldfield racing Ralph DePalma and Louis Cheverlot on the old circular track in Chicago. Cheverlot had the lead, DePalma was second, his eyes fixed upon the rear wheel of the car ahead. To take his eyes off of it would mean a wreck. No matter whether the crowd cheered, encouraged or discouraged him, he never turned his head, his eyes straight ahead. We have a position for our eyes in this race, "Looking unto Jesus." I never knew a man to backslide from the pulpit or the pew but what backslid because he had taken his eyes off of Jesus. Peter while walking on the water with his eyes fixed on Jesus, was safe; the moment he took his eyes off of his Master, he began to sink. So will you. If you look to men, men will disappoint you, for the best of them fail; you put your faith in man and when that man goes down, your faith goes down.

Paul is trying to teach us to keep our eyes off of men and put them on Christ. Thank God for a mother who taught me not to look to men, preachers or teachers, but to look to Christ. Get your Christianity from Christ, not Christians.

In the 11th verse he calls our attention to the preparation for the race. "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Chastening to the Christian is what training is to a runner, studying to the student. It is no fun burning the midnight oil with a cold towel tied around the head, cramming for the coming examination, but when the paper comes back marked 100 plus, "Oh! boys, ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!"

I told you when I went to school in the East they gave an annual cross country marathon, six miles up hill and down. Every student was compelled to run. We have baseball evangelists, boy evangelists, salesmen evangelists and all sorts of titled evangelists. I never had a title, for I never did anything exceptionally well. The only thing I ever did real good was play marbles and I very seldom mention that for fear someone will title me "The Marble Evangelist." You may be an athlete, I was not. I did not care to run six miles up hill and down. I asked to be excused and was told I could be upon one condition—that was if I had heart trouble. I smiled at every girl that came on the campus but it failed to affect my heart. I had to run. My chum was a runner and at his suggestion I prepared for the race. He said, "We can run the old two mile square tonight and tomorrow night dog trot around it. We can do it a night or two and do the same with the four mile square, then the six and you will be saved a lot of discomfort after the race and you might help us win." While the boys would lay about the campus after the evening meal listening to the choir practice in the chapel, I was off on those lonely God forsaken country roads taking training. Do you think that was joyous; nay, it was grievous.

The day of the race was at hand. Six hundred runners in line, all set!—they're off!! Do you know where I was? At the tail end, the last man. I made up my mind if I gave up the race, a few men would pass me and carry the news back to the campus, but to my surprise I had not gone far when I began to pass other runners who had quit. At the end of the fourth mile and well into the fifth, we had a hill leading to the hospital, then a short sprint across the campus and across the line. Reaching the foot of the hill I was ready to give up the race. I looked for a nice green plot of grass in which to fall, but all the plots were taken some weeks in advance. I pressed on and made the top. Just as I was about to quit, my chum, who had crossed the line, had returned to the top of the hill and

was waiting for me, slapped me on the back, gave me a brief quick word of encouragement and said "Go." I crossed the line and some time afterward when I came to, he was patting me on the back saying, "We Won," "We Won." Who Won—I Won. If you have ever watched a crowd of students celebrate a victory such as that you will know it is some celebration. A bonfire, pajama parade, brass band and all and, believe me, I did not come in like a cow's tail behind; I was in the front ranks. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous, nevertheless afterward——." God knows the end from the beginning. That is when the joy comes. Read the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th verses of this chapter and see for yourself. God bless you, what good would our faith be if it didn't stand the test. I know some folks who would like to be fed on Joy all the time. I would not want it. God knows I need some of the other. But I believe all things—let me supply it for you:

T means Trials
H Hatred
I Infirmities
N Necessities
G Grief
S Sorrow or Suffering

All these six work together for GOOD for them that love the Lord.

Most preachers have a hobby—with some it is golfing, with others it is gardening, with me it is flying. I love the air. While in California during some of our campaigns I would fly days and preach nights. One preacher said I should not do it, I was tempting the Lord. I said, "No, I am not, I am just getting ready for the Translation. Most people have a fear about flying but let me tell you something, it is not as bad as it looks. There are no telegraph poles to climb up there and no women driving Fords. I think I have been put through every stunt known to an aviator. I have looped the loop, flown upside down, been through the tail spin, the Emmelmann turn, whip stall, falling leaf-tail spin, the barrel roll, etc. You say, "Why dare you take such risk?" During the last days of our war I was privileged to address several thousand workmen in the Curtis Aeroplane Plant at Buffalo, New York. I spent the afternoon going through the plant. I noticed at the bench of every workman was a sign or bulletin calling upon him to do his best. He was given to understand that whether he was glueing wooden parts, stretching linen or assembling the machine, the safety of human lives depended upon his workmanship. After the great machines were assembled, their wings were loaded heavily with sand bags to test them before they were called upon to sustain the machine in flight. I saw the care and the caution exercised in the building of those great machines. I saw them tested. That is why I love to fly. The machine that

goes up in flight is the machine that stands the test below. So with our faith; it must be tempted, and tested and tried; afterward we will see why. In the 12th verse we are told to lift up the hands which hang down and the feeble knees.

If you will read Exodus 17-11 you will understand its meaning. "When Moses lifted up his hands, Israel prevailed: when his hand fell down, Amelek prevailed. But Moses' hands were heavy and they took a stone and put it under him and sat thereon and Aaron and Hur set up his hands, the one on the one side, the other on the other side and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun." That means prayer. You can gain the victory only in the secret place of prayer. Pray and you are victorious. Fail to pray and you become a victim instead of a victor. The course upon which this race is to be run is mentioned in the 13th verse. It is a straight course; makes straight paths for your feet. That does not mean Godliness on Sunday and worldliness on Monday. Paul makes this plea not only for your sake but he adds, "Lest that which is lame be turned out of the way; but rather let it be healed." He is speaking of a weak brother who is coming on behind.

You might drink and be a Christian; I cannot. You might dance and be a Christian; I cannot. You might commit adultery and be a Christian. You might steal and lie and shoot and still claim to be a Christian. I could not. People often defend themselves by saying, "I don't care whether it is right or wrong, it does not hurt me." But Paul calls attention to the weak brother who might be hurt. Is there something that you do, while you feel it does not hurt you, you are conscious of the fact that that same thing would hurt another? If so God wants you to consider that other one. As Paul said, "If meat offend thy brother then eat no more meat." In our race at school we were told to follow Hoag—he was the leader. In this race we are told to "follow peace with all men, and holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." There will be no peace in this world until He, the Prince of Peace, rules and reigns in the hearts of men. And holiness—there is no holiness apart from Jesus, for He is made unto us Wisdom, Righteousness and Sanctification. "Follow me, follow me, not the priest, not the pope, not the preacher, follow me." Jesus is speaking. He is our leader. He is our captain and one that never lost a battle.

A word about the end of the race and we are through. If there was not a goal to be reached nor a prize to be won at the end of the Christian race, I would still be a Christian for the joy it gives. But there is a goal and we read of it in the 22nd verse. "But ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in

heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect," and best of all, to Jesus. Brother, the more I travel this country of ours, stand on the high mountain peaks, in the valleys, in the desert places, through the Rockies in the West, the Adirondacks and Blue Ridge Mountains in the East and the great North and the beautiful South, the more I am compelled to say, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the earth showeth His handiwork." It is a beautiful old world after all. I mean the world—some folks in it are not very nice, but we all kind of hate to leave it at that. When the doctor holds our pulse, shakes his head and says, "No hope," how we plead to stay a little longer It is the happy home of millions Yet in all its beauty I read that it is under a curse . What must it have been before the curse, and think of it, it took God just six days to make it. Now we read when Jesus departed from us, He said, "I go to, what—prepare a place for you, and if I go I will come again and receive you unto myself that there where I am, ye may be also." He said it twenty centuries ago. He said, "I will come again," but He has not yet returned. Why? Sometimes I think it is because the preparation on that side, as well as this, is not yet completed. If this beautiful place was made in six days and God the Father, Christ the son, and the Holy Spirit have been working nineteen hundred and twenty-one years on that place, I am sure heaven will satisfy my heart. Oh! I love to go out in the cool of the night and study the heavens above, see the myriads of stars and sometimes I feel like asking God what those lights really are and it seems as though God whispers to my heart and says they are the lights of the suburbs of the city celestial, for heaven is a city whose builder and maker is God. At the close of the day I love to watch the sun sinking o'er the western horizon leaving behind a trail of crimson glory, painting earth and sky in all its gorgeous colors, and sometimes I feel like asking God, what is that I see, and He seems to whisper to my heart, what you see is the coal from the hearth of heaven, for heaven is a home where loved ones will be reunited never to part again, and best of all, Christ, our head, will be in the midst, and when I think of heaven a home, my heart sings out, "Home, home, heavenly home; fair are my dreams of thee; the nearer I reach the end of time, the sweeter thou art to me.'

May God help you one and all to forget the things that are behind, to press forward toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

# Understanding the Child

By REV. C. H. WOOLSTON, D.D.

You misunderstand the true child if you think he is only a miniature adult. He belongs to as distinctive a race as the man of eighty. His acts have a meaning of their own. It becomes our business to discover the meaning of the child's own personal acts. We must try and see as they see, looking at things from their viewpoint.

It was related that one of the famous artists had an ambition to paint the faces of children, but was a pronounced failure. The faces were all too old for a child. He did not understand the child with his brush. One day, when his study door was open, a little fellow came in and stood gazing at a picture, leaning up against the wall. By and by he got down on "all fours" and looked and looked for an hour or more. The artist said to himself, "I wish I could see what that child is now seeing," and genius whispered to him, "You can see all that he sees if you look from his level." So he got down upon his hands and knees by the side of the child and looked at his own picture. What he saw he never related, but after that he painted pictures of children that astonished the world. He had seen something from a child's level. He had not seen the picture, but he had seen the child. It is one of the lost arts to know the child. First, you must remember that every child is a bundle of mysteries, and you must take the "mist" out of mystery before you can understand it, and then you will see that he is a bundle of possibilities. What a miracle it is to know him. I will climb the highest mountain, pierce the darkest jungle, cross the widest ocean, explore the trackless desert, endure and pursue with all compelling power just to be able to know and understand the little heart.

Once upon a time there was a teacher who was teaching the lesson of Jonah. She was a graduate of training schools, normal classes, etc. She had gone the limit in preparation. She understood her subject well. She gave the latest dissertation on Jonah. She was a teacher of a class of boys. She was talking over their heads. They didn't understand even a little bit of what she was saying. After she had finished the lesson she turned to the class and said, "Now,

boys, what does the story of Jonah teach you?" and one little fellow piped out, "Please, teacher, the story of Jonah teaches me that you can't keep a good man down." The teacher turned to young George and administered to him the stinging rebuke, "How dare you," said she, "on the Sabbath Day, in God's house and before the open bible make light of religious characters? I am ashamed of you. If you were my son I would feed you on bread and water for a week." Little George kept his eye on the door, wondering if he could, with safety, make his escape. He never came again. Now the teacher understood Jonah, but she didn't know George. If she had said to George, "Now, George, that wasn't exactly the reply that I wanted, but I am glad that you have got a thought about the lesson. Come to my house next Tuesday night and take supper with me and I will show you pictures of Jonah and tell you stories about this wonderful man and then I think we will get it right in our heads." If she had tried this method she would have got the real Jonah into George or she would have gotten George into her own heart. If she had known as much about George as she did about Jonah she would have known that that reply was a bit of pleasantry, coming spontaneously from a young heart. She did understand her object.

Somewhere, I read the other day, about the boy who was present at the feeding of the multitude and this was the analysis that the teacher made of the boy with the loaves and fishes. First you will always find the boy in a crowd. Second, he always looks out for his stomach. Third, he can be worked and won if he is approached in the proper way, and to find the proper way is to find the golden key which unlocks a golden heart that will welcome the entrance of the golden truth of Jesus. One of the first principles of the knowledge of a child is that he is all eyes. Psychologists tell us that we see eighteen times more than we hear, but no psychologist has ever been able yet to figure out how much a boy can see. It seems to me that he sees fifty times more than he hears. That has been my experience, as I have labored with a million and a half boys and girls. Hence, it is the first principle, the art of knowing children, to teach them through the eye, and so the use of pictures and objects and all things which appear to appeal to the child's eye are master keys that unlock all hearts. They receive the impressions through the eye, and these he seldom ever casts away. In discovering a child, always remember what a child may be and what he is now. We must have this long look into the future or you don't understand to look into the present. He is a whole congress of possibilities. Possibilities are the seeds that may germinate into a mighty force for good or bad.

There was once a teacher in old New England who taught a little district school, who had the gift of reading the possibilities of her children and trying to develop those possibilities. Her name

was Miss Crochet. She could very easily tell whether the disorderly boy was vicious or suffering from an overdose of animation. She understood children. One day while she was at prayer, a little boy in her class laughed out loud. After the prayer she said, "Who was that laughing while I was praying?" A little bit of a fellow held up his hand and said he did the laughing. The teacher said, "What were you laughing at?" "Something that Billy said, who sits next to me." "Billy, what did you tell him that caused nim to laugh?" "I saw a little mouse." "What did you say about that mouse, Billy?" "I said, while Miss Crochet was saying her prayer a little gray mouse ran down the stairs." Of course, all the children laughed and the teacher said, "That was very bright, Billy. I think you have got the making of a poet in you. At least I am going to satisfy myself on that point." So Billy went to the front. Miss Crochet, wanting to find out something about the boy, she looked down at him and said, "I wonder if there is a possibility of making a poet out of this child." It certainly sounded so when he composed his first lines of poetry. So she said to him, "I will see whether you are a boy of mischief and interrupted my prayer as a disorderly act, or whether it was simply an overflow of an unrestraint to say words poetically. I will give you three minutes to compose another line. If you do it in that time as well as your first lines, I will not punish you, but if you do not, I shall bring my racket down over your shoulder." So she said to him, "Compose your lines in three minutes or take your punishment." One minute passed, the second minute passed and there was no response from the boy. The teacher said, "There is only one minute left, now speak or be punished." The little fellow lifted up his head and said, "Here I stand by the side of Miss Crochet, when she brings down the rod, I intend to dodge it." She laughed, they all laughed. She said he would make a bright boy. She encouraged him in the writing of lines and he afterwards became a poet of fame. She understood Billy and made Billy great.

# Stilling the Tempest

By REV. JOHN McNEILL, D. D.

Now, I meant to preach another sermon to-night, but it so happened, just as it has happened before, that the whole Bible closed for me, except the story of the stilling of the tempest; so I have to preach at the only place where it will open, Mark's Gospel, Chapter four. It is an evening speech, anyhow.

> "And the same day, when the even was come, he saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side." —Sail on!
> "And when they had sent away the multitude, they took him even as he was in the ship. And there were also with him other little ships.
> And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full.
> And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow."

Well, it was not soft! It was the steersman's cushion. He was in the stern of the boat, asleep, with his head on the steersman's cushion.

> "and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?
> And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm."

Two verses before, we read, "and there arose a great storm." They thought they had never seen it so rough. And now there is a great calm. They thought they had never seen it so smooth. First they thought they had never seen it so rough, and now they thought they had never seen it so smooth. When He gives peace, who can make trouble? There was a great calm.

> "And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?"

He was speaking to the storm of fear still running in their panic-stricken hearts.

> "And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?"

"What manner of man is this?"—Who is this? Who is this? Those wild, uncontrollable elements obey! Who is this? As dear old Moody used to say, "Stick to the original English"—"What manner of man is this?" The winds and the sea obey Him. Christ stilling the tempest—and the one great lesson to me written on the face of this graphic story is that it is Christ's presence with us that is our salvation, in the large full-hearted meaning of that largest word in our life and experience, Salvation. Christ's presence with us! Blow high or low, come rain or shine, for spiritual adversity, here or there, Christ's presence, and the storm is a calm. He, with us—with us in the tempest, with us everywhere, but we must not lose that word of true discipleship—we with Him. Christ with us, we with Him, our Salvation!

It was not the boat, it was not their skill. They were all experienced in sailing a fishing boat on a "dirty" night out on the lake. They were fishermen, and they had been out all night many a "dirty" night on the lake, and they were experienced in sailing the fishing boat. But it was not their skill, and it was not the boat. One other account says that they were in jeopardy, and the boat was beginning to sink. And there were in the boat experienced fishermen, who were used to handling the boat—but it was not enough. None of them were keeping the boat afloat. They were doing their best, but it was beginning to sink. But Christ was there, and He could keep the boat afloat. That salvation is still for the individual, that salvation is still for the whole company. The whole ship's company, the whole Company of the Redeemed, for all of us together, Christ's presence, our Salvation!

Many expositors of the text, and Roman Catholic ones especially, spread themselves out when they come to this story, about the boat. They have a great deal to say about the boat. Salvation in the Boat—the Bark of Saint Peter! You would think she had been an Atlantic liner! Why, she was just a poor, little, miserable boat made for inshore fishing. A Woman would not put her foot in it, if she had any regard for her safety, and she was not insured! But these expositors have a great deal to say about the boat—Salvation by the Church of Christ, that is it! Salvation by being in the boat—especially our boat! This is an unfortunate bit of Scripture to which to turn for any upholding of the doctrine of salvation by Church! For in the boat, and I believe in the Church—by the way, one of the bonniest words in the Book is this word Church, bandied about by controversy though it has been! What a beautiful thing, the Church! But no! This Scripture will not uphold the doctrine of salvation by the Church, if you take it that the boat is the Church. She was sinking! The

Church, as an institution on earth, sailing these waters of misery and sin, saves nobody. The Church itself needs to be saved.

I love Thy Church, Oh God,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

There, as the hymn itself puts it—"The Church our blest Redeemer saved." The Church saves nobody, the Church needs to be saved. And there were other boats with that one. There were other boats, and Christ, being in the body and in bodily conditions, could only be in one boat at a time. But the other boats were there, and they shared the storm, and they shared the deliverance. For, as Mark says, "with Him"—"There were also with Him, (with Him,) other little ships." Tell the story any way you like, that shining central figure, Christ, His presence, our Salvation!—individually, collectively, denominationally, in so far as we are fixed and fastened on the Lord, Himself.

The story ends in a disappointing way. You must have noticed it, you Bible lovers, who love some of the endings of the Bible. This one is a kind of a jar! When all was over, the sea like glass, not enough of wind to stir Peter's hair—somehow, I always think of Peter as being a little shaggy, a shaggy man, unlike the hairless men who so abound nowadays: none on their faces, and very little on their heads, either! I like to think of Peter, you know, as a shaggy man!—not enough of wind to stir Peter's hair, the sea like glass! Then see these men—here is the shock—these men, white to the lips, huddled as far away from him as the limits of the boat will allow. "Who is this?" "What manner of man is this?" Actually, they had forgotten his name! It is gone with the wind. "What manner of man is this?" "Who is this?" Isn't that disappointing? Is'nt it? Well now, isn't it? Nobody to say "Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!" when they had been saved. Not a one. And these were religious men, God-fearing men, with all their faults and failures. They were Old Testament men, and not a soul to say "Hallelujah"! though hallelujah was their word. we have taken it from them. Sometimes we translate it and say "Praise the Lord!" and sometimes we just transliterate it into our own language and say "Hallelujah!" One of their Psalms, the one hundred and seventh, I think, (I am only speaking from memory; correct me if I am wrong) is a passage divinely inspired through the Psalmist to enable you to express your feelings in just such a situation as this. Of course I naturally think of the Scotch meter version of the one hundred seventh Psalm. If you haven't a Scotch meter version—well, you can't have everything in this world!

The storm is changed into a calm
At His command and will;
And so the waves, which raged before,
Now quiet are and still.

* * * * * * * * *

Oh, that men to the Lord would give
Praise for His goodness, then,
And for His works of wonder done
Unto the sons of men!

This psalm was composed, or part of it, just to express your feelings on an occasion like this. These men knew the Psalms; they sang them every Sunday—just as I did. They began at the first, and read right on to the end. And here, not a soul—this is a Bible anti-climax—not a soul to sing or shout "Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!" These people, you say, were all Presbyterians. That is so, for the other variety had not been invented. And Presbyterians do not shout. That is why the Lord made the Methodists. You have nobody but yourselves to blame, for if you do not shout, another will, and surely the Lord deserves the shout. He deserved it here, and He did not get it. Why? Well, I suppose you say, it was not Sunday, and it was not in the church or the synagogue. It was a week night, or a week morning. The Lord caught them out without their Psalm book, and of course they had to wait until Sunday. This startling occurrence—the danger over—and not one could say "Hallelujah! Praise the Lord." "He is here, and we are saved." How the Lord catches you and me out sometimes! My dear friends, it is good to have a "hallelujah" handy—outside the church, outside the Sunday. For the Lord is near, often, and He is forever doing things for us—this kind of thing—and it is a shame to make Him wait till Sunday!

Over in Japan they had a great conqueror, and he bought them a great deliverance. They love to honor him. Every day fresh flowers are placed upon his tomb. But alas for you and me—and I was going to say, alas for Christ, our mighty Conqueror!—God forgive you and me for bringing on Sunday withered prayers, withered praises, faded offerings! It is frightfully common. I know a man in New York who jumped aboard a bus—one of those ten-cent, green busses—and after a few yards he had to jump off, because, although he was a millionaire, he did not have the necessary nickle in his pocket. A good many Christian friends are like that man. You have a tremendous account in the bank, but you might keep a little change handy for daily use. You may have a tremendous amount of Bible knowledge, but you ought to have your pockets full of nickles and quarters, half dollars and dollars just for daily use. God is always doing things for us. I'm afraid it is not often that we thank Him as we should.

And so with these people in the boat—not a one spoke, but instead they shivered and shook. There must be a deeper reason. It was something like this: the Godhead flashed out too near for the comfort of the flesh; they felt it. Long before the completed doctrine of His person was hammered out—it took three hundred years to hammer that out—but long before then, the great church never doubted His absolute Godhead, and here they felt it. There is more than mortal here." They were right. There is more than mortal in this Jesus! These men felt it. They had been some time with Him now. They walked with Him, talked with Him, ate with Him, drank with Him, they heard His word, they saw His works. They were not getting that feeling of too much familiarity, but they were getting to feel that they knew all about Him now. They thought they knew all about Him, but suddenly there came a flash, a something other than the flesh. Out there on the lake, immediately the winds and the waves obeyed, and He towered up above them into infinity. As He towered, they cowered, and blanched to the lips. Who is this? The Godhead flashed out too near for the comfort of the flesh. Even then, bless His name, He never rebuked them for being frightened. All His might and majesty, and Godhead and eternity—they are not here to sink us; glory to God, they are here to save us, and bring us to the other side in safety!

Just for the moment, let us spell this thing out. These stories have become the property of us and of our Sunday School children. We know them so well we do not realize how startling they are. How would we feel, had we been among them? We are spelling these things out. Suppose we were some worshipper—some idolator of India or Burma going to worship his god—that idol—that ivory image, following the custom of his religion, bringing offerings of chickens and rice to his god. That is his way. (By the way, let me remark, as regards our offerings, there are not many chickens, and not much rice for five cents—no, not even for a dime. There are some people I know who may be mighty glad that, as regards giving of their substance, they were brought up in a Christian land, for idolatry would have broken their little hearts with expense. Now for your collection! You know, friends, when I have said it, that these are the things we can say here, and it takes no courage to say them. Nobody will blame us or our church. But the trouble with our offerings is, so many times, that there is not heart, nor faith, nor soul, nor life in them; and God lives. "Can I eat the flesh of bulls, or drink the blood of goats?" Do I need the nickles and the money? "The silver and the gold are mine, and the cattle on a thousand hills." Put a heart behind the offering; give it with faith and love, or keep it. We would feel the same ourselves.) Now imagine this man coming with his offering of chickens and rice, for idolatry costs something, and laying them down before the altar of his god and starting his

prayers. How would he feel—just how would he feel—if suddenly that gold or ivory or ebony image opened its eyes and looked at him, lifted its ivory hand and touched his shoulder. What a thrill would run through him! Why this thing lives! And God grant that this very next Sunday, and even now in these conference meetings, that thrill—even though with the shock that goes to the marrow—may come to some worshipper. God lives! He is no mere name in the Book. He has heard my prayers. He has looked upon me. And the things of God forevermore shall be different. It gives a shock—a shock and thrill that goes to the marrow with fright and fear. I see God! Be braced for the shock. God be praised for some great deliverances! And God be praised for something staggering, for it shocks and staggers you and me out of fixed knowledge and daily stagnation and formal worship. The church today is afflicted with a kind of idolatry behind Christian names, forms, symbols. There is a dull, lack-luster manner in the eye. The idolator's eyes in India are not duller than the eyes of the people we see on Sunday, worshipping an image on whose forehead is graven this: "Formalilty"—formality in religion, vacant faces, dull, expressionless eyes. "Hosannas," as they say themselves, with more truth, perhaps, than they would admit, "Hosannas languish on their tongues, and their devotion dies." And then they make God listen to their languishing and dying devotions. That is all that He ever receives from some of us. "O Lord, and shall we ever live at this poor, dying rate?" No, you won't! That is not real living.

Now, dear friends, that shock that thrill; these disciples in the boat took a long step forward, although it went to the marrow, and upset them a little. They rubbed their eyes and looked at Christ all over again. I am tempted to use one of your own classical phrases, "He had broken out in a new place." But, my dear friends, He is always doing that. There is no slowness in Him. These disciples got rid of all slowness and flatness when they set out to follow Jesus. It may have been a dull, hum-drum life before, but He changed it. They never knew what He would do or say next. From the beginning, I repeat, the moment these men set out to follow Jesus seven days in the week immediately they got rid of the doldrums, of the flatness, of the dullness. What is the matter today? It is enough to start the question, Is the Lord among us? God be praised for the great judgment, if it takes a judgment to wake us up. God be praised for the judgment if it takes a judgment to do it. And God be praised also for His great overwhelming mercy, in the knowledge that in Him is life, eternity. Not an hour, a day, a month, or a year, but that we learn still more of this Man, and that we learn what God sent us when He sent Jesus to sail the seas with us and bring us to the other side.

A profession of religion, or following Jesus, should be the loveliest thing in this world. God bring back its pristine freshness! It is there, too. Thank God some of us were brought up with good Christian fathers! I thank God for both my father and mother. Never much more than half a mile from home, but to them the whole world was filled with God, and it did not need staggering mercies or staggering judgments to shock them and shake them out of their slowness and unprofitableness. I have known them, man and woman of God, not to go to the well and back without seeing something to prompt them to the praise of God. May their generations never die out!

Now come close up to the story. That word that fell from the lips of His disciples. They saw that He was like a man, and yet unlike a man. "What manner of man is this?" What manner of man is this? To be here sound asleep when everybody else was not only wide awake, but wild awake, and talking of perishing. I would thank them for that word—perish. I could take my whole sermon from that. "Carest thou not that we perish?" "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" Sound asleep. How did He manage it? Human as they were, and under the same experience. Would it not be worth more than all to be after the manner of this man? In the trouble and trial, "when winds are sudden and harbors deep, and the harbor bar is moaning"—would it not be worth more than all to be after the manner of this man? To sleep so sound because He was naturally tired from a hard day's work. Of course that's not in the text, but it all belongs to the text. He had no other kind of days—toiling, preaching. And here He was in the boat, His head on the steersman's cushion—a hard pillow, that; and the purpose He had, to pass over to the other side. And here He was, fast asleep, quicker than it takes to say it. He was tired, tired, tired. They who want to be after the manner of this man at night, sound in their sleep, must be busier through the day. Is that plain enough? Sometimes a lady says, "I don't know what Dr. McNeil said. That Scotch accent!" Well, well, let me repeat. They who want to be after the manner of this man at night, sound in their sleep, must be busier through the day. Jesus was always busy, teaching, preaching, healing. Some people think preaching and teaching is not work at all. Tell it not. Don't take that poor view of work. To hear some poor people talk, no man is really working unless with hammer or chisel, or in some physical way. And as for preachers—why, these preachers ought to take off their coats. They have a soft job; they don't work. My dear fellow, the question of being a working man is not settled by taking off your coat. I have seen many a slouch and many a dodger with his coat off. Many a man makes more exertion taking off his coat especially if his manager is looking at him. He actually threatens to do something. He makes more exertion taking off that coat than for the three hours until he struggles into the coat again. If you want

to know what real work is, be a preacher—some of you hard-working men. Spend an hour where I am and try to knock some grace and sense into the heart of some fellow down there like yourself. Then you will know what work is, and you will never be among the unemployed. Thank God for a constant job, whatever the pay is! There is the job—to make bad men good, and good men better—a great work; you can see for yourselves, it is a great job.

Now Jesus was sound asleep, for He was tired, but there was a deeper reason. He was tired, of course, for of necessity He gave away a bit of His soul with every speech He uttered; He gave away a bit of His soul with every healing touch. He was no mere hack of a preacher; He was no mere pill-bags of a doctor. He gave away Himself, a bit of His soul, every time. Once in a crowd a woman touched the hem of His garment. He turned around, and asked, "Who touched me?" Something went out of Him. He gave Himself, His soul, in every human touch, every word of preaching, and that is exhausting—exhausting. He lay down. Thus, to be after His manner, and be busy through the day, we must be after His manner with the most obscure, least-known, and influential.

There are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

And the expending of shoe-leather means getting a better night's sleep.

It is not only the quantity, but the quality of work that I want to speak about. How about the quality? This fits, not the slackers, but those who are expending energy and shoe-leather doing good things in His name. Quality is as necessary as quantity. Nothing over-done, nothing under-done; no wonder He slept. At peace with God, at peace with His own conscience; no wonder he slept. His work had been done in the day perfectly, both for quantity and quality. Why, the world will evermore be dearer to God because His dear Son lived and walked and worked and lay down and slept in it, and got up the next day to do the same thing. Some of us lie sleeping soundly at night after a day's work done, and think only of the quantity of the work. Peaceful man, and peaceful woman, what about the quality? Maybe when you lie asleep, your wife or child is lying awake in the deep, dark night, scalding tears trickling down on the pillow as they recall the mean, spiteful, vitriolic things you said to them during the day, that you had no right to say. How can you sleep, you spitfire? If God would send to some people a realization, in the

nature of a storm, stabbing through their awakened conscience as to the quality of their day's work, it would force them out of bed, and to the feet of Jesus, praying Him to still the storm of tongue and temper. Some of you say, "Oh, well, that is not so bad as many other people do. It is not so bad as drunkenness, or idolatry." Stop that bad habit of sweetly forgiving yourself! of assuring yourself what an amiable person you are if only people would not bump up against you! Stop using that kind of salve! "If people would only say—" "If people would only do this or that." Stop that! After you have sweetly forgiven yourself, and pacified yourself, that word or that deed will eat like a cancer into somebody's breast. Don't forget that. Instead of forgiving yourself, jump out of bed, and lay all your storms at the feet of Jesus; jump right out of bed and go to Jesus, and stay with Him until He stills the storm, and makes all peace. Then creep back into bed again. Now you can sleep. And then, as we say at home, "the first thing in the morning," off you go, hot-foot, to take back the mean, spiteful, vitriolic things you never should have spoken. Let Jesus rule your life, let Him order where you live, and how you live, and what you say and do, and He will bring in the great calm of my text, for which Heaven has been working so long. If ever the storm breaks loose again, amid our tongues and tempers, only a word with Him, and it is over. All the while He is with us, and He will give us the "great calm."

Now, come closer. I believe the deepest reason for the depth and sweetness, and soundness of the sleep of our Lord, on that stormy night on the sea was this: Not only was he tired with a hard day's work, and sure of the quality of his work, not only did he have a conscience void of offense towards God and towards his brother man, but I believe that, as he lay down, he prayed. No, you can't find it. It is not in the text. I would as soon expect the text to tell me that he breathed, as that he prayed! Knowing that there was a storm coming, knowing that there was to be a "dirty" night on the sea, he lay down and committed the boat, the lake, the disciples, and himself to the "Eternal Father, strong to save, whose arm hath bound the restless wave." He prayed. And what is the use of prayer? It is power lent you. The question asked to-day, in all its moods and tenses. "What is the use of prayer? After all, a man's got to do it himself. What is the use of prayer?" Ask Jesus. He was here, and He trod the ways of this earth, and lived our life. And the value of prayer is illustrated in His life, lifted Him up. What is the value of prayer? Ask Him. Outwardly he lay in a boat that was beginning to sink, and He prayed, there where He lay. What does prayer do? Right in the midst of the melee and the "agitee" right in the midst of the turmoil and the tumult—you need to bring in a verse from the Song of Solomon, that book that is too luscious for most people, that

has too big a heart. Their religion is too much in their head. But God's love is not just in the head; God is ready to embrace Him. He did not sleep so soundly but that His heart awakened. You know that beautiful verse: "I sleep, but my heart waketh." His heart wakened just enough to hear the voice of Eternal Love crooning in His ear and saying: "Behold my servant whom I uphold, mine elect in whom my soul delighteth. This is my beloved Son. Lie still, my Son, my Son, my Son." Is it any wonder that He slept? The winds only sang His lullaby, and the waves only rocked Him to sleep. That is prayer! Stop all discussions of prayer, and for any sake, pray! I never ask leave, and never shall, of any scientist or philosopher to pray! God tells me to pray. Christ prayed. That settles it for me. Pray! Pray! And it brings you into the very breast, the very breast of the bosom of the divine keeping and the divine upholding. In all the surging, rocking and rolling of outward things, you have reached the central peace that exists at the heart of all this agitation. Pray. It answers all your needs.

I believe that if they had only let Him alone—you know—if they had only let Him alone, as He lay there sleeping—I think, I don't know what is your opinion, but I think they, His disciples, spoiled that story. If only they had let Him alone, He would have slept until the morning, and brought them with Him. Indestructible is He: The same embrace that held Him, held them, warm and tender. Alas, alas! We are so often like them. We wake up, and tremble with fear. The divine pressure and embrace are wasted on us! If we think there is a storm coming,—He went to bed. It was not a sleeping time, they thought, but He went to bed, and let God do His own work, until the morning. And if we think there is a storm coming, we sit up at night to watch for it to come, and with every wave of the rolling sea, we say, "It will go down next time." Now, dear friend, we have a glorious creed, but we forget it very often! It is enough to make heaven weep, and the devil laugh, the discrepancy between how we sing and preach and pray, and how we carry on! My, how He could have rounded on them! "Master, dost thou not care that we perish?" And that, as Shakespeare said about ingratitude, was "more strong than the tempest." They stopped His blessed sleep! A cry like that, with an accusation in it: "Master, carest thou not?** "It is all very well for you to lie there, but where would you be if we were not here, helping to handle the boat!" They spoiled His blessed sleep. Why? Because they were frightened. Must we not pray when terrors come upon us? Yes, by all means, pray! But this was not prayer, this was accusation! If they had thought and if they had prayed! But "evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart." How He could have rounded upon them! He might have said: "What do you mean by saying I do not care? Did I stay on the shore, or sleep on a bed of down in some rich man's house? If this is

a wild night for you, is it not a wild night for me? If your clothes are wet from the foam of the dashing waves, are not mine soaked through also? And then you suggest that I do not care! I do not care, when I am with you in the boat, and we are together in the storm? Put a hem on your tongue when you would speak words like this. Put a hem on your tongue, and do not let it fray out into speech like this!" How He might have rounded on them! "Dost thou not care?"

Now if Mary had been there! I hate to say anything against Martha, but a Martha would have spoiled it, as the disciples did, with her "We will do it," "We will do it." If Mary had been there! Just because Mary did not know one end of the boat from another—Mary did not know one part of the boat from another—Mary did not know anything about the boat, and she would have been freed from all notion that she was keeping the boat afloat; but she would have found her way to her old place at His feet. And what a smile would have lighted her face, to see Him lying there, with the storm-light on His face, and the spray in His hair, sleeping in the keeping of God, to whom He had committed Himself. Mary would have been so happy to see Him there, and she would have been sure that all was well, because He slept in peace. She would have felt a calmness and a perfect peace, as she looked upon the sleeping face of the Son of God. My heart will know no fear! Oh, never for me to spring up in wild alarm, while He is nigh. Oh, tell them that the peace of God that passeth understanding will keep my heart and mind in Christ Jesus. Here is a faith that takes away all fear. Oh, that these disciples had had it. I'm sorry they spoiled it all! Let the winds blow, like to crack their cheeks. Let the waves roll like to overturn the boat. He is there. See them gather around Him.

But they gathered around Him to ask: "Dost thou not care?" We are at our wits' end, they said. They had no trust in Him. A woman came to me one day, and said to me: "Oh dear, I don't know what I'm going to do. I am at my wits' end." "Cheer up, Missis," I said to her, "you are no great road from home." If that is all, you will get back." Oh, you know, when we get to the end of our wits, God is right there. Our extremity is His opportunity. Our highest help is from Him, and we will never fail, never utterly fail, when we trust in Him. It is easy to **preach**, but we want to **do** it! Many of us are so far behind. It is nothing to boast of. I am putting myself among you, and the sharpest word I say to you, I am also turning on my own soul. If it touches an old preacher like him, you may say, it may get at the heart of the rest of us, also.

There is a great lesson here, as I said at the beginning. Look to Him. Let go all other holds. Compel your soul to focus and fasten on Jesus. Beware of your own cleverness, and your own knowledge, and your own experience, for there is danger there. Trust Him. That

is the "cleverest" thing you will ever do. Oh, look to Him, trust Him, and pray to Him, not in quarrelsomeness and grumbling, but in faith, in child-like faith and trust. Then fire won't burn you, and water won't drown you, and death won't kill you, and sin won't tempt you, if you make Him your peace. But you must make Him that. Don't deal with a slack hand with that heart of yours, lest it will cheat you out of Christ, and out of peace and pardon. Half of us deal with ourselves with a very slack hand, and we are in danger. God's promise, and God's presence, and the privilege of prayer are wasted on us, and the world and the flesh and the devil, and care and sorrow come upon us, and we cry out in fear.

If Christ is asleep, there is no need of fear. Let Him sleep. It is grand to have Him aboard. Don't ask Him to do wondrous things. It is grand to have him aboard. In His own time, He will arise, and do wondrous things, beyond your thought. We moved down from the country to the coast when I was a lad, and I remember my first experience in a storm. The roar of the waves, and the roar of the winds through the woods broke my sleep. I was a heavy-headed lad, but all that noise and confusion broke my sleep. I remember distinctly my first experience of a storm. There was real terror in my heart. What recovered me was that through the wall in my room there was a door that led into the room where was lying the bravest and strongest man I ever knew, my father. True, he was sleeping, but he was there. I turned over my head in the blankets, and let the storm blow. He was there, he was there, and all was well. If there was any cause to fear, he would wake and care for me. He was there, I could rest.

"What manner of man is this?" It is a question. And we will answer from the Psalms:

> O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like to thee?
> Or to thy faithfulness round about thee?
> Thou rulest the raging of the sea:
> When the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.

This is the manner of this man. God Himself is with us. And Jesus was with them, and when He lay down, He gave them the orders: "Let us pass to the other side." And while He was with them, all was well.

Sail on, Oh, ship of Christ, sail on, sail on, sail on! The gates of hell cannot prevent thee from reaching the other side!

Sail on!

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